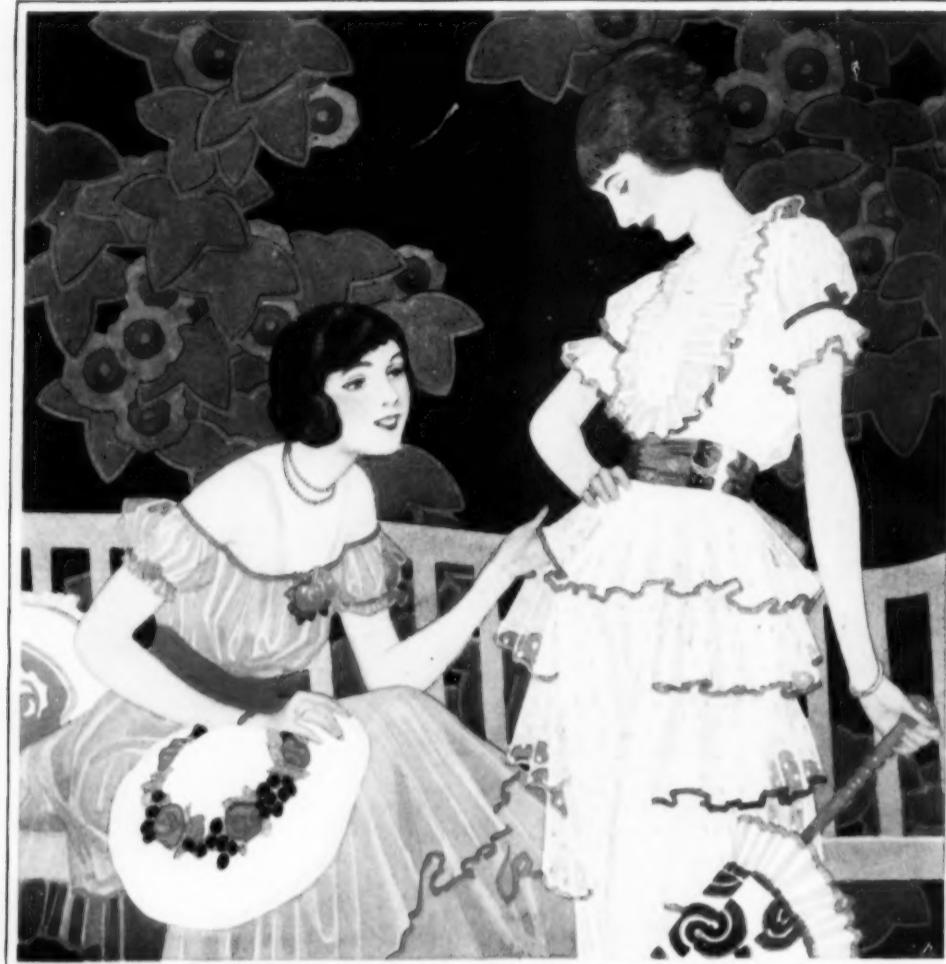


MC CALL'S

MAGAZINE 15¢ JULY 1920



VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ ~ "A Shot in the Night" ^{page 6}



Organdies—linens— fine lawns and batistes

Launder them the same way you do your silk things

WHERE lawns are green and ices are served, the cool frocks of midsummer gather. Fly-away, frilly organdies; saucy English prints that play at being quaint. Fine blouses of handkerchief linen and French voile. And always rows on rows of tiny tucks and soft ruffles of real lace.

To keep them so daintily fresh, so charmingly new, how often and how carefully they must be washed.

Not ordinary scrubbing—their frills would never stand up again!

But the Lux way will not harm them, the careful way you do your silks and satins. In this foamy lather they will be cleansed so carefully, so gently that

not a single ruffle could complain.

There's no rubbing to separate the sheer threads, to work havoc among the dainty colors. Just sousing and pressing of the rich suds through the soiled spots. Every bit of expensive lace will stay soft and white. Their sashes will tie just as perkily, their colors look as merrily as though they'd never just been worn and washed.

Have as many of these frail sweet summery frocks as your heart desires. You can launder them perfectly—yourself. The finest fabrics will last when they are washed in the delicate Lux suds. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux.—Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LUX

How to launder fine lingerie fabrics

USE one tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk into a rich lather in very hot water. Let white things soak for a few minutes, then dip them up and down. Press the suds through again and again. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters and dry in the sun.

For all colored fabrics add cold water till suds are lukewarm. Wash quickly and rinse in three lukewarm waters. Dry in the shade.



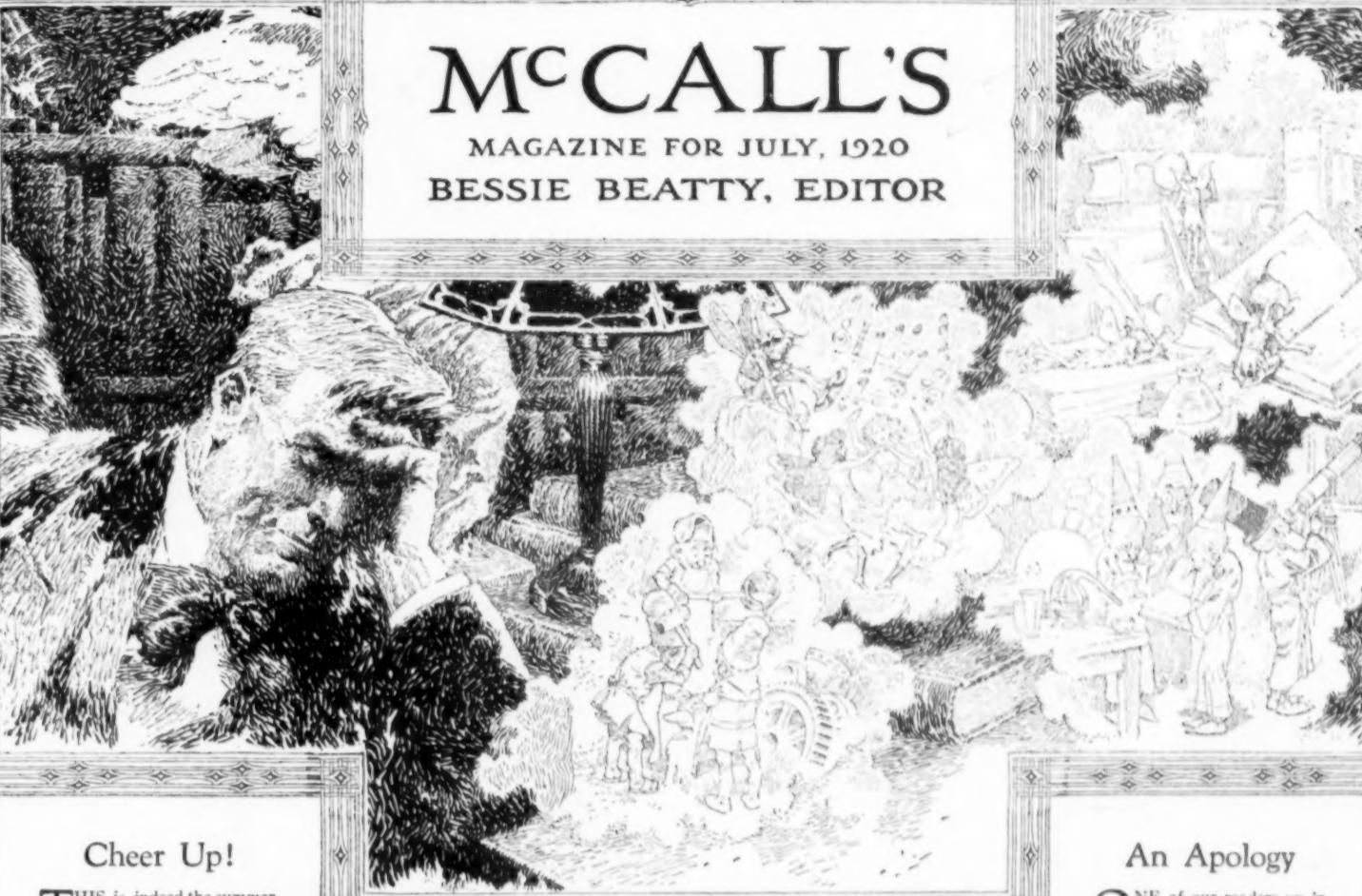
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McCALL'S

MAGAZINE FOR JULY, 1920

BESSIE BEATTY, EDITOR



Cheer Up!

THIS is indeed the summer of our discontent. Each day is a revelation of abnormal prices, unsettled industry, tottering standards. The truck drivers strike, the old gingham dress costs more than grandma's silk frock; those two national necessities, the potato and the ice-cream soda, soar prohibitively beyond the pocketbook of most of us. And no two people meet together on the street but what the talk turns upon this uncomfortable world, and its apparently headlong descent down the path to destruction.

For if discomfort and irritation are any proof, we walk, these days after the war, in a strange, discordant world. The old middle-class American assumption, that there was an easy living in these States for an honest man and his wife and six children, is no longer an infallible formula. Yet one bears willingly with the sickness of a changing society if sure of its ultimate recovery.

We are annoyed at civilization. After spending so many lives to save her, she squanders herself like some impudent jade, taking the very necessities out of our tired hands. She is a hard patient after a war, fretful, selfish, barbaric in her attitudes.

Yet we take great comfort from her history. Remember that the Punic mothers must have had their troubles getting corn and living on their incomes after the Roman wars; and that although your domestic mind is unsettled, it has nothing on the state of those who kept house in the path of the Goths and Vandals. They bemoaned their appointed period—as do we—while civilization, jeering and mocking, crashes ahead, improving every epoch in her looks.

THE IMPORTANCE OF WHIMS

WHIMSICAL people are a puzzle to the world around them. They are people of incomprehensible charm, disarmingly likable. Yet the world which rushes around keeping engagements, making contracts and answering the telephone condemns the whimsical person, the idle dreamer, as useless, impractical, out of touch with reality.

Yet these whimsical ones are constantly surprising us with their unexpected strength. Their unaccountable whims have a magic way of achieving practical results. The thing they dreamed over takes form and sweeps a skeptical civilization out of its old way of living into a new world. When an airplane soars unconcernedly over your roofs, remember how men once laughed at old Darius Green and his flying machine.

Darius Green had a dream—but his neighbors called it a delusion. Later, still other men listened to this teasing inner conviction that man could fly. The great world jeered. Now the merest child takes airplanes for granted. And if you look back into the past, you will see that man has made all his conquests in the face of a society which ridiculed and sometimes martyred him for his madness.

The obvious prizes of life are to the doers, the practical materialists. Yet unless someone dreams for it, labors over an idea, sticks to a fantastic whim that this or that can be done, the world is lost. For the dreamers make the imperishable past out of the flitting present.

We don't know what whims are—fairies, good spirits, guardian angels, whispers from the subconscious self to the active consciousness. Unexplainable forces are at work for us, which most of us cannot fully understand. They are the fairies, the little people, the leaven of folklore which has come down through the ages. They wait within call of every man and woman's brain; but only the sensitive dreamer can harness them to work for the rest of us.

The world goes on as men will their dreams into reality. The bridge across the St. Lawrence at Montreal was some man's dream; so also was the railroad over the Andes, linking two oceans. The free school and the democratic state, the telephone and the wireless, the cure for a once incurable disease, the beauty of a great symphony—all these first took form in a human dream.

The world, for all its steel and stone, only survives as dreams are set free and embodied so that men and women may live by them. Out of a cold northern people, Ibsen; out of the exotic Latins, Marconi; out of the responsive, yet skeptical French—Joan of Arc; out of the stolid, earthy Anglo-Saxon—Shakespeare the rare comprehender, the poet stalking between two worlds.

These are the fortunate of the earth, because they dreamed persistently until they dreamed true.

An Apology

ONE of our readers up in New England writes in to tell us that "McCall's is the best ever, and please may I have the next number as soon as possible? I will wait patiently because I know it's worth waiting for." Now a magazine is as susceptible to the kind word as is a human being; and a letter like that cheers us immeasurably.

A little more than most kind words, perhaps, because the friend in New England, and all others down East and out West, in the South and up North, may have to wait a few days for *McCall's* this month. As long as you think we are worth waiting for, we shall find no difficulty too great to overcome in our attempts to get the magazine to you on schedule time.

But we must ask the indulgence and the forgiveness of impatient friends if, this month and next, perhaps, you find us a day or so late in arriving. The war is finished; but its aftermath is as replete with hard problems for those who, through the tangled days of reconstruction, must maintain and meet business obligations.

Getting the magazine to you on time is our share in the job of business stabilization. Yet in the face of the difficulties brought about by strikes and blizzards, labor shortages and freight embargoes, our production and delivery have been inevitably delayed. If the magazine does not arrive on its regular day, be patient. You have our assurance that each subscriber's copy is on its way at the earliest possible moment. Meanwhile we are working hard to send you a *McCall's* more and more worth waiting for, so that your patience will not have been tried in vain.

McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

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All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed.

Should you change your address, please give four weeks' notice. Give your old address as well as your new address, and, if possible, the date you subscribed.

MY, HOW THE LADY HAS CHANGED!

IN the old days, when mother was a young girl, she had her strenuous afternoons, filled with croquet and archery on the lawn. How daring! said the neighbors, when mother drove the family horse down Main Street. The perfect lady in those days took her violent outdoor exercise in the rose garden; she embroidered on the veranda; she listened well under the evening lamp.

Then one day somebody invented the bicycle, and the New Woman went forth to mount it, and rode out into Free Air—where she has been ever since, as these pictures show you. The young man's ideal is no longer in the Mid-Victorian parlor; he who searches for her may learn that this century's daughter is probably out on the float learning the jack-knife, or jumping her father's highest fence.

MOTHER'S FRIVOLOUS MAIDEN SISTERS USED TO SPEND THEIR AFTERNOONS RIDING MILES ON A TANDEM, AND GRANDPA WONDERED WHAT THE GIRLS WERE COMING TO!



Press Ill.

LAWN-TENNIS USED TO BE A RESTFUL, GENTLE GAME—UNTIL THE GIRLS TOOK IT UP. LITTLE ELSIE WOULD NEVER HAVE LIKED IT, BUT ONE CANNOT TALK ABOUT THE ROUGHENING INFLUENCE OF MODERN LIFE, WHEN THE WORLD'S BEST TENNIS-PLAYER IS AS GRACEFUL AS THIS



Press Ill.

AND HERE ARE THE FIRST MEMBERS OF THE COUNTRY CLUB SET, IN THEIR VERY SNAPPY SAILOR HATS AND THOSE FANCY STRIPED PINK SHIRTWAISTS, WHICH WRECKED SO MANY MASCULINE HEARTS BEFORE THE GIBSON GIRL STEPPED UPON THE PAGE OF HISTORY



Press Ill.

SHE USED TO STEP TIMIDLY INTO THE WILD WAVES; NOWADAYS, WHEN EVERY GIRL SWIMMER SPENDS MOST OF HER TIME IN THE AIR, AND AQUAPLANES BEHIND A MOTOR-BOAT, IT'S GOOD-BY SLEEVES AND SKIRT!



Edward Levick



Press Ill.

POOR GRANDPA! THIS YOUNG PERSON, NOT CONTENT WITH DRIVING A TEAM, AS MOTHER USED TO BE, IS PLEASED WITH NO FENCE UNTIL SHE HAS GONE OVER IT!

Press Ill.



Haas

WE DON'T KNOW WHETHER IT'S A DISCUS OR A BASEBALL THAT THIS COLLEGE GIRL THREW, BUT IT PROMISES WELL FOR AMERICA IF SHE TAKES THIS ENTHUSIASM AWAY FROM THE PLAYING FIELDS INTO HER LARGER LIFE



Press Ill.



Paul Thompson



Press Ill.

VICTROLA

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Dance to the music of famous bands
and orchestras—on the Victrola

The very latest and most tuneful dance numbers,
played by musicians who are past masters in the art of
delighting dance lovers. All the dash and sparkle and
rhythm that make dance music so entrancing. And
always ready on the Victrola!

Hear the newest dance music at any Victor dealer's.
Victrolas \$25 to \$1500. New Victor Records demon-
strated at all dealers on the 1st of each month.

Victor Talking Machine Company

Camden, New Jersey



This trademark and the trademarked word
"Victrola" identify all our products. Look
under the lid! Look on the label!
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J.





Running Hot Water or the Old Copper Kettle?

JUST as instantaneous hot water shortens the *preparations* for household tasks, so P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap shortens the *actual work*.

This new-idea soap washes, cleans and scrubs better, faster and easier because it is better soap, made of better materials. It *combines* the best qualities of high-grade white laundry soap and dirt-moving naphtha soap. It works with a speed that leaves you more leisure *and strength to enjoy it.*

You'll like its whiteness, its clean odor, its thick lather. You'll like the shining cleanliness that follows its use. Try it—and see how much it shortens your day's work.

*Not merely a white laundry soap;
Not merely a naphtha soap;
But the best features of both, combined.*

P AND G—THE WHITE NAPHTHA SOAP





"WHAT AILS YOU?" HE SAID. "WHAT AILS YOU, GAPIN' AT ME LIKE THAT?"

THE PINK FENCE

By Mary Heaton Vorse

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY J. SOULEN

MARY DAVIS walked up the back street looking for a cheap room. She was a teacher away on her holiday and had failed to find anything she could afford on the front street.

The back street was high above the town, on what had been the crest of an ancient dune; from it you could look down on the tops of trees and the shingles of the gray, weather-beaten roofs, and the whole town was spread like a panorama before you.

It was very hot—how hot you could tell by the color of the bay which was stretched out like a sheet of sapphire. The street was as pale as a pastel. Its houses, where the Portuguese crowded out the New Englanders, were painted pink and pale green, and even robin's-egg blue. Handsome dark-skinned children played in the streets. Opulent women moved about their work slowly, and lazy dogs lolled at ease in the white dust in the middle of the road.

The low, light houses were shaded, now by widespread willows, and now by silver maples. In all the yards flowers bloomed; the golden disks of sunflowers stood out against the pale houses; golden-glow, abundant and disheveled, grew in clumps by gray fences; dahlias nodded heavy heads and hollyhocks spired in rows against the barns, and everywhere were pale phloxes.

At the top of the hill a garden beckoned Mary Davis. This garden was so cherished and of such luxuriance that it seemed as though the other abundant flowers all had flowed from it, as though this garden had been as infectious as happiness.

Lila Bent, the owner of the garden, stood among the flowers staking up a dahlia, shining like a flower herself. Her hair was silver and her face pink, and, in spite of her white hair, an air of almost girlish loveliness still clung about her. A long apron with a small gray figure in it covered her from top to toe. The face of a dryad she must have had, Mary reflected; the sort of face that comes peering out at you behind a tangled web of green leaves. A small boy with hair the color of marigolds was working gravely beside her.

She heard Mary Davis' footsteps, and looked up. Their eyes met and held each other as if they were old friends slowly recognizing each other, though they had never met before, though both of them were timid women brought up in the atmosphere of reticence. So arresting was Lila's personality, so lovely the garden, that it seemed natural for Mary to exclaim: "How beautiful your flowers are!"

Lila Bent's color, which came and went like that of a shy girl, heightened. "Won't you have a posy?" she asked. She began constructing a "posy" of sweet peas surrounded with candytuft. The two women chatted a moment about the flowers, for even the roadways were bordered by a tangle of bouncing-betties and Queen Anne's lace.

"Sort of queer combination, ain't they?" said Lila Bent. "Such a down-at-the-heels tramp, the bouncing-bet, and the Queen Anne's lace such a lady. Always together in spite of themselves—somethin' like being married to a stranger."

As she said this a shadow passed over her, as definite a thing as a fleck of blue on the dunes cast by a scudding cloud. The women chatted over the fence, of gardening, of what makes flowers grow, and of the conflict of the gardener with the hostile forces of nature forever marshaled against him.

"Seems like mean things is always trying to get the better of one," said Lila. Her eyes smiled at Mary. "Just like in oneself, you got to get up bright and early or they get ahead of you, and your flowers is et or withered."

Mary moved at last. "I've got to go look for a room," she said. "You don't know any place I could get where there's a view, do you?"

Lila Bent paused, and it was as though a pool of silence had spread itself around them. A ripple of excitement passed over her face, and then, with an animation that held in it a sense of adventure, "Why don't you stop with me? I got a spare-room. You could get meals real handy—down to Whorf's. Come and see if the room suits you."

She led the way up the brick walk and into a gloomy impersonal house. It might have belonged to someone else, and that Lila Bent moved in only yesterday. It had plenty of space but it had been cut into a multiplicity of small rooms for some former numerous family, and now it cried out to have partitions removed. The furnishings were formal and ugly, nor had one adornment of a personal nature been added.

With Mary and the little boy following, Mrs. Bent led the way up the narrow stairs built, as in so many Cape houses, like the companion-way of a boat. She opened the door of the spare-room. It was hung in bright faded chintzes, pink as the flowers in the garden. It was a lovely gay room, waiting as though ready for a welcome guest, and so at variance with the rest of the niggardly house that Mary stared. And Mrs. Bent, as if she sensed her guest's astonishment, explained:

"I fixed this room up for my folks when they'd come to visit me, but lately not many of them have come along. What with them moving away, and all. . . . She let her voice trail off, and gazed out of the dormer-window that gave over the bay.

The harbor was formed by a frail simitar of sand, and around from the outside came winged vessels in stately flight. Lila Bent fixed her gaze on these, and her face darkened.

"The fishin' fleet's in early," she said. "I wasn't expectin' it until tomorrow." A look flashed between the child and Lila Bent, an uncomfortable look of understanding.

Later, after Mary Davis had gotten her bags up, she heard a man's voice below.

"Who's that moving around upstairs?"

"That's the roomer."

"The roomer?" repeated the voice. "The roomer! Why, Lila, I thought you was dead set against roomers! I thought you wouldn't stand no strangers in this house!"

"Well, with prices going up so," came Lila's voice. "You know you was talking about it th' other day—the prices. Anyhow, she don't seem no way like a stranger," she finished. He grunted his approval.

"Ef you'd 'a' taken my advice years ago," he opined, "there'd be a tidy little pile of money in the bank today. What ails wimmin? You kep the spare-room empty. Always one excuse after another—one excuse after another! The spare-room had to be ready for your folks, an' now . . ."

Lila's voice cut in, even and detached from all that had gone before: "Supper's ready."

When Mary Davis saw Lila again, her personality was as though washed from her; dimmed, was what she seemed. And as for Ed Bent himself, he was a weather-beaten nondescript man; such distinguishing marks as he had, had been put on him by the sea. An insignificant man who thought well of himself. He had once been handsome, it was evident, and he still fancied his looks and considered his black eyebrows jutting out over his blue eyes, striking. The two appeared to belong together as little as Lila and the house—remote and chance-met was what they seemed, instead of man and wife.

One night, soon after, the woman sat in the arbor and watched the saffron clouds roll up from the west and the sea darken itself and throw out into relief the sails of fishing boats. They were absorbed in its beauty which had in it a savage menace of storm. The silence of suspense brooded over the town; Lila Bent's voice drifted as if from a distance.

"Seem's if you can feel what the sky was thinkin' when you look on the face of the bay—"

And now from the front of the house came a voice.

"How pretty Lila's flowers are in the evening light, Ed."

"Take up an awful lot of space," Ed Bent answered. "Next year I don't think I'm a-goin' to have 'em! I'm a-goin' to plant vegetables!"

Mary Davis shot a look at Lila Bent, who sat poised on the edge of her chair. Nothing in the world existed except the sound of her husband's voice. Everything else in life was excluded. There was such a still violence in her pose that it startled Mary. She wanted Lila to cry out at him, to contradict him, to do anything except sit there rigid and listening.

"You're goin' to do what?" came the woman's voice. "You're goin' to tear up Lila's garden?"

"Folks is gettin' too much for vegetables to waste all that space," he answered.

"But, Lila!" cried the woman, "What's she goin' to say? Why, the store she sets by that garden! The comfort she takes givin' flowers away!"

"That's just it, she gives 'em away!"

"But what'll she say?" the woman persisted.

"She won't say," he asserted. "What should she say? She won't say nothin'." He brought it out with the truculence of the weak. "I spoke to her about it—she never said a word. She's a real good wife, Lila is—not unreasonable like some folks."

He was leaning against a tree, a nondescript grizzled man, proclaiming with complacency to a horrified world that his spirit was so bankrupt that he could destroy the work of Lila's hands for the matter of a few dollars. You had only to watch her in the garden to know that, in her life, it had taken the place of children. It was her career. Her love of the world and of beauty flowed out through these flowers, and Ed Bent was talking of uprooting the work of years as one would dispose of a row of withered beans. And he thought she wouldn't mind!

The neighbor's voice rang out sharply. "It's a shame for you to talk so, Ed Bent—you making good money, fishing like you do!"

The listening women heard her feet tapping indignantly down the road. While Lila Bent sat there like one frozen with the cold grief of sudden bereavement, her eyes on her garden, Mary could find no consoling word. What can you say to a woman whose husband casually announces that he intends to kill what makes life valuable and beautiful to her?

At last they arose as if by common consent. "I think I'll go for a walk; won't you come with me?" said Lila. She went into the house and Mary stood there looking with aversion at Ed Bent still leaning against the tree.

"Where you goin', Lila?" he called as they started out.

"For a walk," she answered.

"But where's my supper?" he wailed. "What am I goin' to eat?"

"I left it for you on the table."

"But what if I wanted somethin'?" he protested. He stood there staring after the two women as though trying to figure out what unaccustomed thing had entered into his ordered scheme of life.

The abiding kindness of the back-country enfolded them; they walked along a sandy trail bordered with sweet-smelling bay. A path gleamed white in the shining darkness of the wild-cranberry carpet. The trail led them through a rolling country, down a silent glen where the leaves of the bull-brier, already touched by autumn, shone like little plates of gold. After an abrupt climb up a

[Continued on page 40]

A SHOT IN THE NIGHT

By Vicente Blasco Ibañez

Author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "Mare Nostrum"

ILLUSTRATION BY J. E. ALLEN

IN the morning when he opened the door of his house, Juan Fernandez, the Spaniard, nicknamed The Dove by all the inhabitants of the Colony on account of his timidity, good nature and conciliatory character, found a rolled piece of paper in the keyhole. It was an anonymous letter full of dire threats. He was ordered to deposit one thousand dollars that very night in a tank which served as a reservoir for the water, pumped by a windmill, to irrigate the small garden situated in front of the house.

The entire Margarita Colony was intimidated by the exploits of certain mysterious bandits, despite the fact that the Colony was formed by men of the most diverse nationalities and hazardous careers. There were Russians who had been driven out of their country by political convulsions; Germans who had deserted from the Prussian army; fiery and combative Irishmen who damned England every hour of the day. There were numerous settlers, too, who had come to this corner of Patagonia, close to the Rio Negro, of their own free will: Spanish and Italian immigrants, anxious to have a piece of land that they could call their own and to start life anew. There were also many South Americans: Argentine *gauchos* more at home on the saddle than behind the plow; and Chilian, noted for their readiness to draw the knife to settle their arguments.

The Margarita Colony was full of "bad" men, and yet, the town seemed to be over-awed by the doings of those mysterious bandits who exacted money by means of anonymous letters and carried out their threats promptly when their demands were not complied with. Those who defied their requests for money would find their fields laid waste, their crops destroyed, the live-stock killed in their stables, and the poultry driven away. Some had fared worse still; they had awakened in the middle of the night half suffocated, and had barely had time to escape from under their burning roofs through the columns of smoke and flames which devoured their homes. The odor of kerosene left no doubt that a criminal hand had applied the torch.

No one had seen the perpetrators of these crimes, which remained shrouded in the deepest mystery. The invisible bandits gained prestige. Moreover, the terrorized inhabitants could not agree as to their number. Some thought that it was the work of a band with a military organization, which had its headquarters at some distance from the Colony; others, without giving a convincing reason, insisted that it was all done by a single bandit, a man of extraordinary energy and audacity. One group said that the gang had two men; another, that it had three; the majority were sure, however, by certain indications, that no matter what might be their number, the bandits were residents of the Colony.

The Lark, so named because of his gaiety and fondness for singing, was a young Andalusian who could not bear patiently the calm resignation with which the majority endured this public misfortune. Every one thought of his own defense only, perfectly satisfied so long as the bandits didn't bother him. As for his neighbors, let them make the best of it with their own ingenuity.

The young Spaniard had a Quixotic soul. He had been forced to clear out of his country because of certain excesses of bravery. He was not the sort of man who could be oppressed or browbeaten; he could not be happy so long as there was anybody around who considered himself braver. "I'll get these bandits. By my soul, I swear, I'll get them," he told the crowd one day in the *boliche*, the saloon, near the railroad station. "There is not room enough in the town for both of us. I'll get them or they'll get me."

And he would spend his nights lying flat on his stomach in the wheat fields, crawling over the trails, crouching for hours at a stretch behind an irrigation-tank or a steam-plow, rifle in hand, waiting for the invisible enemy.

"I have come across something entirely unexpected," he told his friends one day with a mysterious air. "I think I recognized them. But I am not sure; I won't say anything until I have some evidence."

But one morning The Lark was found lying dead by the roadside; his body had been riddled with bullets and his head smashed, it seemed, by blows dealt with the butt of a musket. A veritable panic of selfishness reigned in the town; everyone locked and bolted his doors, isolating and fortifying himself without thought of his neighbors.

The oldest inhabitants spoke wistfully of that remote golden age when every colonist lived as he pleased, his gun on his hip, and no limitation upon his personal liberty and security save his neighbor's ability to shoot straight. But now the settlement was almost a town; and there was talk of asking the government to incorporate the Colony as a full-fledged municipality. But despite all this, life was now more uncertain and less secure than when the first cabins began to appear above the brush of that virgin land. Even the saloon closed its doors earlier now for lack of customers.

THE general alarm and feeling of insecurity made Don José, the sheriff, highly indignant, and he swore great oaths vowing to exterminate the evildoers! He had been warned twice by the Governor of the Territory for what was happening in the Margarita Colony, as if he were responsible for the crimes of those mysterious bandits. He had even had to go to Buenos Aires to explain matters to the Minister of the Interior that this functionary might face the representatives of the press better documented. He had not lost his job, thanks to the protection of a senator from his native province, an important personage in whose election the Sheriff and his family took a prominent part.

But despite the fact that he had no fear of being removed from office, Don José was more indignant than ever against the mysterious criminals. "I will catch 'em; I swear that I'll catch 'em!" he used to exclaim with the same assurance as the unfortunate Lark. "I have put through more difficult jobs. Bean and I are enough for this one."

This man, Bean, was a sergeant of the Territorial constabulary whose short stature and fatness gave him a grotesque rotundity not unlike the roundness of a bean. He, too, had been rewarded with this public office for electoral services rendered in his province. His wizened face was all wrinkled up by the grimaces he made trying to hold in his mouth a pipe that never left his lips. Always dirty and clad in a shabby, buttonless coat, he gave as excuse for his slovenliness the large family he had to support.

By contrast, his chief, the Sheriff, still in his prime, was a good-looking man in spite of his rather dark complexion. His shining puttees and smart riding-suits were the talk of the Colony. People spoke admiringly of his trips to Buenos Aires. He spent a lot of money and those who envied him his wealth would wink a knowing eye and say: "The old man pays." The "old man" was a rich planter in a distant province and no doubt paid his son's debts from time to time in gratitude for the luster which the Sheriff cast on the family name by his ability to hold his political position. The efforts of the Sheriff and his sergeant to apprehend the bandits made a good many people laugh, especially those who were always disposed to ridicule the authorities. "We can see that the Sheriff is not gunning for a beautiful female this time or he would not be such a dismal failure," they said. Others, however, had come to believe in the courage and honesty of Don José and Bean.

One night, shots were heard in the outskirts of the town. The Sheriff and his assistant had surprised the bandits in one of their rounds, and a fight had ensued. The authorities, however, were worsted and had to fall back. On the following day, the Sheriff exhibited a bandaged hand; he had been hit by a bullet, and Bean seemed to be still under the spell of other bullets which had whistled past his head, grazing his ears.

"I saw them; I believe I know them," exclaimed Don José in the very same words used months before by the chivalrous Andalusian. "I am sure now that I'll clean up that gang in a short while." And his wounds and his account of the fight gave him a new prestige among the skeptical who, heretofore, had considered him a bluffer too anxious to keep his job and too cowardly to go after the robbers.

Notwithstanding all this, when The Dove found the anonymous letter in the keyhole, he did not think for one moment of appealing to the Sheriff for help. What was the use? He could not afford to lose his time listening to big talk, hot air, and lies. The matter called for immediate action. The police could do nothing for him right away. The one concrete fact in the situation was that he was asked to deliver one thousand dollars, to deposit them that night in the water-plug of his irrigation-tank. If he failed to comply with the request, the brigands would probably burn down his home; they might even murder him.

He examined his house carefully, longingly, as if he were looking at it for the first time. He felt for it the love of a father; it seemed to him that he was about to lose a son. What privations he had had to endure to build it! Its white walls were of brick which he himself had pressed, molded and fired. Its windows were painted blue. The door was flanked by two plots of red flowers protected by a reed-fence. There were fig trees which he had brought from Spain, and an oven made of clay and bricks with a low, round dome, like an ant-hill, where his wife baked her loaves in the style of the far-home country. This constituted all his worldly possessions. It was the nest that sheltered what he loved most dearly on earth—his wife and his three children. He was strongly attached also to his horses, to the two yoke of oxen which had helped him to increase the value of his farm, and to a white-and-black cow which had provided milk for his little ones.

How hard he had had to work to earn his little savings! He had left Spain with the ambition to carve a future for himself. He was tired of hiring his services; he had had enough of tilling some one else's soil. He wanted to own in the New World a piece of virgin soil that he could gradually convert into a productive farm, that his children might be freed from the poverty which had weighed down their father.

He had been one of the first settlers in the Margarita Colony, and he had bought a piece of land. He had realized at last the dream of his life; he was a landowner! The sale had been made on the instalment plan, to run for six years. His savings were insufficient to purchase the live-stock and farming implements which he needed, and he had contracted debts.

His heart sank when he thought of the hardships he had had to endure in those early days! There were the payments on the land, and there were the loans contracted with the rapacious Spaniard who ran the saloon. This shark was the real owner of the Margarita

Colony; he was always ready to accommodate the settlers with a small loan at compound-interest rates of interest! No one could escape his clutches, and the colonists experienced great difficulty in meeting, when due, the obligations they had contracted with him.

JUAN cast his eyes over his cultivated fields. The time and labor he had spent conquering the land was worth even more than all the buildings. He remembered his battles with that virgin soil when he had first tried to break it to the hoe, the spade and the mattock. The wild life of the plains had fallen back before his energy and foresight. The trotting flight of the long-legged ostriches came to an end before the barbed-wire fences which protected his cultivated fields; the puma did not dare approach the house across the open and recently plowed fields; the short, large-headed snakes deemed the soil uninhabitable after it had been cleared, and decided to move to the banks of the neighboring Rio Negro. The patient colonist had conquered at last! He owned a few hundred acres of rich and well-cultivated land. He could consider himself the premier farmer in the Colony. He sold more cereals than anybody else; his fields were the envy of all his neighbors.

Juan had paid the rapacious saloon-keeper the full principal of all his loans together with a brilliant escort of compound interest. He had met punctually all the instalments on his land; there was a final payment to be made, after which the Margarita Real Estate Company would deed to him the absolute ownership of his farm. He had been thinking of making a trip to Buenos Aires in the next ten days to deposit the money, and for this purpose had sold the crop of alfalfa without waiting for a rise in price, which many were expecting.

He had the money hidden in the house, a thousand dollars, which they had paid him in Bahia Blanca. Of his original rusticity, he retained a certain instinctive distrust for banks. He thought his money was not perfectly safe unless he kept it himself, as he had seen, in his childhood, the Spanish peasants keep theirs, either buried in a jug in the ground, or in some other more ingenious hiding-place. To think of all he had gone through to save those few hundreds of dollars hidden in his mattress! And now they wanted to take them away from him, and threatened to kill him.

He was a peaceful man; the entire Colony could testify to his record as a sane, law-abiding citizen. He had a clean slate; no quarrels with his neighbors, no visits to the saloon, no gun-play to impose his opinions or to establish a reputation as a "bad" man. He didn't even own a gun, like the other colonists. The only thing he had in his house was a knife which he used occasionally in his work.



But now that they were attempting to rob him of what he had saved for his three children and Pepa, his courageous wife, he would know how to defend himself! He would show them! Juan didn't know exactly what kind of defense he could put up, but he assumed it as something inevitable.

The day was almost past and The Dove had not reached any decision. Like all timid men who find themselves in a predicament, he felt the need of advice; he was seized with an irresistible desire to consult some one, to confess his troubles. He thought several times of going to see the authorities. "Suppose I go and see the Sheriff," he said to himself, time and again.

He had never had great faith in this personage. He had even suspected on more than one occasion that the Sheriff and his faithful Bean feared the mysterious bandits as much as any other inhabitant of the Colony, and were giving them a wide berth. But now the need of protection made him see these two representatives of the law in a new light—great, courageous men, ready to sacrifice themselves like the heroes of an epic. He remembered how tenaciously they had fought one night against the mysterious bandits; two men against a legion!

"Yes; I must go and see Don José," he repeated to himself. "Perhaps he will give me some useful advice." But when he reached the Sheriff's office he only found Sergeant Bean.

"See that dust-cloud 'way down there at the end of the road?" asked the sergeant. "Well, that's Don José riding like blazes to hold a conference with the sheriff of the next town. A thirty-mile ride; he'll be back tonight."

The poor Dove went back discouraged. His friends were right; all that Don José and his men were good for was to sponge on the Colony. Whenever any one needed the Sheriff for something useful, he was off upon some mysterious visit of inspection or conferring with one of his colleagues.

Once more Juan stood in front of his house, deep in thought, not knowing what to do. His oldest boy, Juanito, was working in the shed where the animals were stabled. Juanito was now eighteen and could be considered a man. The father was tempted to take his son into his confidence. Who knows what youth can contrive! But he immediately changed his mind with a pang of remorse, as if he had planned to drag his boy into unnecessary perils. No matter what happened, the impending menace must remain his own secret. Why should he alarm his family?

He almost forgot his troubles as he watched his son coming and going, busily repairing a harness. Juan admired in the boy the rebirth of his own physical strength, a quiet, benevolent strength devoted to work and not to violence and oppression. The boy's future was beginning to shape itself. The Dove knew already who his daughter-in-law was going to be. Everybody in the Colony would smile approvingly whenever the son of Juan Fernandez was caught prowling around the cabin of another Spaniard, Uncle Shivers, or leaning against the barbed-wire fence of his corral talking to the old man's granddaughter, a young girl who combined the charms of the Andalusian beauties with the dignified languor of the creoles. The only worry that clouded Juanito's happiness was the extraordinary interest that Don José, the Sheriff, was beginning to show in his sweetheart. Whenever he went walking with her they were sure to run across the Sheriff.

While musing about Uncle Shivers' granddaughter, it suddenly dawned on The Dove that this was the very man he needed.

"Uncle Shivers!" he exclaimed striking his forehead. "Why didn't I think of him before? He is my fellow-countryman, my friend, the best man in the world to help me out of my difficulty!"

Juan remembered with keen satisfaction the things people said about Uncle Shivers' past. He had left Spain against his will, chased out on account of certain hold-ups in which he had taken a prominent part. In South America a legend had grown around his name, due, perhaps, to the fact that he loved to shroud his affairs in mystery and accomplish things by secret diplomacy. They whispered that he had "put away" about a dozen of his enemies who were now quietly rotting. The unquestionable fact, what every one knew and he himself took no pains to conceal, was that in his verdant youth he had been a highwayman, a romantic brigand who held up stage-coaches, robbed the travelers, ate and joked with them and finally set them free, allowing them just enough to continue the journey. None like Uncle Shivers to advise him! This man was an expert in the business!

Uncle Shivers was alone, when The Dove approached his cabin. Juan riveted his attention upon the old man. He seemed more shriveled and wrinkled every day. They called him Uncle Shivers because his hands and his body shook incessantly as if he had the St. Vitus dance. His eyes, two points of light, sharp and penetrating as a stiletto, were the only things that gave a hint of his past.

HIS eyes fixed on the cigarette which he was laboriously rolling with his trembling, scurvy hands, Uncle Shivers listened to The Dove while he told how he had found the anonymous request that morning and read slowly the threatening letter. After that he remained silent, awaiting the advice of his venerable compatriot.

"What shall I do, Uncle Shivers?" he asked finally, worried by the prolonged muteness of the old man.

"If you have the thousand dollars, you'd better give 'em up," replied Uncle Shivers with indifference. "Money is good to have, but life in peace is worth a great deal more."

The Dove dropped instantly his respectful and obedient attitude.

"And it's you, Uncle Shivers, a real *bravo*, who gives me this shameful advice!" exclaimed Juan, furious. "I have the thousand dollars, but that's no reason why I should hand them over to the first rascal who comes and asks for them. That money is for my wife and children and I am going to defend it with my life."

The old man stopped looking at his cigarette and fixed his small, keen eyes with evident interest on his angry countryperson.

"I gave you that advice because I didn't know you well," Uncle Shivers replied. "I always thought you were opposed to violence. But since you are disposed to defend your property and to allow no one to walk over you, perhaps I can give you some other advice." And Uncle Shivers, affected by the indignation of the peaceful man, became equally violent. "That's right," he said, "hang on to your money. If they want to rob, let them go to the highways and do it openly, risking their necks like real men, and not come hiding behind anonymous letters and burning houses like cowards, and murdering people treacherously. I am seventy-seven years old but I'd like to see any one send me an anonymous letter threatening to do this and that. He would pay dearly for it. I guess I know how to stop a man. Easiest thing in the world! See here," he continued, "have you got guts enough to defend your own property?" The firm resolution of the old man had encouraged The Dove, who now felt equal to any demand.

"Yes," he said, "I'll go the limit to defend the bread of my children."

A deep-rooted distrust, born of his adventurous life, made Uncle Shivers cast an uneasy glance at the door and then examine carefully every corner of the cabin.

"I am going to show you the best jewel of the house," he told Juan, his eyes ablaze, "something more valuable than my granddaughter; a treasure that I could not think of loaning to any one except to a friend and an honest man like you!"

And with as much solemnity as if he were handling a holy relic, he drew from behind a set of harness piled in a corner an old, large-barreled percussion musket that looked like a blunderbuss. Fondling its worm-eaten butt, he exclaimed ecstatically: "Look at it! Isn't it a beauty? They don't make gems like this any more. I never had to repeat with this beauty. One shot, and my man was down—and out."

And then, in low tones, as if he were introducing some one who wished to have his identity remain shrouded in mystery, he added gravely, "It has a name; I christened it a century ago. It's called the Judge." He kept the weapon in his trembling hands as if he would jealously retard the moment of delivering it into strange hands.

"I will load it myself," he said. "No one understands this friend as I do."

He seemed to become young again as he undertook the complicated operation of loading the gun. His hands shook less and showed unexpected control when he opened the powder-flask.

"Powder first, and plenty of it." He dropped a whole handful into the barrel. "Now a good ration of lead." He put in half a dozen small balls, a load of buckshot and plenty of birdshot and another wad tightly rammed. Only a miracle could save the musket from blowing up from this deadly choking!

Juan spoke of the Sheriff and his faithful Bean.

"A pair of talkers," said the old man derisively; "they advertise what they plan to do, and in the end they won't do anything. That Don José is a braggart who is merely trying to justify with lies the salary he is getting." He paused for a moment and then continued. "That story about his encounter with the robbers the other night, and his wound—I have no proof, but I believe it is a lie. He undoubtedly framed it up to get a copy for the Buenos Aires papers in order that they may think over there that he is doing something." He smiled incredulously.

The Dove began to recount with nervous minuteness of detail all the crimes that had been committed in the last few months. In addition to the death of The Lark, murdered to shut him up, two other colonists had fallen after refusing to deliver the required sums. What worried Juan most was the certainty with which those mysterious robbers knew who had money in the Colony and who didn't. They never sent their menacing requests to anybody without means. The two murdered colonists had accounts in the banks; the same was true of others who had quietly paid the sums exacted, preferring to live in peace.

Juan considered his own case. As long as he had been without money they had not bothered him, but, hardly had he collected the price of the alfalfa he had sold in Bahia Blanca, when he received the anonymous note. They probably knew also that he didn't like to deposit his funds in the bank and was hiding the money in his own house, for they were asking him to deliver it that very night.

"What do you think of it?" he asked Uncle Shivers. "Isn't it amazing how well informed they are regarding who has money and who hasn't?"

(Continued on page 28)

NOW THEY WERE GOING TOWARD THE TANK. "COURAGE, JUAN!" HE SAID TO HIMSELF. "NOW IS THE TIME. PULL THE TRIGGER!"



THOSE EVENINGS AT HOME!

NEED THEY BE SO DREADFUL, OR CAN THE COMMUNITY COME TO THE RESCUE OF THE FAMILY CIRCLE?

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUTH CLEMENTS FARRELL

IF I should ask every one of my readers to describe to me the picture that flashes into your mind at the phrase, "an American family at home in the evening"—what would you answer?

Taking it by and large, with every allowance for occasional theater parties and card parties and church affairs and club meetings, I imagine we should all settle down to something very much like this:

Father reading a popular magazine or the newspapers, or talking over his business; mother reading, or sewing, or talking with perhaps a neighbor who has "dropped in"; the children quietly studying tomorrow's grammar and arithmetic.

Whatever diversions the great cities may offer to all who can afford their price, the bulk of the American people does not live in great cities, and the evening hour, today, as in the olden times, and in all countries, still draws the average human being home.

Now, with this picture in mind, I want to ask a question: How are we to account for the undoubtedly growing tendency of young people to get away—or to try to get away—from their homes in the evening? If they did not have to study at this time, would their parents be able to hold them? I don't mean lock them in, or even command them to stay in, but have them stay in with pleasure, because they want to? And if they don't want to, why don't they?

Of course, you may answer, if you like, "Well, this is not a very practical question, because they *do* have to study in the evenings, whether they like to or not; and as long as they have to, they are occupied, and kept quiet, and that's the main thing."

I wonder if it is the main thing? I wonder if the gradual weakening of the home life, and its ties and regularities and responsibilities, its growing sense of failure to compete with organized amusements and activities outside its own circle of evening lamplight, is not directly traceable to our obstinate clinging to the idea that in providing the evening lamp (which after all is only a shelter from darkness and cold) we have provided enough?

Let us look at the thing fairly and squarely. Is the evening home life of the poor boy or girl in our large cities as attractive as the community centers where games, music, singing, and dancing are provided under competent supervision? I know that it isn't. Is the average home as attractive to the average girl or boy from twelve to sixteen as the well-run boarding-school? Personally, I don't think that it is.

If you told the average girl of fourteen that she could go to a good boarding-school, in the country, where she would study and recite all the morning, spend at least two hours of the afternoon in well-organized out-of-door sports, and at least half of the evening in games, dancing, school-theatricals and general jolly companionship with people of her own age and interests, would she prefer to spend five evenings out of seven studying by the evening lamp, between her brother and parents? Ask her and see.

There is no good in flying up in the air and being disgusted at this point. There is no good in saying, "She *ought* to want to stay with her family; what are homes for?"

That is just my point. What are homes for? It is quite clear what they are to a husband and father: they are a rest. A man who has worked all day wants to rest comfortably in the evening. He is tired. To sit by the lamp, in comfortable shoes, with his cigar and his magazine; to talk if he wants, and to be quiet if he wants; to feel that he has provided all this light and warmth and comfort for the three or four human beings he has made into a family, is his reward for a day of hard competition, of more or less unremitting effort. He considers, and I consider, that he is pretty well justified.

Now let us take Mother. If she has been at the usual Jack-of-all-trades game, which lack of training, lack of organization, lack of cooperative community effort has hitherto forced the average American woman to play; if she has done

the cooking, cleaning, sewing, marketing, baby-tending, washing, ironing and worrying—either in whole, or in part—for a family—she may feel as ready as Father to sit and rest. Very often she does.

But mothers are a changing and a growing class of people, these days. Many of them have discovered new ways of creating and preserving leisure and its consequent vitality. Without going into these ways, which may result from clever organization, or may, on the other hand, be the price of irresponsibility and extravagance, the fact remains that Mother may very well regard the evening as her time of rest and relaxation, too, but may prefer, since her work has kept

fronted with the great and undeniable truth that their unquenchable vitality of youth is not exhausted by two hours of exercise. They are ready for more. Their minds are ready for stimulation, amusement, imaginative play. Their nerves and muscles twitch at inactivity. Their lungs are not always keyed to the tone of the evening lamp. In other words, after supper they're ready for more. In my opinion, they should have more.

Now, where do we find ourselves?

Are they to make a noise? That disturbs Father. Is an inspirer, a planner, a manager to be called in? (And all who know young people well, know that this is pretty nearly

always a necessity, once the hide-and-seek stage is outgrown.) Then, where is Mother's rest to come in?

As a matter of plain fact, men, women and children do not require the same form of amusement. Calling one man, one woman, and three children of assorted ages and sexes a family, does not alter this fact, never has, and never will.

The wealthy, in all highly civilized countries, meet the fact by clubs for men, nurseries for children, and whatever forms of what is called social life women can shape for themselves. As soon as people are able to establish

these safety-valves for home life, they invariably do so. The bulk of the American people does not do it, sniffs at the necessity, and asserts pompously that children are better off, quietly, at home. But the steady pouring into the big cities continues, and the steady difficulty of keeping young people at home, in the big cities, continues. Rich people don't want to bring up their girls there, and they send them to well adapted homes for young girls, called country schools, instead. Poor people complain that they can't keep them off the streets or away from the moving pictures.

Personally, I consider the prodigious success of the moving pictures the greatest indictment ever written against the American home. It shows how bored young people must be with it!

We all know that youth prefers doing to looking, don't we? Any child would rather act a play than watch a play; and surely, except in the case of really good plays, he is better employed in doing so.

There is of course one answer to this great problem—an answer so wonderfully good and satisfying that it is seldom offered. Happy the family that can play together! When music, games and reading can be enjoyed as a mutually satisfying pleasure, there is no problem at all. Where parents are young and fresh in their interests; where children are cultivated and appreciative in their turn; where each thoroughly likes and understands the other, there we have the ideal family, the point toward which civilization has been working since the cave-woman and her cubs.

But is modern life working toward this? Can we count on it? Are we really justified in handing a checker-board to the average mother at night? Can we be sure that there are enough books able to hold the average father and the average child at the same time? The American family is steadily individualizing. Is the evening lamp alone going to hold them together?

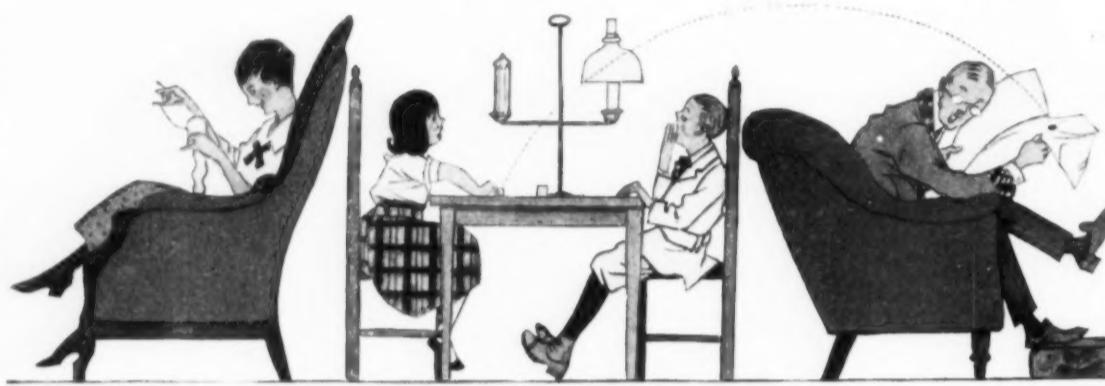
Do you fondly imagine that your children are going to have warm and truly happy recollections of their homes because they were kept in them every evening? What are they going to remember, really?

"Well, then," you say, "what do you propose?"

I propose what seems to be the line indicated for America—perhaps for all democracies—community effort, community methods. If you don't want to go so far as a children's gathering-house (and I think its shadow is already on the horizon) then, a neighborhood exchange of responsibilities.

For instance, I myself detest games and contests of all sorts. I played them, more or less, as a martyr, with my children; I think they always knew this. But I read to them with real pleasure, and they enjoyed it with me. They will forgive and forget the dominoes, but nothing, I am sure,

[Continued on page 31]



WHO CAN BLAME FATHER IF A NOISY GAME OF TIDDLEDYWINKS DISTURBS HIS BOUT WITH THE EVENING PAPER

her in the home, to get away from her place of business, a little, now and then, and find her recreation outside of it, or, if in it, to take it in some other shape than sitting by the evening lamp.

This is not a new problem, and must be solved, of course, by mutual adaptation and sacrifice between Father and Mother. We need not discuss it now. Let us get on to the children. What does the evening mean to them?

Let us suppose they are in school until three o'clock. Let us suppose that they have had two hours of out-of-door recreation, at the least. No educational scheme can endorse any less, and I am beginning to think that in the case of girls over eleven, the average girl is not likely to get two good hours of healthy exercise, outside of a good boarding-school, unless she gets it under some kind of sensible group supervision. After this age, games are almost a necessity, as few girls enjoy walking for the fun of it, and tennis, golf and horse-back riding are luxuries. However, for the sake of argument, I will grant that she gets these two hours. Let us then allow her three-quarters of an hour for her piano practising or, if necessary, extra study. She then has her dinner, or her supper, and is ready for the evening.

DID it ever occur to you that, precisely as in the case of Father and Mother, she has now done her day's work?

I am one of the sensible people who hold that four or five hours of brain work is all that a growing girl should handle daily. If it is concentrated, as it should be, a healthy child can't handle any more with advantage. Therefore I never allowed my own children to study any more than this, and I never allowed them to study at night. They all kept up easily with their grades.

"But," you say, "she has had her play, hasn't she?"

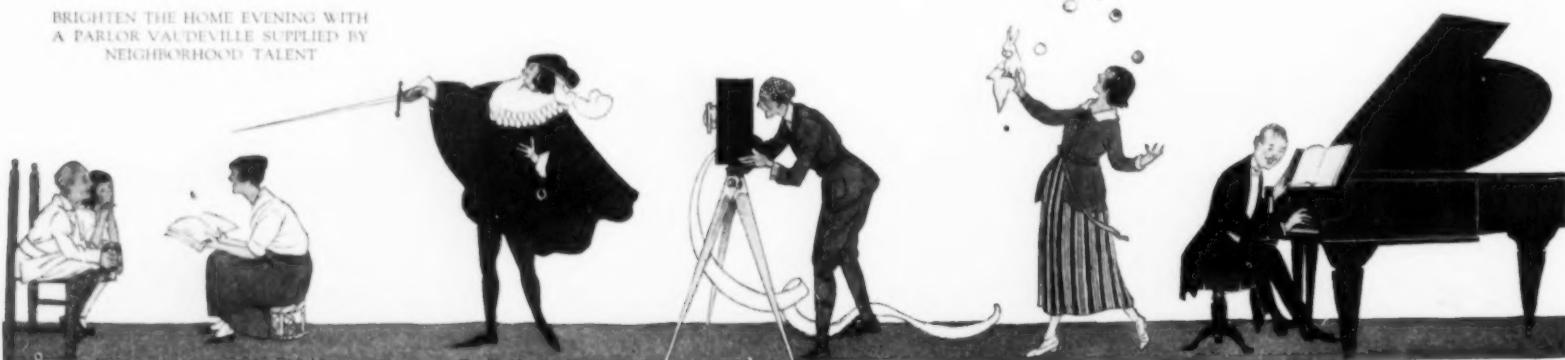
She has had her active physical exercise, yes. But that, in her case, is part of her work as a growing human being. Many girls, as a matter of fact, don't enjoy it particularly. They would rather sit about and talk, or go to the moving pictures or look in the shop windows. But does any sensible person believe that they should, on this account, do these things? In good schools and camps they are not allowed to. And you have only to compare the physique, good temper and complexion of the girl who isn't—and then draw your own conclusions.

"Well, then," you say, "let her sit and read quietly; she ought to be tired enough to want to!"

This is an excellent solution of the evening for girls who love reading: I can imagine none better. With intelligently selected books, and the opportunity to discuss them, a girl lays the foundation of all her future cultivation.

But aside from the fact that many charming and wholesome young people are not fond of reading, we are con-

BRIGHTEN THE HOME EVENING WITH
A PARLOR VAUDEVILLE SUPPLIED BY
NEIGHBORHOOD TALENT



BREEME HOUSE

By Katherine Newlin Burt

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. F. WARD

PART TWO

For Synopsis, see page 26

ALICE spoke in a low, expressionless voice, not looking at Alec; "I am engaged to Sir Geoffrey Brooke," she said. "It's a secret, so you won't say anything about it, please—not even to him. I shouldn't have told you, if you hadn't forced me."

Alec crushed her hands, then dropped them but said nothing. Suddenly her dark eyes swept over him, and she slipped away.

Alec went back to his desk and sat there picking patterns in the blotter-pad. He didn't pay any attention to time; there might never have been such a thing. All that seemed of any importance to him just then was to pick ten little black dots in an orderly row directly under ten other black dots.

"Alec," said an uncertain voice, "are you busy?" Jane shut the door and came over to him. "I want to talk to you about Mr. Tremont."

Alec scowled.

"Have you told Mr. Tremont—about your debts?" she got out with difficulty.

He drew himself up, looking hard and pale. "On my soul, Jane, I don't see what business it is of yours, if I have or haven't."

She went on bravely. "You don't understand, Alec. Please. It's for a reason. Mr. Tremont is not so simple as he seems. Behind everything he says and does there's a purpose. He wants something."

"What the dickens does he want?"

"He wants—" Jane drew a big breath—"the Van Dyke." The change in Alec's face was immediate. "What do you mean?" he asked, bluntly, his eyes narrowing. "Has he told you so?"

"Yes. He came to Breeme House for that purpose and no other. I begged him to give up the notion. But Alec, somehow, he has fastened his intentions upon you. And I feel that he means to get at you so that—"

"Confound his impertinence!" thundered Alec. "He comes here as our guest and walks about appraising our property. He wants to buy us out, I suppose."

"He wants," said Jane quietly, "the Van Dyke. Just that; no more, no less."

"He can want it, then," sneered Alec, "and he can leave wanting it. So that's what he was after! I did tell him about my debts. You're right. He wormed it out of me last night, over our pipes."

"I thought so. You couldn't help it, I fancy. He has a way of looking at one—but couldn't he be made to feel that our selling anything to him is out of the question—preposterous?"

Alec colored. "Not after what I've told him, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I did hope you hadn't told him. It will have made him feel so confident." Jane actually whipped her hand with her gloves. She was excited, angry—a little frightened, perhaps.

Alec said nothing. Into the silence came the sound of a man's step—past the door and down the passage that led to the picture gallery—and a song.

*If I give you a coach and six—
Six black horses, as black as pitch,
Madam, will you walk?
Madam, will you talk?
Madam, will you walk and talk with me?*

The voice was confident and gay—the voice of a lover who is sure of his lady's surrender.

Jane's hand tightened. "It's Mr. Tremont," said she, half laughing, half angry, bright color in her cheeks. "He's singing to *Lady Jane*. Oh, Alec, she is in danger!"

The voice had its effect, too, upon Alec. He snatched up his riding-crop from chair, and waved Jane good-by.

"I'm going—to ride with Claire," he said; adding with a satirical half-smile, "Wish me luck—it's for *Lady Jane*."

Jane's eyes glowed with happiness. "Oh, Alec! I do. Indeed I do!" she whispered.

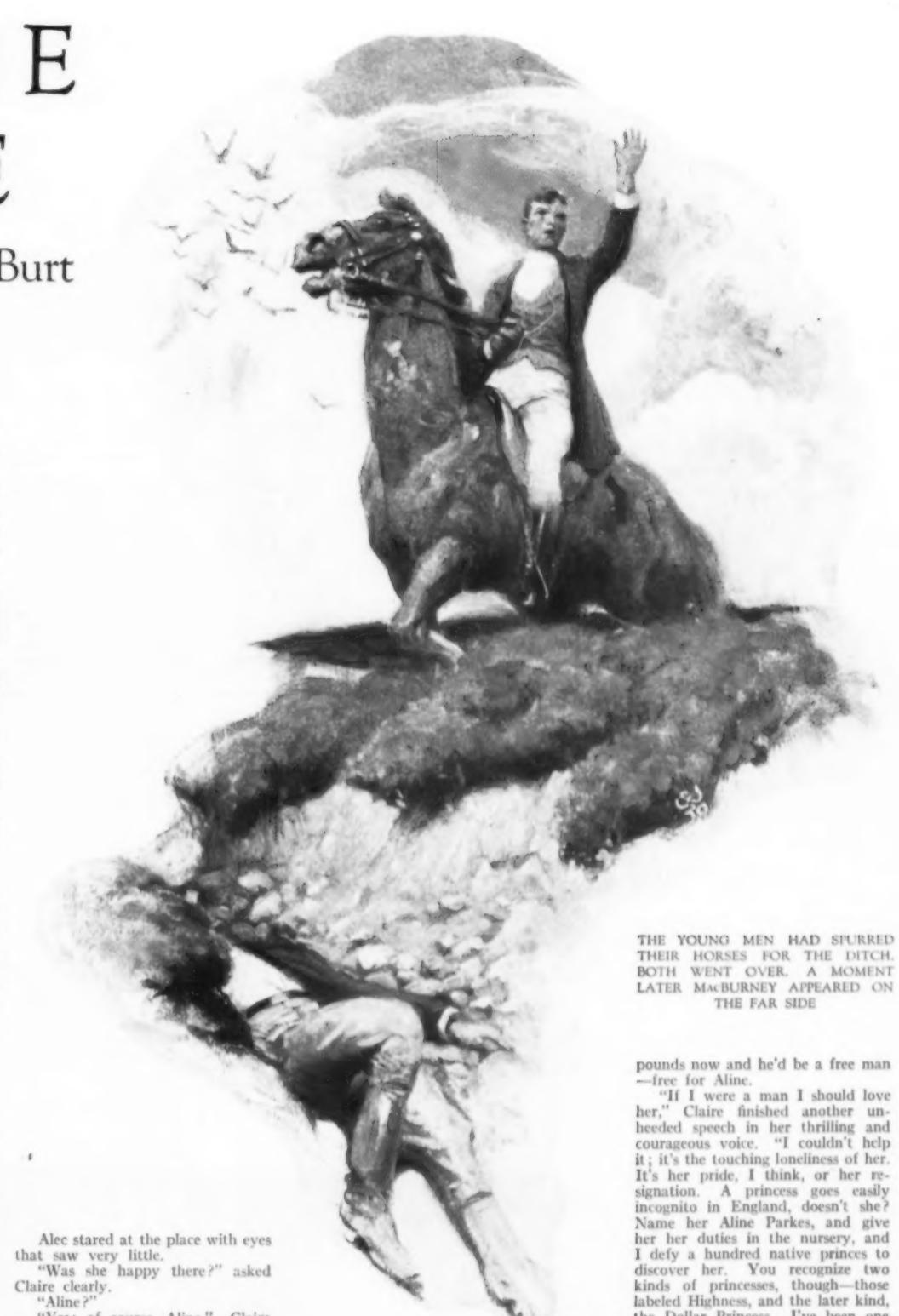
RIDING with Claire Wilton through the joyous young green of early summer, Lord Tremont was troubled with conflicting feelings and purpose. He was more determined to have Claire for his wife, more and more proud of her beauty, more and more desirous of the power that was hers. And yet the thought of Aline set his heart afame.

"She wants me to marry Claire. Very well, I will, and Aline shall be cut off from Breeme House. She can take her Sir Geoffrey—and get out."

His reflections were cut short, suddenly, by Claire's voice, "Show me, please, Aline Parkes' old home—the rectory."

Without a word they turned down a bank-snugged lane, crossed a bridge and pulled up when Alec pointed with his whip to where the rectory stood, low and gray and many-cornered, beside a tiny, old, stone church. The turf was tucked closely about it so that it seemed like a box—packed with gay, old-fashioned flowers overflowing from every window, and spilling in streams over and under the vine-grown walls. Bees droned. The sun soaked into it all.

"What a dear, squat, humming, snugly house!" said Claire. "I can see Aline here; not that she's the rosy-cottage type, but she's such a quiet, quick figure. She'd go so lightly and purposefully in and out."



THE YOUNG MEN HAD SPURRED THEIR HORSES FOR THE DITCH. BOTH WENT OVER. A MOMENT LATER MACBURNAY APPEARED ON THE FAR SIDE

pounds now and he'd be a free man—free for Aline.

"If I were a man I should love her," Claire finished another unheeded speech in her thrilling and courageous voice. "I couldn't help it; it's the touching loneliness of her. It's her pride, I think, or her resignation. A princess goes easily incognito in England, doesn't she? Name her Aline Parkes, and give her her duties in the nursery, and I defy a hundred native princes to discover her. You recognize two kinds of princesses, though—those labeled Highness, and the later kind, the Dollar Princess. I've been one of the latter long enough to know."

For the first time in his experience Alec saw bitterness in her face.

"I think, Miss Wilton," he remarked icily, "that in this instance you are off the trail. In your own figure of speech, a native prince has already discovered your princess."

Claire turned to him with wide, incredulous eyes. "Then," she hesitated, "I may—apologize to you, Lord Tremont?"

"Not I, think," he replied, "in the sense you wish to suggest. I'm not the lucky man."

"Oh!" Her face flushed, and the disappointment in her voice half had the effect of still further inflaming Lord Tremont's bitterness.

"Since you must know," he continued sarcastically, "I may as well tell you that Aline is secretly engaged to Sir Geoffrey Brooke. She told me so herself this morning."

Claire reined in her horse, and came to a dead stop. She looked straight into his eyes.

"I am sorry, Lord Tremont," she said, more in commiseration than in apology. "Poor, little woman!" she added, as if to herself.

"You are scarcely flattering to Sir Geoffrey," mumbled Alec, utterly taken aback by Claire's unexpected comment on his information.

"Sir Geoffrey Brooke"—Claire's face was white with emotion—"is one of the finest gentlemen I have yet had the honor to know. I needed no such proof as this to bring it home to me."

The tone of her voice, and the look upon her face caused Lord Tremont to wonder. They rode back in silence to Breeme House.

Aline had fled from Alec to her bedroom, from which she came out some time later, pale and steady for the children's lessons. After they were done, and luncheon over, she put Violet and Humphrey in the care of a nurse-maid and went off for a walk. A short cut through the wood brought her to the bank-snugged lane which led to her old home.

Mr. Bottomley's servant admitted her. It was Aline's privilege to use the books in the rectory's study whenever she desired.

"Mr. Bottomley is out?" asked Aline, crossing the shabby, familiar room and standing before the desk, her back turned to the servant.

"Yes, Miss Aline, and you're to make yourself quite at home." With this the servant left.

Aline sank down before the desk, and rested her head upon her arms. "I want to tell you everything, papa," she said. "I want you to know the best of me and the worst of me. I am not so good as when I had you to love me. I want your help so dreadfully." Here thought was swept out on a flood of yearning. "I don't know whether I am doing right or wrong. What is right or wrong when whatever one does hurts somebody?"

She stopped as though for an answer. A voice outside in the hall was speaking.

"No matter. No matter, Sarah. I'll just step in for a moment to see Miss Parkes and leave this for your master."

Sir Geoffrey came in, but Aline did not look up.

He strode over to her and took her hands in his, holding them hard and bending down to her with a startled compassion.

"Aline! What is it?"

"I'll have to tell you," she said. "But you mustn't stand there. You mustn't look at me or hold my hands. I'd never be able to get through with it."

He went over to the window.

"I told a lie this morning," she began, "a lie about you."

He laughed a little.

"And about myself."

He stopped laughing and made an uneasy motion in her direction.

"Alec forced me to it. I felt as if I were being driven back and back, and it was all slippery, and there was no help. And then I thought of you, and what you'd said to me, some time ago." He was beside her, holding her hand again. "He asked me—he asked me—"

"What?" Sir Geoffrey got out rather harshly.

"It began by just a little foolish question. He wanted to come with me—and Humphrey—to the nursery, and when I hesitated, he pretended to be hurt, or was hurt. He said, quite bitterly, 'You don't want me.' Then—I don't know just how it was—I couldn't answer, and he said I liked to hurt him, and when I still didn't say anything he began to ask, 'Do you want me, Aline?' And he held me, and asked me just that, over and over. Oh, Sir Geoffrey, you can't think how it made me feel."

Sir Geoffrey was silent. His face had grown hard.

"And then—and then—he kissed my hands, and said he liked to hurt me. It seemed to me that I had no protection, no help. And—" she stopped, with a sob—"there wasn't anyone to turn to. And then—" Aline put out a hand and felt it caught and held to his heart—"I thought of you, and what you'd said."

"Thank God!" he said.

Sir Geoffrey waited, smoothing her cold hand.

"I told him—" Aline lifted unhappy, frightened eyes—"that I was engaged to marry—you."

And then she crumpled up in her chair, and cried.

Sir Geoffrey's face had lost its frank expression. "You did perfectly right," he began, in a hurried voice. He paused, then went on steadily. "I told you that if the time ever came when you needed the protection of my name, you were to use it, just in that way. I saw that Alec was—being inconsiderate. Either he doesn't know his own mind, or he feels he isn't free. It was right of you; splendid of you. But—"

"But what, Sir Geoffrey?"

"But what you told him need not count unless you want it to. Please stop crying, dear. It's quite all right. Do you want it to be so really, Aline—or was it only—was it, perhaps, just that—"

"You know how I turn to you," whispered Aline. "I want to love you, I want to. In every way I need you. But do you think you can make me forget—this other feeling for Alec? It is so hopeless and so wrong. He will marry Claire Wilton. I don't know how he feels toward me. He is often so unkind. I am sure he has never thought of marrying me. Only a fine person like you could—"

"Aline, I've thought over this matter a thousand times, as you know. And very often I've come to the conclusion that the other business being hopeless, as you say, you couldn't do better than marry me. Never mind what you said to Alec this morning. If you find you can't marry me, you can tell him, later, that you've changed your mind—anything you like."

"You're so good," she whispered.

"Come, little girl, you mustn't cry any more. Do you want to think it over, or do you want to decide now?"

FOR answer, she reached up and drew down his head and kissed him. Then he stood at the door to let her out, and she went by him like a crumpled little ghost. "Here's my new car, Aline," he said. "She'll whisk you home in no time. Isn't she a beauty, eh?"

Aline was completely dazed. The world looked different; colors brighter, outlines more confused. The old house seemed as new as Sir Geoffrey's shining car; Sir Geoffrey, a stranger; herself, an unknown entity. She had altogether lost her life; and she wondered whether it would be possible to find it again.

As Sir Geoffrey turned his car to leave Breeme House, he caught sight of Claire Wilton, coming across the lawn. His eyes lighted with pleasure—and as quickly clouded with a sudden, unwelcome resolution. He put on speed, and passed on down the driveway as if he had not seen her.

In that moment Sir Geoffrey knew the pang of self-renunciation.

In the drawing-room after dinner, when Aline saw Alec coming over to her, she hid her work under a cushion and slipped out by one of the long open windows to avoid him.

Through bars of shade and moonlight she fled to a little bower, walled in by yew-hedges, and fragrant with mignonette. There she sat down in the shadows to think and to find herself. The night was even stranger to her than the day. She was engaged, it seemed, to marry Sir Geoffrey Brooke. That was her secret; and she had decided to keep it so for a time. She must realize the fact herself before she made it known to others. Peace might come, and happiness; but lightness of heart was gone. For a moment tears stood in her eyes.

"I wonder if I look old," she thought. "I wonder if Sir Geoffrey really loves me." She looked down at the hands Sir Geoffrey had held, that Alec had kissed. She remembered the pale, thin face, tear-marred, that had looked vaguely at her from the mirror while she dressed for dinner. "There are girls," she thought, "who look like em-bodied joy, who gleam."

Unconsciously she thought of Claire. And at that moment Claire's figure appeared swiftly from the shadows of the yew-walk.

"I've found you for him," cried Claire triumphantly, sitting down beside her. "But I sha'n't go back and tell him if you don't want me to."

"Oh, please, don't."

Claire's presence was oppressive to Aline. Somehow, in this mood and light, her vitality was overwhelming. She seemed almost wickedly alive in her dress of Chinese-dragon green, her golden scarf, the glimmering topaz at her throat, a jewel that gave fire on her finger.

"You have all the air of a hunted dryad," laughed Claire. "I wish—I wish someone would terrify me. I'd love to run through the moonlight with my heart in my throat. Do you know—I've never been afraid in all my life."

"But why do you think I am afraid?" Aline asked.

"You should have seen your face when I came along the walk! But why be afraid of Lord Tremont?"

Aline, annoyed and restive, got up to go. But Claire remained seated looking up at her in a fashion that somehow arrested Aline. "I like all kinds of courage," said Claire. "And I hate all kinds of cowardice. There are plenty of things renounced with a fine air of sacrifice which a little courage might have held. I don't brook much interference when I've once made up my mind about wanting a thing. I'd go through fire and not feel it."

Aline misunderstood, and was angry. Was Claire warning her? Why should she be told to step out of the way? Alec, after all, was hers by right of long comradely years.

Aline came nearer tensely. "I want a thing—as vehemently as you—but I want it as a free gift. I want it with a clear conscience."

Claire looked at her searchingly and of a sudden, smiled. "I know a girl who gave up marrying the man she loved, and who loved her, because she thought his happiness would be better cared for by a richer woman. She was an idiot."

Aline flinched involuntarily. "Perhaps she tore her heart out to do him service," she replied.

"A pretty sort of service! It was sheer cowardice. Perhaps, after all, he was well out of it. A woman must be the braver creature of the two. I'd hate to shelter the man I loved. And, as for that, I'd hate another man to shelter me."

Aline listened, puzzled, dubious of Claire's motives. "I wonder if I am a coward," she thought as Alec appeared at the entrance of their bower and stood straight and pale and narrow-eyed looking at them. Claire laughed, and slipped away into the green-black yew-passage that led from their retreat. Her laughter left a deep silence, and in it stood Aline and Lord Tremont, their hearts beating hard. At last, very gently, more gently than she had ever heard him speak, he asked, "Are you afraid of me, Aline?"

She smiled her old smile. "No, you goose." It was the tone of nursery banter.

"Then why have you been running away from me?"

She moved restlessly. Alec watched her anxiously. Her thin, gray frock—so old, and plain, and worn—was no protection against the growing chilliness of night, and he could see that she was shivering. She was very pale, and there were shadows under her eyes. Alec was moved by a protective tenderness.

"Was it because you thought I would repeat my question of this morning? Was it that, Aline?"

"I don't know," she stammered. "Don't ask me, please. I'm very tired tonight."

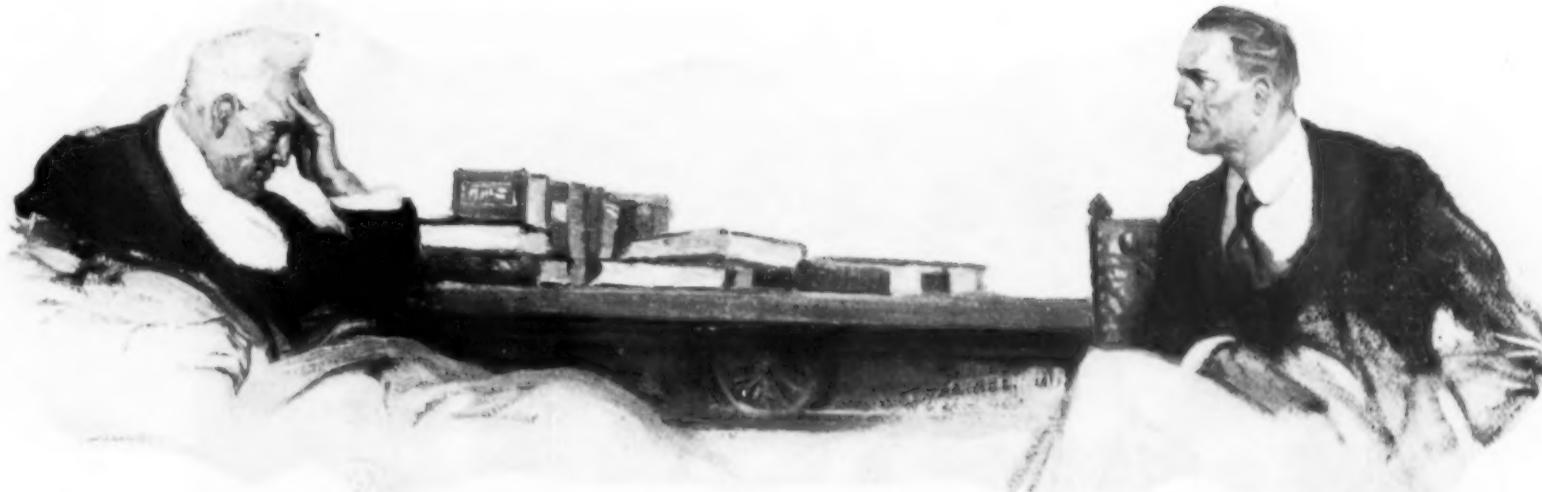
He looked troubled. "But—I say—for a moment—if you can, think of me. We've known each other so long. We ought to be able to be frank, to talk things over. A while ago you hurt me horribly by—your suggestion. I've seen the sense of it." He had picked up Claire's thread of thought. "I'm in debt. I'm poor, I know, I can't—I mustn't be rash or selfish. And yet, surely, there are other ways out. Rufus Tremont has hinted that he could help me—out. This engagement of yours—"

She interrupted him.

"We are both cowards, Alec. I know that. But let's never talk about these things again. It's all—a mess. You ask me to think of you. Haven't I thought? But what do



SIR GEOFFREY WAITED. "I TOLD HIM—" ALINE LIFTED UNHAPPY, FRIGHTENED EYES—"THAT I WAS ENGAGED TO MARRY—YOU"



LADY BREEME WAS ENTIRELY RIGHT IN HER EXPECTATION. THE EARL BEGAN AT ONCE TO DELIGHT IN HIS AMERICAN KINSMAN

we either of us get from thinking? What would we get from frankness, as you call it? I could ask you one question that would silence you utterly. You know very well what that question would be. I'd rather die than ask it, or hear your answer to it."

"There's one question that I will ask," cried Alec. "And I will hear your answer. No; you sha'n't run away. I must know—do you love Sir Geoffrey?"

Quickly and quite evenly she answered. "I do love him."

"Better than—than you—love me?"

"Ah! I didn't think you'd dare!" And in that second she was away—light and swift as a moth in the night.

Claire, coming downstairs from the gallery, several mornings later, was approached by Robins. Behind him, near the door, stood a meek, long-haired man in loose clothes, with a tin-box and folded easel under his arm. Claire thought him a picturesquely unpleasant figure as he stood there, his head deprecatingly bent, his black eyes glancing furtively about the room.

"Oh, miss," said Robins, in a discreet whisper, "this gentleman says he's a painter, miss, and he wishes to make a copy of the Van Dyke; and between you and me, miss, he has a note here from Lord Tremont."

"Oh, then it must be quite all right," she said. "Is that the note?"

She took and read the hurried, irregular scrawl, permitting Mr. Otto Cardoni to copy the Van Dyke and signed carelessly, "Alec Tremont."

"I see. Well, I'd just let him get to work and make his copy without more ado. You have my permission." She laughed a little, and passed out.

But on second thought, Claire began to hate the notion of this man's sitting day by day before the beautiful *Lady Jane*. She wondered that Alec had given permission. Meeting him in the hall she spoke of it.

"Mr. Cardoni is in the picture gallery—copying the Van Dyke!"

Alec looked at her with a startled, bewildered air. "Cardoni?" he repeated, vaguely. "He's here, is he?"

"In the hall. Do you allow copyists?"

"Oh, yes, but only by very special permission." Tremont thrust his long hands deep into his pockets and bent his head. Claire stood looking curiously at him till, perfunctorily, he smiled at her.

"Sorry," said he, "I'm poor company. Rotten bad mail this morning." Here he paused and gave Claire a hunted, appraising look. She was gazing out at the lovely summer scene, and missed his glance. "What are you going to do today?"

"It's a day," said Claire, "for pilgrims and palfreys. We are going out of doors for the day. Didn't you know? Jane and I planned it last night. We'll ride to Lone Tree Hill and eat under the trees. Mr. Tremont has promised us camp-coffee, broiled bacon, and something that he calls 'dough-gods!' Miss Meriden and Mr. MacBurney are coming."

"But—there are not enough horses, are there?" asked Tremont, his pride suffering at the thought of the many empty stalls. "I'll go to the stables."

The morning was green-gold after a light shower, and color was brilliant, but Alec saw nothing but his own wretchedness. In his pocket was another imperative letter from Unterberg. Something must be done. If his creditors could hear of an engagement to American millions, or if he could raise a couple of thousand pounds!

Alec gave his orders to the groom.

THEY ain't much for looks, are they, my lord?" said the old stableman as he led out the horses. "In the old days, now, 'twas a fine sight when we had 'em out of a hunting-day. It do go against me to give Miss Wilton this nag, my lord, she being used to a fine mount and ridin' like a queen."

"Have them ready before ten, will you?" Alec cut in and walked rapidly away. It seemed to him nowadays that the whole world had formed itself into a sort of Greek chorus to his tragedy, and sang the prophecy of Claire, Countess of Breeme. The smile and bow of every tenant he passed around Five Pastures was a congratulation and a bid for remembrance in the hour of prosperity. Robins all but spoke of Claire as "my lady." The current was running strong toward his marriage with this white-skinned, gold-haired woman. It might be easier, after all, to let himself go.

They rode off together, Claire and he, and gradually, Alec became infected by her gay mood. All the cool, sweet brightness of the day danced in her eyes. She talked nonsense until Alec forgot the pressure of his troubles, and yielded to the enchantment of her jubilant spirits.

"When you go away from here," he said, "it will be lights out for all of us."

She turned a little in her saddle. "Don't remind me of going. It will be so soon now." Claire looked sad.

"Soon?"

Alec's pulse quickened. Hateful phrases in Unterberg's letter came to his mind. She would go soon, flashing all her golden beauty and wealth into some other man's life. What a fool he would be to let her go!

"How soon?" he asked quickly. "In a week. I mustn't wear out your splendid hospitality."

"It hasn't been hospitality," cried Alec, reining his horse closer to hers. "I never knew anyone to be less like a guest than you have been at Breeme House. You've seemed quite one of us. You belong. It's as if—our old home had once held a precious stone, and now it had come back. Very often I feel, you know, that I can't let you go."

She put out her hand to him, frankly. "Thank you." He gripped her fingers. "I wish you could hear father about you."

"Dear Lord Breeme. I mind leaving him most."

"Don't say that."

"I must say it. Him and—the *Lady Jane*."

"You leave your *Lady Jane* in great danger," said Alec, his flushed face turned to her.

"From Mr. Tremont! Then he has dared. But, Lord Tremont—" she looked at him with alarm—"you wouldn't sell it?"

Alec shrugged his shoulders. "It may come to that."

Claire paled. "Ah!" said she. "I thought *Lady Jane* as unapproachable as a star. I wouldn't do so-and-so—not to save the Van Dyke." Why, it's a by-word with Lord Breeme. Lord Tremont, truly, you wouldn't sell her? She belongs here. She's the very soul of Breeme House. I—I couldn't bear it. I suppose I'm absurd, but to me—"

"You're not absurd. Do you know, since you've been here everything has taken on a new aspect to me. You care. You seem to care so much for it all."

"I do, I do. You couldn't understand unless you could put yourself in just my homeless, wandering place. Don't laugh, Lord Tremont—but this will always seem home to me."

"I should like Breeme House to be so," he said hurriedly, not looking at her now, "I should like Breeme House to be your home."

Claire flung up her head. She was radiant. Alec looked at her and held his breath. Was it anger? Was it pride? Was it joy?

There came a wild shout and hoof-beats. A black horse whirled past them, its rider bent sideways, low along its neck. It was Rufus Tremont—not the stately Tremont of the drawing-room, but a reckless young hot-blood, spurred and hatless, lithe as an Indian, wild as a stormwind—riding cowboy style. And beside him, her silvery-brown hair streaming, her eyes wide and starry, her face like a rose, a creature bewitched, galloped Jane.

They went by with a ringing clatter. Alec's horse shied and plunged into the thicket. When Claire caught up with him, so great was his mystification and her astonishment that for the rest of the way their talk was about Jane.

"Not *Jane*!" said Alec. "Surely not *Jane*!"

"She's never ridden before?"

"She's been afraid of horses all her life!"

"It wasn't *Jane*!"

On Lone Tree Hill, they were unpacking lunch-baskets when Claire and Alec arrived. Alec was dispatched immediately with Rufus Tremont to fetch water.

"Feeling blue, Lord Tremont?" asked Rufus as they were going to the stream.

"Unterberg again. Look at this," Alec handed Tremont a letter from his pocket. "I'm pretty well tried. There seems only one way out, and I hate . . ."

"You can have twenty thousand pounds from me, any day you say so."

Every nerve in Alec's body jumped. "What do you mean, Tremont?"

"I want," said he, and paused, staring through the willows toward the hills, "I want the Van Dyke."

Then a queer thing happened. Just the expression of that wish in words turned Alec's temper. He was expecting it, wishing for it, angling for it. But Rufus' blunt statement was like a blow in the face. Alec got to his feet, furious with himself, furious with the American—with all the world.

"By Gad!" he said, laughing bitterly. "I didn't think you'd dare."

For an instant it seemed as though lightning ran through the body of the Westerner. Then, he relaxed, and laughed aloud.

"I like that!" said Rufus, then laughing again, "I like that!"

It was the end of the interview. Alec swung up the hillside, his pulses beating. Tremont very slowly followed, anger and amusement in his eyes.

Alec passed Aline and Sir Geoffrey sitting together under the trees, and his purpose to marry Claire hardened into very stone.

"I could throw out a wing here," Sir Geoffrey was saying, "and start a rose-garden under these windows. You'll have to run up with me some morning soon," he went on. "I want suggestions. How about tomorrow?"

"No—not tomorrow," Aline hesitated.

Sir Geoffrey continued. "I promised a ball in my barracks, Aline, in Claire Wilton's honor. But I'll give it now in yours, eh?"

"Lord Breeme is planning one for Claire," said Aline. "Fancy-dress—next Thursday, I believe. Will you come?"

"Rather!"

There was a silence, not quite the easy, comfortable silence that had once been between them. Aline felt a sudden pang for her lost friend, Sir Geoffrey Brooke. And a mood of regretful, unhappy thought so absorbed her that she did not see Alec running to where the horses were tied.

"A wager," said he. "MacBurney and I are to jump the hedge and Devil's Ditch for Miss Wilton's first waltz next Thursday night."

Jane looked alarmed. "Why what is Claire thinking of! It's two fields over—a nasty jump. Captain Masterton broke his neck there three years ago. Alec!"

But Alec, excited and reckless, rode past her down the hill with MacBurney close after him. Alec turned back to Jane for an instant. "Pray for me, Jane," said he, teasingly.

"Oh, Claire! We must stop them." Jane was almost in tears. But it was too late. The young men had spurred their horses for the ditch. Both went over, and a moment later MacBurney appeared on the far side. He wheeled his horse on landing and frantically waved his arm.

"Come over! Quick!" he shouted: "Lord Tremont's off. He's hurt."

IT was those last two words that crashed into Aline's thoughtful silence. She stood up, white-faced and looked where everyone pointed. From the hilltop, she could see Alec's still body and the moaning restlessness of his fallen horse.

"He's killed, Sir Geoffrey," she said simply, looking up into his face with eyes that told him for the first time the whole secret of her heart. "My Alec's dead." A tremor passed through her strained figure, and she fell fainting to the ground.

Sir Geoffrey, later, remembered that at this crucial moment it was not of Aline nor of Alec that he thought first, but of Claire. He turned and called her, but she was already lifting the girl's unconscious head into her lap. And Claire's eyes were not upon Aline's white face but looking straight up into his, deeply, pitifully.

"I've wanted so much to help you," she said, as she loosened Aline's collar, "but I couldn't say a word. I promised not to say anything."

"Alec told you—of our engagement?" he asked.

"Yes. It was so splendid of you, Sir Geoffrey, but a forlorn hope! And you didn't know it?" she asked, as she chafed Aline's cold hands.

"Not till this moment. I must have been blind. I saw he was tormenting her, but I never thought she cared for him. I wanted simply to protect her."

"It was not protection she needed; it was courage—enough for him and for herself." Claire saw the others, far below, carrying Alec toward Sir Geoffrey's car. "They will want you now," she said to him. "If he should live, please, please won't you let me help you?" she pleaded. "It's not too late to set things right."

"If he lives—pray God he does," he answered. "The fool that I've been—the double fool," and his eyes looked straight into Claire's.

"I would rather," she said looking up at him, "be such a fool than the wisest man on earth. You will let me help?" she urged hurriedly.

"God knows I shall need you. I shall never trust myself again." And he went toward his car, leaving her with Aline's head resting in her lap.

The girl opened her eyes with a quick, pale self-possession that cut Claire to the heart. She insisted on rising, walking to Sir Geoffrey's car, into which Alec's inert body was being lifted. His head on Jane's lap, his young face turned up blankly and rigidly to the sky, Alec, still unconscious, was taken to Sir Geoffrey's place which was nearer to Lone Tree Hill than Breeme House. Sir Geoffrey's consideration unobtrusively arranged that Aline should go with them in the car.

She stood alone in the entrance-hall, hoping against hope that the doctor might come before she left, when Sir Geoffrey came in. She started toward him.

"Alec is conscious," said he, standing gravely beside her, his eyes upon her face. "We can't tell yet how seriously he is hurt."

Suddenly Aline felt the need of an apology of some sort from herself to this man—her intended husband—standing there, his face so grave and gray. She put her hand uncertainly on his arm. "Geoffrey, you know—he's my friend—the shock—the suddenness, bowled me over. I am so ashamed."

His hands came to lie quietly on her shoulders, in a tender, fatherly fashion. "My dear girl, you've been under a strain. Don't try to explain. You must go home, now. I wish I could take you, my dear. I shall be over in the morning. I believe Alec is not much hurt. Make light of it to his father till we hear what the doctor says." He followed her out of the door and down the steps and helped her into the cart, still with that gentle air of restraint.

[Continued on page 26]



THERE WAS
A GENERAL
RUSH FOR
LETTERS,
FOR THE
MOMENT,
YOUNG
AND OLD,
THEY WERE
GAMBLERS

HUSBANDS

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

MISS TOWLE had the big chair on the window-side of the fire. Mrs. Rumsay, with a clear track, had merely paused at the desk to see if the mail had come in, but in that lost moment a long stride had overtaken her delicate shuffle—woman's love of bondage was for the moment expressing itself in trussed ankles—and there was nothing for it but to look as if she had preferred the chintz rocker from the first. Miss Towle was a strong character; her generous sneeze went uncovered and unashamed, her sniff never tried to pass itself off as anything else; her broad brown-canvas sneakers betrayed toes separately active instead of welded into a decently expressionless clump. From her middy-blouse to her stout stockings, there was not a line of her that would not rasp the sensibilities of a fine lady; and her happy unconsciousness of giving offense was not the least of her offenses.

Her book was open at the first chapter, and Mrs. Rumsay, who held the same book open toward the middle, sighed visibly and tried to express a non-interruptible absorption. On the book-stand there was a pile three-feet high of the same book. It wore a white paper-jacket across which was blackly written, *Husbands*. The author was not indicated.

Presently Miss Towle began to shake and snort with laughter. Mrs. Rumsay, who had been looking over the top of her page watching every entrance with the tense patience of pretty women in summer resorts, clutched the book tighter, bringing it close to her eyes, but it was no use.

"Listen to this," Miss Towle commanded. "There is always some point in the game where Oscar has to be cheered. If his hands are poor, he grows bored, impatient; if he is dummy too often, he looks at his watch and wanders sighingly about the room; if I play a hand badly, he hates me with a seething hatred for ten minutes. I work harder keeping him happy through an evening of auction than I ever had to work over my seventy little public-school pupils." Isn't that Mr. Lincoln to the life?" she demanded.

Mrs. Rumsay's glance over her shoulder indicated that the big central hall of the Red Fox Inn was not a discreet place for personalities.

"Mr. Lincoln seems most agreeable," she murmured, conspicuously raising her book.

Miss Towle's amused eyes were following on down the page. "And this about meals," she went on.

"Yes, I have read that first chapter, *Cheering Them*," Mrs. Rumsay interrupted. "I am now at the fifth, *Breaking It To Them*."

Miss Towle was laughing down her fine nose. "I wonder if every woman's husband has a canned-peas expression?" she read. "I don't mean that Oscar looks like canned peas—far from it. I mean a line of deadly injury that stiffens about his mouth when canned peas are offered him at dinner. Our landlady serves them about three times a week, and it is so hard coaxing Oscar back to good humor. At home, of course, nothing is served that he does not like, but in summer we board, and there is always some point at dinner where Oscar must be helped out of his gloom. My heart literally sickens in my side when the covers come off. People often say in my hearing that it is dismal to eat alone but I think it must be heaven."

"If Claude Pattison had sat for that, it couldn't be more like him," Miss Towle rejoiced. "They had the table next to mine last summer, and I used to want to shake Emmy Pattison for standing it. He met oyster-plant like a personal insult. His line of argument was that nobody had a right to like such stuff. If they said they did, they were either lying or fools. I tell you, Mrs. Claude Pattison wrote this book!"

Mrs. Rumsay looked weary about for a quieter spot, whence she could watch the entrances uninterrupted, but the morning was sharp and the thin, silky, collarless garments that fashion demanded made the big fire welcome. For a little while the book held Miss Towle silent; then she laid it down with a great laugh.

"Well, I see why it is anonymous," she said. "If Oscar happened on it, another happy marriage would go bang."

A crowd was assembling about the post-office end of the desk, and Mrs. Rumsay's book had dropped past recovery.

"Do you suppose there is really any one Oscar?" she asked, in the averted voice she kept for women. "Why could it not be fiction?"

"There are undoubtedly one million Oscars, but this is no fairy-tale," was the vigorous answer. "Take this: 'Oscar's favorite conversational opening has always been, 'The trouble with you, Elsie—'.' That sounds pretty real to me. And the authorship wouldn't be kept so secret if there was not a good reason. They say that even the publishers don't know who she is. It was sold through an agent, who was rendered dumb immediately afterward. They took out his tongue, I believe. Of course, the book is like listening at a keyhole," she went on, humorously indulgent of human frailty. "That's why it is so interesting and altogether diverting."

"I enjoy discussing the public news of the day, but if you want to make me really sit up, tell me what has become of Mrs. Earle's husband, or whether Cassandra Lincoln is engaged to young Redmond. And I notice this: she fixed an amused eye on Mrs. Rumsay's wandering attention: 'if I want to make sure that the other person is listening, I drop my voice and run in, 'Perhaps I really ought not to say this!—and thereafter they hang on my words. It never fails.'

A sudden movement in the great hall, a concentrating of the scattered groups, showed that the mail-window had opened.

"At last," Mrs. Rumsay said relievedly.

THERE was a general rush for letters. For the moment, young and old, they were gamblers. No one was so satisfied with what he had that he could ignore this daily spin of fortune's wheel. Miss Towle, who called a spade a spade, assured herself that nothing more than a circular was likely to befall her and tried to go on reading, but presently she, too, was in line and seeing that others stayed so. Mrs. Rumsay had a way of stepping in ahead of her turn with a soft, "Do you mind? I am in a hurry"—that only Miss Towle could cope with. The latter would have made a splendid policeman.

She did get a letter, a long one from a favorite niece with snap-shots of the baby, and she stood there reading it while the crowd broke open its envelopes, widening out and scattering. When she looked up everyone had gone but Mrs. Rumsay, who had captured the big chair on the window-side of the fire and was looking serenely unaware of the exchange. A light of battle was kindled in Miss Towle's unafraid eyes, for she had left her book lying conspicuously on the seat and her sweater over the back, but her first firm step was arrested by a crackle of paper underfoot. Someone had dropped what looked like a business document and she paused to pick it up. There was the printed name of a publisher, "in account with—" and then, typewritten, "the author of *Husbands*." Below, were figures, large figures.

"Someone dropped this, Minnie," she said to the girl at the book-stand. "Why, what is it?" she added, frowning.

Minnie was far more elegant in appearance than the patrons of the Inn, and her elaborate golden coiffure firmly

gave the lie to any thought suggested by brown eyes and drooping nose. The voice that came from all that elegance was something of a shock.

"The author of *Husbands*," she read. "We got a book here named *Husbands*. I ain't read it—I was afraid it might put me off matrimony."

Usually Miss Towle would have risen to the challenge—she and Minnie had had many tilts on the subject of Man—but the astonishing meaning of that paper on the Inn floor was absorbing Miss Towle's attention.

"If the statement of the sales of *Husbands* came in the mail," she worked it out, "that means that the author of *Husbands* was here to get it!"

"Well, what do you know about that!" said Minnie.

Miss Towle slowly folded the paper and dropped it into a pocket. "This must not be talked about," she commanded. "If the author had wanted her name known, she would have put it on the book."

"That's all right; but nothing's going to keep us from guessing," was the shrewd answer.

"Minnie," said Miss Towle solemnly, "if a man found out that his wife had written that book, he would probably leave her. She might be better off without him, but that is not the point. You don't want it on your conscience that you broke up a home, do you?"

"Not without I got something out of it," Minnie conceded. "But it would be kind of fun to watch him jump!"

"You'd better forget all about it." And Miss Towle went back to the fire, taking a straight chair so obviously that Mrs. Rumsay's fine unconsciousness was wasted.

"In the Inn. Sitting daily among them, perhaps. Hoping, no doubt, that her husband would read it but not suspect its source." Miss Towle had no wish to divulge a secret or break up a marriage, but she had to find out who it was or die. She had spent her summers at the Red Fox Inn for ten years, and as its guests were apt to return, she knew nearly everyone who had come for mail that morning. It was easy to eliminate:

"She couldn't write three grammatical sentences in succession without brain fever. . . . No; he has some of the earmarks of an Oscar, but she worships him with a blind and idiotic worship. . . . But then she has the intellect of a hen canary. . . . She might write, but he is such a good, patient little soul—you couldn't work him up into an Oscar. . . . Carey, Sires, Van Dusen—barely possible. . . . Mr. Carolan was taken in his youth, lucky man. Oscar could perfectly well be taken from Claude Pattison or Mr. Lincoln. I wonder what Mr. Rumsay is like? Perhaps he will be up tomorrow with the other husbands. God has been very good to me, that I don't have to meet that train every Friday." And Miss Towle smiled broadly on a bedazzled universe. Then she jumped up. She was not going to tell, but she meant to find out.

Mrs. Lincoln and her daughter Cassandra had paused at the magazine counter, the latter with a tennis racket under her arm. Barney Redmond hovered near, pretending to purchase cigarettes. He trailed a golf-bag, and bore a look of recent punishment.

Miss Towle bought a magazine and fell into conversation. It was easy to run in, "Have you read this?" with the pile of *Husbands* at her elbow. "I consider it the most important *expose* since the Dreyfus case," she added. "At last a wife has told the truth."

Mrs. Lincoln shook a gentle head. "Oh, dear Miss Towle, it surely is only a story!" she protested. "If it were true, it would be so unkind. Husbands are like that if you think they are, but if you think they aren't, why, they aren't. It is bear and forbear. We are not saints ourselves, you know," she concluded with her placid smile. She did

not sound like the author. And yet a vivid memory of Mr. Lincoln at the card-table persisted.

"You so-called happy wives—that is, wives who have stayed married—are all so loyal," she objected. "It is a very fine quality. And it probably does more harm than any other known virtue. It is like being too loyal to your railway company to hang out a red lantern on a wrecked bridge."

Mrs. Lincoln edged away. "Ah well, I have such a good, kind husband; I have been spared a great deal, no doubt," she murmured, gathering up her change.

"I know one thing," Cassandra broke in. She was a long, rangy girl with a heavy swirl of chestnut hair about a small head and a fine, determined little face emphasized by a few chestnut freckles. "If husbands in general are like Oscar, I'm never going to have one!" Her voice carried the threat well past Miss Towle, on to the cigar-stand. Then another young woman in tennis shoes waved a racket from the door and she went off with a long, light step. Her mother ambled cosily after her toward the veranda. Miss Towle, turning away, saw Barney Redmond furtively purchase a copy of *Husbands* and ram it into a pocket; then he went dejectedly out into the morning.

"Such a good, kind husband—" was the woman a fool or a liar? For three summers Miss Towle had seen her cheer and appease and placate Joe Lincoln; three-fourths of her waking life must be spent in propitiation. And yet she counted herself blessed—or said she did. They called it love. And yet—no woman who was financially independent could have written the chapter named, *Cheering Them*, or the one after, *Taking It From Them*. There was a chapter further on called *Getting It Out of Them*. Miss Towle looked forward to that with a humorous twitch about her nose. She did dearly love a whack at Man. Then she saw Mrs. Claude Pattison cross the veranda, and having noted her direction, hurried upstairs for her sailor-hat.

Not long afterward, Barney Redmond came drearily back, having evidently found the golf-links a howling waste, and taking the chintz rocker whence he could keep an eye on the entrances, he drew out his book and went doggedly at it. He was a good-looking young man, long and rangy like Cassandra; the two seemed born to play tennis and ride horseback together. Mrs. Rumsay, orientally smooth, flashing handsomely between her long black earrings, was not a decade older, but she might have been of another century. Strangers at the Inn, seeing Cassandra, asked first, "Who is she?" while their first thought about Mrs. Rumsay was apt to be, "Is she made up?" If she was not, they felt that she would be soon; her purple veils seemed a presage.

They might well have asked, "Who is she?" for she had appeared among them some four weeks earlier without the usual explanation for a former habitué's love of the place, bringing with her trunks of extremely fashionable summer clothes such as the Red Fox Inn prided itself on not wearing, and she had sat ever since, gorgeous, inscrutable, usually alone, watching the doors through which the sport-loving little community poured in and out. She had slipped her book down at her side at Barney's approach, and when at last his mounting protest demanded expression, she was subtly, passively ready for him as the glass is ready for the pitcher.

"But if you feel blue and depressed, why isn't it being a hypocrite to pretend that you don't?" he burst out, without preamble.

Her faint smile suggested deep stores of experience, but she did not interrupt him to answer.

"I don't mean that a man should grouch about the way her—the way some fathers do." He looked frowningly about for something to kick and found a footstool; "but a fellow's human, Mrs. Rumsay! He can't come down every morning all joy and gladness! Now listen to this: Oscar had not wanted to take the car out that day, so he bore it in dignified patience, answering with scrupulous politeness if addressed but keeping a fixed profile toward us. He made us nervous, miserable. We said funny things, trying to win a smile, but he never heard. We praised the skill with which he drove, we dwelt on our utter confidence in him, we raved over the beauty of the country as though that were his doing, too—but he might have been made of stone. I think he really enjoyed the ride, but we came home exhausted."

"Well, that's her side of it," Barney explained, maltreating the footstool. "His side might have been altogether different. Perhaps they made him tired. Perhaps he was showing a lot of self-control in being as decent as that. It's time somebody wrote a book called *Wives!*" He read aloud further extracts illustrative of the author's unreasonable demands and her unjust verdicts. He was saying it all hotly at Cassandra Lincoln, and the end of an hour found Mrs. Rumsay no more visible to him than any satisfactory and capacious receptacle is to the pourer. There were fourteen women at the Inn to every one man, and the one was either a contented husband or a sporting college-boy, or like Barney, preempted. He rose to go.

"Gee, I'd like a talk with the woman who wrote this book," he concluded.

Mrs. Rumsay's mysterious smile deepened. "Would you?" she said softly, meaningly.

At last she had his attention. When Cassandra passed through the hall fifteen minutes later she still had it. Cassandra went up the stairs unnoticed, her head high.

Miss Towle, following the direction taken by Mrs. Pattison, trailed her in vain through the pines and round the

lake. A bridal couple, enjoying a secluded summer-house, jumped to find her peering in at them; other couples, canoeing under the green banks, grew indignant at her apparent spying. Miss Towle, having one dominant idea in her mind, took no more account of them than a somnambulist might have, but, at last, scrambling down to cross a disused back road, she abruptly woke up.

An automobile was crawling toward her, keeping a fairly straight line except for an occasional convulsive wiggle. Mrs. Claude Pattison held the wheel in a death-grip, her eyes glued to the road, her mouth slightly open, while beside her an instructor, lounging easily, kept a hand ready for emergencies and reeled off information for her petrified ears. She passed Miss Towle apparently without seeing her, though the car at that moment was moved to try a figure eight that made the latter jump for safety. It was no time then for conversation, but Miss Towle went home pondering. The Pattisons were not rated as able to afford a car; but the author of *Husbands* could afford anything. She planted herself on the veranda until Mrs. Pattison, looking wan and exhausted, came up the drive on foot.

"How did you get on?" she asked genially.

Mrs. Pattison stopped short. She was always a worried-looking woman, but her dark eyes now showed acute dismay.

"Oh, was it you who was in the road?" she exclaimed. "In the road!" Miss Towle was never in the road. "I was two feet up a bank—and half way up a tree before you got through with me. If you are buying a car, I advise you—"

OH, I am not—I'm not buying one." Mrs. Pattison flushed to her troubled forehead. "I thought I would take a few lessons, that is all. It is well to know how, don't you think?" She had a flurried and evasive manner, perhaps merely a result of being married to Claude Pattison; but if Miss Towle had married him, the flurry and evasion would have been on Claude's side, and her strength had scant patience with weakness.

"I have never found it necessary," she said.

"I suppose it is silly of me," Mrs. Pattison was escaping. "I hoped no one would catch me at it, Miss Towle!" She tried to laugh, but her eyes begged, and Miss Towle tossed back an ungracious, "Oh, I won't tell your family!" that had a double meaning if it was received by the author of *Husbands*. Emmy Pattison was clearly up to something!

"I never saw Claude Pattison with a book in his hands, but he is going to read this one," she assured the universe. "They are all going to read it, the whole Friday bunch. It may do them some good—God knows, they need it." Then, as she started to go in to luncheon, she saw an arresting sight: down at the boat landing Barney Redmond was helping Mrs. Rumsay out of his canoe. They came slowly up the bank together. Mrs. Rumsay's flashing beauty warmed by a rosy parasol, a mysterious smile on her smooth red lips.

"The cat that swallowed the canary," was Miss Towle's wrathful comment. "If men aren't—There is a chapter called *Holding Them*, and I guess that is meant for you, Barney Redmond!"

She went in deeply troubled. She liked Cassandra. The girl had brains, a possession Miss Towle considered rare, and a fine independence that might survive even matrimony. Since the world must be repeopled, she had been ready to give a humorous blessing to her and Barney. After luncheon she saw him at his masculine trick of trying to keep on with old love, but Cassandra—good girl—would have none of

It was a success. Cassandra fairly jumped at the communication, she laughed aloud over Miss Towle's summary of the possible authors. They had a thoroughly nice time until Barney Redmond's runabout came up the drive floating a purple veil. That spoiled it, of course, and presently Cassandra made her escape.

"They are not worth it, my poor child," was Miss Towle's silent comment as the long, light step sped away. To think that one who had had that free step at his side could tolerate a shuffling crawl! She gave up the whole race of man and settled down to finish *Husbands*. She had only two more chapters, *Nursing Them Through It and Making the Best of Them*.

Friday night brought the husbands up from the city, and Saturday morning the heavens played into Miss Towle's hands, for they sent a mighty rain sluicing down the flanks of the mountains. The women stayed upstairs after breakfast doing rainy-day things to hair and clothes, but the men drifted to the big hall and the log fire, a number of them with copies of *Husbands* in their hands. Miss Towle had confidentially asked each in turn to see if the book did not remind him of one of the others, and any married woman in the Inn was more than ready to lend her a copy.

Presently chuckles were exploding from the various chairs. Joe Lincoln, who had instinctively skipped the first chapter, *Cheering Them*, read aloud bits from *Making Them Comfortable* that set everyone but Claude Pattison roaring. Then Pattison read a paragraph about funny stories that left both Mr. Sires and Mr. Van Dusen cold, and Mr. Carey's rendering of Oscar at the auction-table nearly drove Mr. Lincoln from the fire. He got back at Carey with a page out of *Hearing From Them*; it was well known that Carey's wife was always blue for an hour after the mail got in. But the laughter was diminishing. When Pattison offered a humorous bit on *Traveling With Them*, he drew no response at all. Silence was settling coldly down. Minnie, behind the counter, sold two more copies of *Husbands* and watched the group with solemn brown eyes, her gum neglected in her cheek. Then Barney Redmond, finishing the book, stood up and read aloud the final paragraph:

"Of course, I hope Oscar will read this book. Equally of course, I hope he will not guess who wrote it. I know that every husband who reads it is going to look at his wife and ask himself, 'Was it she?' If she sees that she could have written one least chapter of it, I shall have done something for an institution that could be beautiful, but that will never be, so long as every honest effort toward readjustment is met by blind and deaf resentment. 'The trouble with you, Elsie—'"

"Some wife," observed Mr. Van Dusen, laughing over-loudly. The general unease had deepened to bleak gloom. Pages forgot to turn before fixed eyes. Mr. Sires tried to show by light badinage that nothing had touched him.

"Minnie, you wrote this book," he declared. "You've been watching us here for two summers. You've got us all down fine."

"I never," said Minnie firmly.

"Well, then, who did?"

"Search me." Minnie's sharp eyes grew opaque, stupid.

"All I know is she's here in the Inn."

"Up here?" Mr. Lincoln shot the question. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, I guess I ought not to 'a' told," Minnie looked blundering, contrite.

"How did you find it out?" Barney Redmond demanded.

"Honest to goodness, gentlemen, you gotter forget I said that, or you'll get me into awful trouble," Minnie pleaded. "They was a paper picked up—Miss Towle's got it. But she'd kill me for telling. I kind of forgot it was a secret."

The group sat petrified. No one liked to stop reading or to let his neighbor see the awful question in his eyes. When the wives began to come down, the books were casually dropped, slid behind cushions, kicked under chairs. Someone suggested auction, but Joe Lincoln snapped refusal. He would not speak to Mrs. Lincoln, and Claude Pattison was so formally polite to Mrs. Pattison that her eyes dilated with terror. Then Mrs. Rumsay came in, silky, beautiful, mysterious; and the men who were not appreciated at home turned to her as the sunflower to the sun.

All that pouring morning Mrs. Rumsay held court, and Barney Redmond tried in vain to get private speech with her, and Cassandra Lincoln kept her room with a headache, and the wives knitted and embroidered in forced cheerfulness, and Miss Towle, looking on at the drama she had let loose, turned from amused to dubious, from dubious to scared. Mrs. Rumsay spoke only to utter soft little questions, but the male voices never ceased, and her beauty shone out with a new light between her long black earrings. She had not watched the doors in vain.

Miss Towle finally bore down on the corner where Barney Redmond sulked alone, and took the next chair. "What's the matter with you all?" she demanded.

"You ought to know," was the grim answer. "Show me the paper, Miss Towle," Barney added.

"What paper?" But a betraying hand clutched her pocket.

"The one concerning the author of a certain anonymous book."

"How did you know about it?"

"Everybody knows everything in this blooming Inn," Barney flung out. "They don't yet know which she is—

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SHE SAW CASSANDRA AND BARNEY PACING A DESERTED VERANDA, ARM IN ARM, THEIR HEADS CLOSE TOGETHER, AND SUDDENLY SHE KNEW

him. She was motoring with one, playing golf with another. After she had gone off, Barney sulked about until Mrs. Rumsay came down in another of her ridiculous costumes, more fit for a harem than for an honest American veranda; her squeezed, tilted, tied-up feet mousing along in their exasperating little shuffle, and, of course, she went off with him.

Miss Towle was only surprised that it took her half an hour or more to accomplish it. Barney submitted in the dense open gloom that is man's privilege, but he would come back cheerful enough—confound him! Miss Towle was really unhappy. When Cassandra Lincoln reappeared—her plucky head high but with a quick glance right and left that betrayed her—she had to do something. Like the *Jongleur* who performed his tricks before the Madonna, she made an offering of the one precious thing she possessed.

"Cassandra, I want you," she said. She caught a glimpse of the girl's reluctance, her sick despair at any new demand for a brave front, and hurried on. "My dear, I have stumbled on the most amazing secret, and if I don't tell someone I shall burst. I know you're safe. Come down here a few steps. Those piazza tabbies have ears like Marconi receivers."



THE CAVE-MAN MARRIED HIS BRIDE BY CAPTURE



THE BRIDE AND HER DOWRY HAD TO SUIT MOTHER-IN-LAW



PAUL CARRUTH

THE RULE OF THE RING

By Grace Johnston

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL CARRUTH

TO-DAY, He gives Her a slender circlet of white platinum, delicately chased with orange-blossoms. Yesterday, it was a plain band of purest gold. A long time ago, Mrs. Primitive Man wore proudly a stone or iron ring, hammered out by her caveman-fiance as pledge of good faith. Platinum and gold and stone alike, the Rule of the Ring has held good through the centuries.

Ever since men and women began to make promises to each other, the ring has been a symbol of a covenant. Its use in the marriage ceremony is almost as ancient as the contract itself. Marriage has undergone tremendous changes; the caveman has given way to the silk-hatted bridegroom; the polygamist, the lord of a harem, has gone down in most countries before the monogamist to whom one wife is plenty. But through all the changing forms of the matrimonial contract, the ring has been used to seal the pledge for eternity.

The ring has put a polite touch upon the most violent form of the marital ceremony. Your place in culture is determined by the kind of wedding your husband, or your family, or you yourself insisted upon. If your man came down from the hills, to carry you off to his shack on Neolithic Heights, you were married by capture and you belong to primitive society. If your family arranged with his to exchange you and a dowry for a husband, you were married by purchase. Some very nice people still manage things that way. But if you have married out of irresistible fancy for each other—irrespective of wealth or the world—you have married by choice. The conventionalizing of each one of these forms represents a change in the structure of society. Dynasties are remembered less for their material power than for their share in admitting women to partnership in life.

Today's bride is a lucky and free spirit, yet she forgets only too readily her dark matrimonial past. Mr. and Mrs. Modern Couple take for granted their perfect and equal partnership. Since He never shouts at Her, nor does She wait on his sacred word for her opinions, each believes that the matrimonial Utopia is here. Yet, it is not so many years since friend wife occupied a comparatively humble position. She had the say of accepting or refusing her husband, but once married, he was the dictator of her thoughts and her life. The traditional wife was rich in humility and obedience. She has today her persistent survivals who never do anyt'ing without asking George. But few women are forced to rebel these days. Even the husbands who would tyrannize over their supernumerary women relatives are a dying race.

THE modern American girl is a stranger to domestic suppression. She is no patient and suppliant Griselda. And the fashion in husbands has changed, too, even as the fashions in furnishing the front parlor. The autocratic dictator and the hair-pulling cave-men are yesterday's terrors. Today we have a new free-spirited, confident wife, an unmonarchical husband, with only slight traces of the caveman—and a new family.

Now today's bride, looking at her platinum ring, knows in part the story of her emancipation. She is freer because science, since her grandmother's day, has simplified housework. She has tasted economic independence, and liked it. Yet she knows that the vote, with all its developing responsibilities, has been and is the most important of all concrete acquisitions making for the freedom of woman. Political equality has its concrete benefits. Why should she not begin to use it on behalf of the married woman who wants *complete* equality, with her husband, before the civil law?

Perhaps you thought that equality was already hers—and yours. What does the wedding-ring mean to the American wife today, anyway? Are husband and wife equal before the law? Mr. Smith has no objection to Mrs. Smith's doing anything she pleases with her bond investments, but does the statute law of certain states take the same pleasant attitude? Or is it reminiscent of the days when a married woman had no individual entity?

Your grandmother, under the old Common Law, was regarded as a grown-up child. Your great-aunt, who through some freakish streak never married anyone, had freedom and legal rights denied to your grandmother, although the latter raised a large family and managed a huge farm. In

those days, an old maid was a pathetic and laughable thing; yet, in marrying, a woman lost her individuality, her rights as a separate person before the law. She acquired a home, and children; but she could neither own her own property nor be guardian to her own children; she, herself, was legally no better than a child or a dumb animal.

Under the old Common Law, the husband had the right to the wife's time and labor in the home, to the money she earned, to her personal property and the income from her real estate and lands. At her death, the husband inherited all her property for use during his lifetime; when the husband died, "by dower" she inherited only one-third of his property. The wife could not make a contract or a will, she could not sue or be sued. She could not go into business without her husband's consent, and if he did con-

tract, she stands on a complete parity with man as regards her person, her property and her children."

A young wife we know, reading this paragraph of Judge Grant's, rushed to the law library to find out if all things in Massachusetts were as lovely as Judge Grant would have us believe. They are not. For the young wife learned that a woman may not, herself, bring suit against her husband for any reason except divorce. Only recently the papers contained a story that shows what hardship such a restriction might impose on women. A woman of means married a widower with little money and a big family—five children and a dependent mother-in-law. She paid the husband's debts, bought a house for the family and provided an automobile—all, she claimed, on the husband's promise to pay when he was able. When she had spent \$1,700 in support of the family and had received only \$100 from her husband, she learned that he had acted as agent in the sale of the house and had received \$250 commission without her knowledge. She then sold the house. The husband filed suit against her, claiming that she had failed to live up to a prenuptial agreement regarding the home. The wife, as she lived in New York, was able to file a counter-suit. What redress would she have had in Massachusetts or in Florida, for that matter?

Texas has just passed a law providing that a married woman may become a party to a contract. That seemed quite astonishing. We thought the matter of the wife's right to a contract had been pretty well threshed out. The story of Myra Bradwell, who qualified herself as a lawyer and applied for a license to practise, is an old one. Mrs. Bradwell lived in Illinois. She was denied a license on the ground that as a married woman she could not make a legally binding contract. That was at least fifty years ago, yet in 1920 we find the same subject cropping out again. Louisiana and West Virginia put wives in a class with insane persons in the law which prohibits them from making a contract.

NO perfectly sheltered woman can have realized the once formidable imperfections and injustices of the law. The woman whose husband's death left her unempowered to act as executrix of his money—and her own; the woman to whom the law denied guardianship of her own children; the woman whom the law deprived of the spending of her own earnings, of her household savings; these women have found themselves legally snared. Children, property and earnings are things achieved equally by women as by men. Yet these things men and the law have, until lately, declared her incompetent to possess and administer.

Indiana, in 1919, for example, passed a law declaring a married woman capable of being executrix of a will. In Wyoming and other states, a wife cannot be an administratrix of an estate. Some states will not permit a woman with a husband to be an incorporator of a business or a stockholder in a company. Unless your husband gives his consent, you cannot open a candy-shop, sign a contract, or go surely for your dearest friend, if you live in certain states. Some women might involve their husbands in their debts in this instance, but in Kentucky, a just law provides that woman may provide surety up to the value of her own property.

The ownership of the property belonging to the wife before marriage is in some states a sore point of the law. Most state constitutions and codes contain sweeping provisions, retaining for the wife, absolutely as her own, her premarital houses and barns. In some states, however, the wife's separate property is liable for her husband's debts and she must take legal steps to protect it; she cannot sell her personal property without her husband's consent; in some others, her real property and land are similarly tied up. And the law in several states requires that a wife put under her husband's management her separate property.

All things considered, it is the wise bride who asks of her fiance the name of his state, before worrying about his wealth or his constancy. Women can bear up pretty well under the loss of real property, of houses, and cattle and money; but they have always fought and died for the sacredness of their maternal rights. Most of us take equal guardianship for granted today; yet only twenty-two states have really equitable laws. Five or six states have amended their laws so

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DAVID

By Anna Chapin Ray

ILLUSTRATION BY ROLLIN CRAMPTON

HE was shaped rather like a mission table with a square projection at one end. At the other, he was cut off flush and square, and at both ends and in the middle, he was covered with a nine-inch thatch of wool. He answered to the name of David; and it is safe to say that, in all the ages, the gentle, poetry-loving Shepherd King had had no more incongruous a name-child. Next to his astounding crop of wool, and to the difficulty of distinguishing the head-end of him from the tail, David's salient attributes were his sense of humor and his indomitable will in carrying out his plans. *Juggernaut* was a thing of plastic putty by comparison. His mistress had bought him on the emotional rebound from the funeral services over her Russian wolfhound, silky, dainty and high-stepping—hence David, who was nothing of all three.

"Who is the very pretty girl," Tony Allerton asked judicially, "that has the great gray dog leading her about, the dog all-over-wool? I meet her, most days, coming up or down?"

And though Tony asked the question at his club, three miles or so downtown, the answer was forthcoming instantly. Tony's description was too accurate to miss. However, if he had waited just a very little longer, he might have saved himself the trouble of asking.

Tony had put his question over the cigarette-end of a belated luncheon. It was almost at that identical moment that Kay Pope came slowly down her front stairs and went into the library where her mother sat comfortably knitting by the fire. David was beside her, a mountain of gray wool that rumbled and gurgled with snores.

"I'm going now," Kay said briefly, busy with her gloves.

Swiftly the gurgling stopped. David sprang to his feet and sought to gambol enticingly, his great square head turned adoringly up to his mistress, a scarlet rag of tongue and two cajoling gray eyes coming vaguely into view from behind the backward-falling thatch of hair.

Kay's mother gave a comfortable sort of shiver at the fire. "It's a horrible day," she remarked.

"It's Mrs. Cabot's sewing-meeting. Come, David."

"David can't sew," Kay's mother was heard remarking, once David's lunges and puffings had relapsed into a partial silence.

"No; but the butler puts him somewhere—the kitchen, I'd say, from crumbs in David's whiskers—and David loves the Cabot butler. Any messages?" And side by side the two of them went out into the coldest, most blustery afternoon that ever swept across Manhattan Island.

Not that they minded weather. David's winter costume was suited to the upper reaches of the Arctic Circle; and Kay, in khaki-colored cloth and beaver fur, looked quite as warm as he did and any amount more trim. One end of David's new brown leash was snapped to the ring of David's new brown collar; the other end vanished inside Kay's muff. And David, walking demurely with the leash slack beside him, gave no hint of the skittishness that would overwhelm him, directly he felt the wind in his back hair.

The wind, that day, was extra stimulating. It went through David's back hair, exciting him to prankishness hitherto unrealized; it played tricks with Kay's trim person, tilting her hat askew, and whipping her skirt around her knees.

And David was frisking like a six-months-old puppy. Kay had her code of a nice girl's behavior in the public streets; but code went down before pounds and momentum. Where David chose to frisk, there frisked Kay, too.

Kay tried her best to halt at the corner of the Avenue. It seemed to her, there, that the four winds of heaven had been tied up into a bundle and hurled into her face. Her courage failed before its impact. She would have liked to linger a little, straightening her toque and gathering in her frazzled ends of veil; but David, his hair blown drunkenly across one eye, was as fresh as paint and totally unmoved by thoughts of vanity. Deaf to Kay's adjurations, heedless of her futile tugging at his leash, he merely bowed his head to bring his weight into the collar, and ambled forward, faster than before.

Then something happened, something trivial and unexpected, yet changing forever the course of human events. The something was a hat which, at the moment, came hurtling down the Avenue at a better speed than any ball on village green.

KAY saw it first. She watched it with the amused indifference one bestows on the other man's woe. For the moment, the stretch of asphalt was curiously free from traffic. The round black hat, bobbing along before the wind, had everything its own way. She glanced back over her shoulder, and saw a tall figure running frenziedly, arms outstretched, hair ruffled with the wind. And just at her side, midway between the gutters, the hat bobbed and bowed along.

A sharp pull on the leash aroused her to a new and complicating factor. She braced herself to the strain; but she was an instant late. David, through his screen of blowing locks, had seen the hat and marked it for his own. A second afterward, the chase was on, with David in the lead, and Kay pounding along at his swift and hairy heels. He ran, and scurried, and pounced, and frolicked, and Kay pounced and scurried with him. Let go his leash she dared not, for a dangerously crowded corner lay just ahead; so, in the society of David's sense of humor, she went hurtling down the Avenue in hot pursuit of the hat.

Twice they nearly had it. Twice they missed it by a fraction of an inch. Then David sprang forward, snatched at it, missed it, and brought it to earth with one blow of his mighty paw. The chase was over. Puffing stertorously and smiling from ear to ear, David halted in the gutter and gazed down at his booty, now hanging like a dingy bangle on the paw which had threaded itself through the riven crown.

And so it came to pass that Tony Allerton, chasing his errant headgear and swearing to himself the while, suddenly became aware that his profanity had changed to mirth. A wiser man than he would have lost himself in some by-

street; but Tony was a sport down to his boot-heels, and curious to see what a girl would say in such a crisis.

"Oh, I say! I wouldn't wallop him like that, you know," he remonstrated. "He didn't mean any harm, and it was ripping fun to watch." Then something in the angle of Kay's shoulder-blades led the speaker to catch himself up short. "Nice old dog!" he added hastily, while he bent down and made overtures to David, by way of distracting attention from his earlier error.

But David distrusted overtures. Hats were hats, and a musing; no bareheaded, tousled stranger should take it from him. He turned a rebellious eye upon the stranger's countenance and read there a perfect comprehension of his rights. The next moment, David was shambling down the Avenue at top speed, his jaws tight shut, Kay dragging at his heels, and his right front ankle ringing with the shapeless ruin of Tony Allerton's new bowler hat. And Tony was left to gaze after them in stupefaction, as they moved down the lighted stretch of asphalt.

KAY'S aunt was giving a dinner and dance for one of the season's plenteous crop of buds. Tony had managed to be invited.

Kay, in a mass of maize-colored tulle that matched her hair, and deepened the color of her eyes, liked his looks on sight. She was aware of a swift disappointment when she found him absolutely tongue-tied. She had been prepared for better things. Inasmuch as she had no outward signs to guide her recognition, she could not know that Tony's dumbness sprang from his total inability to graft any sort of conversational opening upon his earlier memories of their common lot. Indeed, it seemed to Tony that all this golden opportunity for which he had longed and prayed was destined to go up in the smoke of his burning self-consciousness. He was aware, too, that Kay was filled with increasing amusement at his awkwardness.

"I say, how's your dog?" he blurted out at last, desperately.

Kay's eyes showed her astonishment. "Thank you, he's very well," she replied concisely.

Tony sturdily thrust him self into the opening he had made. "I've seen you with him often," he said.

"Oh."

Tony eyed her, despairing. She was so cool and fluffy and unconcerned. He suddenly became aware that he ought to have had his hair cut, and that the heat or something was making a pulpy ruin of his collar. He drew the back of his hand across his forehead nervously. Why, in Heaven's name, couldn't the girl remember who he was? He looked down at the fluff of tulle before him with increasing desperation.

"What kind of a dog is he?" he inquired.

Kay's reply was flung at his ignorance. "He's an old English bobtail sheep-dog, thoroughbred, of course."

"Oh." This time the mono-syllable came from Tony, and with a crispness equal to Kay's own. "And intelligent?" he added. "Knows what he wants, and all that?"

"He understands two languages absolutely, and he reasons like a human being," she said, with brief hauteur; adding, "better than some human beings, in fact."

"I see. I—see." With ostentatious care, Tony fitted the finger-tips of his left hand to the finger-tips of his right. He spoke down at them. "I see. Knows what he wants, and gets it." He lifted his gray eyes and fixed them on Kay's face, reddening now beneath his mockery. "Then what gets me is why a chap with such a Paderevski head of hair should be out stealing hats a dozen sizes too small for him."

She caught her breath. "I might have known," she said enigmatically. Then she turned around, smiling adorably at a young man, approaching them. "Our dance, Mr. Irving?" And she let herself be led away. Five minutes later, Tony Allerton came on the two of them in fits of



Rollin Crampton

THEN SOMETHING HAPPENED,
SOMETHING TRIVIAL AND
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laughter. From Kay's gestures, Tony had no difficulty in making out the cause of their hilarity.

It was six weeks later when Tony Allerton came to the Popes' for his first call. David met him in the hall and nosed him over, inch by inch. Then he gave a mighty sniff of satisfaction. Some faint aroma sent his mind back to a certain black felt bangle, toothworm and frazzled, long his favorite toy; and from this man, this total stranger, was wafted the selfsame odor of delight. Side by side, the two of them entered the drawing-room, with David's blunt muzzle pressed against the stranger's dangling palm. Then David withdrew himself and sat pondering before the fire, though, as a rule, he stood beside the tea-table, his mouth agape for bits of buttery bun. Something unusual was going on inside that wise gray head. No common doggish instinct ever caused those portentous sighs, those long, soulful glances flung over his shoulder at the unconscious, unappreciative Tony Allerton.

But Tony was absorbed in Kay and paid no especial heed to David. He did not notice much when David went

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FORTY-LOVE

And yet Mrs. Mutton wondered why things never happen as they do in novels

By Agnes Mary Brownell

ILLUSTRATION BY ALICE BEACH WINTER

ONE day, when I couldn't have been more than seven, I was playing quietly by myself in a corner while my mother entertained a caller. I knew our visitor well. She was a school-teacher and therefore, unlike my poor mother, always dressed up. She rented a large room which she had all to herself in a pleasant and commodious house a little way down the street; and she received a munificent wage, not for learning lessons, but merely for assigning them for others to learn. The caller, rising to depart, put to me a purely fortuitous question: "And what are you going to be, little one, when you grow up?" I replied promptly: "An old maid, like you."

I remember yet the bitterness and degradation of my punishment. Like nobler martyrs, I suffered for the truth. I had admired and envied Miss Parrot, but not alone for her perpetual dressed-up state, and her vicarious learning. There was only the orderly *one* of her as opposed to our large and confused household; there was all her money—of which we were so distressingly short. No troublesome question of dishes and mops and wash-tubs and ironing-boards; no alterations nor hurrys—none of those things that kept our poor family in a continual ferment existed for her. We would have died for one another; but we could not live in peace together. Family love and loyalty we took for granted; therefore we could afford family jars.

There was precious little else we could afford. But somehow we wrung out my tuition at a local business college; and my hopes of a single and successful career bade fair to be realized when I obtained the position of book-keeper with Wells, Holt & Company, Hardware and Implements.

Nobody had ever called me the things girls like to be called. They couldn't, consistently; I lacked the qualities. At sixteen, I was as settled and solid as a matron. I never had a waist. I had great broad shoulders, and large broad feet and square broad hands and a round broad face. And when I read about the "delicate, evanescent beauty" of a character in a story and compared it with my own heroic proportions, I felt sure I had builded better than I knew, and that no one was likely to attempt to pry me loose from my position with Wells, Holt & Co. At least love was not to be that lever.

And so my little-girl wish came true.

At forty I was still single. My age, of course, was a matter beyond my control; likewise my build. But my condition was the result of deliberate choice. I had been born into a disputatious household; my father had a violent temper; my mother jangled a bit, especially at the end of a long tiring day; my brothers and sisters who were married combined these unhappy traits, and their houses often resounded with complainings and haphazard disciplinary measures directed toward their offspring.

There seemed never to be enough money, and there was always too much to do. Casual observation had revealed a similar state of affairs in neighboring households. The men seemed always tired and irritable; the women were worn and listless, always worrying about prices; the children were forever just out of shoes or coats or pencils or books.

I perceived early that fact and fiction did not tally. Married folks did not live happily ever after. I never stated my convictions openly after that unfortunate earlier commitment. I merely went about my business, and exuded peace and prosperity on occasional Sunday-evening visits among my married kin.

Like that old prototype of mine, Miss Parrot, the teacher, I had achieved my large, airy, well-furnished room—Mrs. Mutton's best; for I had never confused thrift with penuriousness. I never economized in soap and fresh shirt-waists—the washable kind—and needles and thread. I knew I could never achieve daintiness; but I could be whole and clean—a sealed package, sterilized gauze sort of cleanliness. Idy, one of my married sisters, used to accuse me of sandpapering the soles of my sensible shoes. There was a constant skirmishing between me and my clothes. But I knew that it paid.

ONE night, having gone through the usual process of renovation before dinner, I sallied down to the dining-room and perceived that Mrs. Mutton had acquired a new boarder.

Mrs. Mutton observed, hands folded across a high stomach: "Miss Miller—Mr. Muffet."

I perceived Mr. Muffet to be a small gentleman of domestic aspect. His thin hair showed the path of the bristles; his thin shoulders had a gloss; and when he looked up, his large round glasses resembled aureoles. He murmured something that ended with "to meet you," finished almost immediately, and left the room soundlessly.

"Reminds me of the old nursery rhyme," said Mr. Young, who was not so old as to be far removed from



"AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE, LITTLE ONE, WHEN YOU GROW UP?"
"AN OLD MAID, LIKE YOU."

his own nursery days. "You know—that one about Miss Muffet:

*There came a big spider,
And sat down beside 'er,
And frightened Miss Muffet away. . . .*"

Hiss facetiousness was received with general laughter. "He was through. He came early," defended Mrs. Mutton, indignantly.

She was a dumpy, shapeless little woman whom no one would have suspected of genius. She had it however—boarding-house genius. She fed and warmed and slept and comforted her patrons to such effect that they confidently believed themselves to be better off in her home than they could be in their own. And all she asked was their board-money, a modicum of appreciation, and the privilege of reading love tales during the scanty leisure of her Sunday afternoons. She had a stock of unread books—perquisites of the transient patron, stored up against the time when old age and decrepitude would permanently retire her from business. She had become so adept that she easily mastered a work between Sunday dinner and dusk. Her requirements were simple, for Mrs. Mutton, in common with a large reading public, was no stylist. She wanted punch in her reading; and in heroines, her taste ran to blondes of the spirituelle type.

It transpired that Mr. Muffet had bought the Palace Shoe Store. Presently his younger brother was coming out to help in the undertaking. Mr. Muffet, once started on the subject of his brother, radiated pride and elder-brotherly affection. The boarders even grew a little tired of this paragon.

And then, one night, he was suddenly among us. It was unbelievable that he could be Mr. Muffet's brother—big, dark, bold and handsome. Mr. Young quoted no nursery rhymes at him. His grandeur, after the other's mediocrity, made one blink. It even raised Mr. Muffet in the general esteem that he had a brother like Rick.

In time, Mr. Muffet and Rick came to room at Mrs. Mutton's. Until things grew a bit easier in the new venture, they had rigged up a couple of cots back of some packing cases in the Palace. Mrs. Mutton had built additions to her house from time to time, and a narrow stairway formed the separation between the old and new sections. My room was at the turn of such a stairway, and Mr. Muffet's was opposite. His habits appeared to be early and regular, except on the nights he wrestled with the books at the Palace. So much could not be said for Rick's. Some nights he was most inconsiderate. After such happenings, the older brother's bearing was apologetic, even a little cringing, if we chanced to meet on the stair.

When Mr. Muffet would come down to breakfast alone, Mr. Young would inquire with befitting gravity, "What's the latest bulletin from the sick-room?" The boarders thoroughly liked Mr. Muffet by this time and were disposed to humor him.

"His head's bad again," he would answer gratefully. "A bad attack—it's his eyes, I think."

Mrs. Mutton's boarders were a good sort, and Mr. Young was known to have expostulated privately with Rick, who informed him in the pleasantest manner in the world, that his habits were his own concern, and for weeks thereafter comported himself in a manner that his brother, even, could not surpass. Still, at intervals, the attacks continued, and Mr. Muffet practised his deceit, turning upon us all the pale apologetic pleading of his eyes.

One night toward autumn, Mrs. Mutton's table had a new guest—a sandy-haired boy of six, so ridiculously Mr. Muffet's miniature as to leave no doubt of his paternity. Miss Ridgeway, the high-school principal, greeted him patronizingly: "What's your name, little boy?"

"What's it to ya?" returned the sandy-haired one.

Mr. Muffet was apologetic, but powerless. Forthwith a warm championship of the sandy one sprang up in me, for I recalled my own ill-omened reply to Miss Parrot. The boy had been honest if not gallant. With the uncanny instinct of a child, he had perceived the inherent hollowness of Miss Ridgeway's greeting. It had been nothing to her.

With a child's inconsequence, and in the face of the whole table, he proceeded to take me into his confidence. Such marks of masculine favor were with me unprecedented.

"I'm Bennie," he announced. "I've come to visit my farver. Where I live we don't begin till after the blessin'!" He eyed Mr. Young with disapproval. That gentleman, already half-way through his dinner, looked properly abashed, but countered: "Well, Hop o' my Thumb, and where do you live?"

"I live along of my aunt," responded the guest, "when I'm not a visitin'." And as though to put the matter beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding, "I'm a visitin' my farver and my Uncle Rick."

Mrs. Mutton had squeezed a chair for Bennie between Mr. Muffet and me. Possibly propinquity explained his flattering regard, which I acknowledged by proffering him a share of my cake—the frosted layer. Though nominally through, he still surveyed Mrs. Mutton's board with a yearning intensity of gaze, seeking what he might devour.

"Don't ya want it?"

"Too much cake's not good for me," I parried. "It makes me fat."

He surveyed me dispassionately. "You are pretty fat. But I like you anyway. Aunt Becky was thin and scoldy."

Bennie's Aunt Becky had seen him properly equipped for the journey; but scarce a week had elapsed before his wardrobe was in arrears. Mr. Muffet made pathetic efforts to present him to the assemblage at Mrs. Mutton's on Sunday mornings, without spot or blemish. His sandy mop stood up in damp little spikes, and his freckles glittered like goldstone. But there were certain discrepancies about his attire; his knees bare-facedly pushed from cover; fists, knees and elbows displayed a fine unconcern.

I experienced an overweening desire to apply a needle and thread to these unregenerate surfaces. Opportunity was not long in presenting itself. There came a day of monotonous autumn rain; Bennie dripped homeward about dusk, slimy, drenched and unrecognizable. His feet squashed in his swollen shoes; his voice croaked like a cricket's. He had somehow managed to retain his hat. It had a basin-like depression which harbored a little pool, and his sodden garments dripped intricate patterns upon the porch floor where he stood. As though he were not already wet enough, he had begun to howl dismally.

IT was at this crucial moment I arrived. Sheding my raincoat, I did Bennie up in it as though he had been an article of hardware, and bore him to the bathroom. When he reappeared, he was in a rehabilitated state, glowing rose-red after his scrubbing.

I concluded the ceremony by hanging his late apparel upon Mrs. Mutton's clothes-line as a preliminary to the laundry. Once the purification of the garments was assured, I was resolved to put them for one while in order. After an unbiased consideration, the stockings, blouse and undergarments went into my work-basket. The trousers were too frail for such gentle remedial measures as mending.

And then I thought of something—my discarded suit of storm-serge. I had a vision of that old blue suit metamorphosed into the niftiest pair of little trousers! It was not that Mr. Muffet was unable to buy his son trousers—but these I had in mind could not be bought. They had to be a gift. My sister Idy, making over for her own, couldn't

[Continued on page 54]

"Away with that old heavy-stuffing idea!
See how I blow it sky high!
Campbell's good soups every day in the year—
That's why I'm husky and spry."



An Exploded Idea

Now-a-days everybody knows that solid food exclusively doesn't mean solid strength. Especially during the summer months heavy meat meals are not the best diet to maintain health and vitality.

Seasonable food is just as important as seasonable clothing—even more so. And there is no food that meets these trying hot weather conditions more sensibly than

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It provides just the combination of nutritious vegetables, wholesome cereals and invigorating beef stock which gives sustaining strength. It is easy to digest, easy to prepare, avoids needless labor and heat in the kitchen.

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450 Main Street Fairfield, Illinois



Every Mother—Every Baby

By S. Josephine Baker, M.D., D.P.H.

Director, Bureau of Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City

SAFELY THROUGH THE FIRST SUMMER

MANY years ago there used to be a theory that the baby's second year was the most dangerous time of his life. Later, mothers began to worry just as much about baby's first summer; but during the past few years we have discovered that the summer can be robbed of its terrors. The reason why summer has always been a dreaded period in baby life has been that digestive disturbances were more than ordinarily likely to attack the youngest's health during the hot weather.

Now, however, we have found out that warm weather alone is not responsible. In a big city like New York, for instance, for the past four or five years the sickness rate and the death rate among babies have been lower during the summer than during the spring or fall months. This is not because there is more sickness in the spring and fall, but rather because we have learned how to prevent illness which had so often proved fatal in previous hot seasons. Babies can live even in warm and crowded tenements of the city during the hot summer months and still remain well.

FIRST—KNOW THE CAUSE
The secret of prevention of digestive disturbances, consists, primarily, in knowing the causes of such illness, and then in using the very easy methods which prevent these causes.

First of all, it must be remembered that breast-fed babies rarely have digestive troubles. If they do occur, usually they are easily adjusted by attention to the mother's diet, by establishing proper intervals between the feeding periods and by regulating the amount of food given at each feeding. When babies are artificially fed, however, the milk must receive special attention during the summer-time because nearly all cases of summer sickness in babies come from spoiled milk, although irregular hours of feeding, overfeeding, too much handling of the baby, lack of sleep and quiet, and overclothing are also causes of stomach and bowel disorders. Every method of baby hygiene which has been outlined in the preceding articles of this series contains advice on how to keep babies well, and if followed will prevent the baby's becoming sick during the summer just as at any other time during the year.

Before discussing the more serious summer troubles of babies, it is a good idea to consider the more common forms of digestive disturbance which occur at any time during the year. If the baby's digestion is kept in good condition it is not probable that any serious illness of this nature will occur during the hot weather, but the baby who has always had trouble with his digestion is, of course, more susceptible. Prevention of digestive disturbances is much simpler than their cure. However, when they do occur, if care and treatment are instituted at once there is no reason why the progress of the illness should not be stopped and the baby recover rapidly.

REGURGITATION

Many babies habitually "overflow" or regurgitate their food immediately after feeding. They do this when there is apparently no other disturbance, yet this is always a sign that there is something not quite right in the manner of feeding or in their general care. Regurgitation may be caused by an abdominal binder which is too tight or a diaper pinned too snugly around the waist. Overfeeding—this is, too much food at one nursing—handling the baby immediately after feeding and

feeding at too frequent intervals are common causes. A perfectly normal baby who is fed at proper intervals, with the proper kind and amount of food, should not regurgitate. Immediately after being fed, he should be placed quietly in the crib on his side. See that the abdominal binder is not too tight, lengthen the interval between feedings and make sure that the baby does not nurse longer than twenty minutes at a feeding. If the regurgitation continues after these measures have been applied, the time

certain instances vomiting in breast-fed babies may be due to too large a proportion of fat in the breast-milk. In such cases it is well not only to lengthen the feeding interval but to see that the baby does not nurse for more than ten or fifteen minutes and then is given one or two ounces of water in a feeding-bottle.

In acute cases, where nothing seems to stop the vomiting, it is well to stop all feeding for twenty-four hours and give the baby only barley water. The feeding should begin again very slowly, not over five minutes at each nursing; the milk used for bottle-fed babies must be well diluted. Water should be given after each breast feeding. Gradually the strength of the milk formula or the length of time the baby is allowed to nurse can be increased until the normal feeding is resumed.

COLIC

Wind in the stomach or intestines is one of the commonest of babies' troubles. The ordinary accumulation of wind which frequently occurs some little time after feeding, can be helped by placing the baby gently over the mother's shoulder and patting him on the back, or he may be laid face downward across the mother's lap while the back is rubbed. More severe colic is shown by marked symptoms. Usually there is a sharp, sudden, strong cry which shows that the baby is suffering pain. The face may become pale and the muscles contracted. Usually the child draws up his feet and legs and the abdomen becomes hard and tense. If placing the baby on his stomach across the mother's lap or holding him against her shoulder does not bring up the wind, the child should be laid on his back and his stomach gently rubbed. Clothes wrung out of hot water, or a hot-water bag,

may be placed over the abdomen. Care must be taken, however, to see that it does not burn the child's skin. One-quarter teaspoonful of sodium bicarbonate (baking-soda) in a tablespoonful of hot water will frequently start the gas and give relief. Ten drops of peppermint water in a tablespoonful of hot water may also be tried.

If the gas is in the bowels rather than in the stomach, rubbing will frequently start it. If it does not the next remedy is to place the baby on his left side and give a rectal enema of one pint of warm water to which ten drops of turpentine have been added. This should be injected very slowly, the bag being held not more than two feet above the baby's head.

The preventive treatment of colic, however, must occur between the attacks. It is probable that the baby's food is too rich. The time of each breast feeding should be shortened, water should be given in one- or two-ounce doses after feeding, a teaspoonful of lime water being added to the water. In the case of bottle-fed babies, the milk mixture should be made weaker by adding water and the interval between feedings should be lengthened. Also add a teaspoonful of lime water to each feeding.

In hot weather, all babies should have at least two cool sponge baths a day. They should wear very little clothing, while on very hot days they may be allowed to lie on a clean sheet on the bed for an hour or more at a time, entirely undressed. The baby should have the coolest room in the house; his bed or crib should be covered with mosquito netting and he should be kept as quiet as possible. Do not increase the strength of his food during hot weather. Very few babies gain in summer, so no apprehension need be felt because of this.

Then and Now

WHEN we were babies, summer was a season to which our mothers looked forward with terror. Everyone knew that with the heat came stomach troubles to attack baby's health. The death rate went up with the thermometer.

Now, the sickness and death rate among babies is lower during the hot months than during the spring or fall, even in a big crowded city like New York. The answer is that modern medical knowledge has discovered the causes of baby's summer illnesses and the methods which do away with these causes.

This month, Dr. Baker writes in detail about the hygiene and care which spell prevention. She also tells how to treat simpler digestive troubles. Next month she will deal with the more serious ones.

Dr. Baker is always ready to answer questions about your baby. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope and write to her at the Baby Welfare Department, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

of each feeding should be reduced to fifteen minutes.

VOMITING

Acute and sudden vomiting usually is a sign of the beginning of illness, but many babies vomit habitually or for long continued periods. If vomiting occurs as the beginning of illness, other symptoms will develop quite rapidly and the illness itself then must receive attention rather than the single symptom of the vomiting. If it occurs soon after feeding, it is probable that the trouble is due to the food. Every effort must be made to see that the milk used is pure. If there is any doubt whatever in regard to this point the milk should be pasteurized. Particularly during the hot weather the milk must be unusually well cared for in the home. It must never be left out of the refrigerator, must always be kept at a temperature below 50 degrees Fahrenheit, the receptacles containing it must be absolutely clean and the milk must always be kept covered. If all of these precautions have been taken, the next step is to determine whether the vomiting is due to too tight an abdominal binder, playing with the baby too soon after feeding, milk that is too rich in quality, too much milk at each feeding or too short an interval between feedings.

TREATMENT

It is always well to lengthen the feeding interval, to give at least two tablespoonsfuls of water between feedings, reduce the amount of food taken at each feeding or dilute the formula with an equal amount of boiled water. Be sure that the baby does not take his food too rapidly either from the bottle or from the breast. In



The Possibilities in every Woman's Face

THE soft, appealing charm of a fresh, lovely skin—*of course*, you want it. Every girl does. Every girl wants to be attractive, lovable, admired.

And unless your skin is right, *nothing is right*. Haven't you often felt that? What use to wear the prettiest frock, if your skin is pale and lifeless, marred by blackheads or ugly little blemishes?

You can make your skin so noticeably soft, so exquisitely fresh and clear that at first glance it will awaken admiration and delight. By studying it—learning its possibilities—then giving it every day the kind of care that suits its particular needs, you, too, can win the charm of "a skin you love to touch."

Examine your skin closely in a strong light before a hand mirror. Does it look dull and sallow? Does it lack the soft, lovely color you admire in other girls?

Don't let a condition like this, which you can easily overcome, destroy your skin's possibilities of loveliness and charm.

If your skin is pale, sallow, lifeless, it is not in a normal condition. The little blood vessels are inactive, and should be stimulated. The delicate pores need to be thoroughly cleansed and invigorated.

How to give your skin new life and color

You can rouse your skin to color and life by giving it this special steam treatment:

One or two nights a week fill your wash-bowl full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the basin with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap, and with this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into your skin with an upward and outward motion.

Then rinse your face well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry carefully.

The other nights of the week wash your face thoroughly in the Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water.

You can feel how much good this treatment is doing your skin

The very first time you use this new steam treatment you will notice that it leaves your face with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. This only means that your skin is responding to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing than it has been accustomed to. After a few treatments this drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will emerge so soft, so glowing with life and color, that you will realize how much good this treatment is doing you.

Repeat the treatment once or twice a week until your skin has recovered the soft, clear color and radiance it should have. Then continue to use Woodbury's Facial Soap in your daily toilet, in order to keep your skin in an active, healthy condition.

This is only one of the famous Woodbury treatments for the care of the skin. You will

find special treatments for each different skin condition in the little booklet that is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake today—begin, tonight, the treatment *your skin* needs. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use.

"Your Treatment for One Week"

A beautiful little set of the Woodbury skin preparations sent to you for 25 cents

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations, containing your complete *Woodbury treatment for one week*.

You will find, first the little booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder, with directions telling you just how they should be used. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1507 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1507 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.





Just Two

SHE seems the only one in the world to him. Her lovely color enchants him—her beauty captivates. Best of all, she will always seem young and girlish to him, for she has the secret of instant and permanent beauty. She uses a complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), to soften the skin and hold the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle?

These three preparations may be used separately or together (as above), as the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette." At all druggists, 50c each. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream, and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a 25c talcum with an exquisite new odor).

Special Offer—Half-Box Powder and Trial Tale Can

Either or both sent to one person only in a family. For a dime you get a half-box of 50c Pompeian BEAUTY Powder and samples of BLOOM and DAY Cream. For a nickel you get a beautiful trial can of Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talcum) for your purse. For 15c you

get both. (BEAUTY Powder Offer is good only in case neither you nor any member of your family has tried it before.) Many interesting beauty experiments can be made with these trial packages. No letter necessary with coupon. We'll understand.

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Use Pompeian"*

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THE POMPEIAN CO., 2009 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.

Send this coupon to above address. Enclose 10c (dime) for half-box Pompeian Beauty Powder. Or 5c (nickel) for handy can of Pompeian Fragrance (a talcum). Or 15c (dime and nickel) for both packages.

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Address.....

City.....

State.....

Flesh Beauty Powder sent unless another shade requested

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Every Woman's Depilatory

The Perfect Hair Remover

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You are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory when you use DeMiracle, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by eminent Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

Use DeMiracle just once for removing hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. Write for free book.

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At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 60c, \$1.00 or \$2.00, which includes War Tax.

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Why gather a bunch of freckles?

Weather-Wise Complexion

By Suzanne Sheldon

IT has been said that "a woman is known by her complexion." And although at first this remark may seem a bit superficial there is, in reality, much depth and wisdom hidden beneath its surface; for skin is one of the best of the outward and visible signs of one's general mode of living and eating.

We are fast coming to that season which is the hardest of all on the complexion. July, as we know, is the month of vacation time when it comes to the care of the skin. There is no time in the year when one needs to be so careful; sunburn is in the very air; and freckles, which have been behaving themselves all winter and keeping well under cover, suddenly thrust themselves forward; while tan seems ready to accost one at every turn.

Yes, July is a real summer month; and with summer we think of the country and plan for all sorts of holidays and long happy hours out under the sky. It is the beginning of the careless season, the season when most of us long to turn gipsy, and cast off convention. And especially the convention of a hat and veil, the hat and veil which for nine long months we endure. How we long to go bareheaded—and let the wind fan our faces—doing with our hair as it will! All well and good, but she who is too careless will have to repent in cheese-cloth and cold-cream for many a long winter's day.

FRIENDLY ENEMIES

Sun and wind might almost be called "friendly enemies." For although both are splendid health tonics; they should be taken after due precaution when it comes to the complexion, or they will prove dangerous.

The wise woman does not wait until the sun has played havoc with her skin. She believes that "she who acts first acts best," and is on guard, posting her sentinels that the enemy may not take her unaware.

Freckles and summer, to many, seem synonymous. Personally, I cannot understand why freckles are so unpopular, yet I know several girls who worry over a few small freckles until they make themselves quite miserable. This feeling, however, is fast going out of date, and freckles, like red hair, are no longer considered a disfigurement. The best argument in favor of freckles is that they never make their abode except in skin of the finest quality.

We are told by one of the best known beauty specialists, "that it is not the heat of the sun that tans and burns the skin and develops freckles, but the light from its electric rays; and that it is the difference in the chemical ingredients of the pigment in different skins which causes some persons to freckle, while the skin of others will tan or burn, yet remain freckleless."

So it is in this like everything else; "it is up" to the individual, and each one must

know herself and what is best to do or leave undone.

Massage is a most effective weapon against sunburn. In fact, anything that starts the circulation and causes the blood to flow through its proper channels is good for the skin. Cold-cream is also an

excellent preventive. The following treatment, although a very simple one, is splendid: Each morning and night bathe the face for five or ten minutes with hot water, then massage very gently with cold-cream, using the circular outward motion. There is one thing to remember; care must be taken that the cold-cream chosen does not contain any hair-growing ingredients. It is not enough to put on one coating of cold cream and rub it off. Continue putting it on until it comes off quite clean. If you wear a veil, be sure to select the right color. Neither white nor blue veils are of the least avail against the rays of the sun. But any color which has a reddish tone is good. You understand, of course, that for any real benefit a sun-veil must be either of chiffon or some material equally heavy in weight.

Pure glycerin is one of the best of all things for the complexion and a great help for bleaching sun-brown skin. It has a beautifying effect, softening the texture and giving the skin a velvety quality. It must never be used in a concentrated form, however, but diluted with distilled water, half and half. For whitening the skin a few drops of tincture of benzoin added to a bath of water with which the face is to be bathed is excellent.

To remove tan a remedy which has been handed down to us from the middle ages is the following: Boil a handful of parsley in a quart of distilled water; filter, then add fifteen grains of powdered alum, fifteen grains of pulverized camphor. Put in a bottle; shake well before applying to the face. This should be used twice a day until the tan is quite removed.

AGE AND BEAUTY

It was an old belief that a good complexion belongs exclusively to youth. This idea is erroneous, and was exploded many years ago. Age does not necessarily mean ugliness—age and beauty should be on the friendliest terms.

Queen Elizabeth of Hungary was famous throughout all of Europe for her beautiful skin. At seventy she was so lovely, in fact, that the eighteen-year-old Grand Duke of Lithuania came awooing.

As one reads back through the history of the world one realizes how tremendous a part woman and her beauty has played in its making. And one also learns that the women who have succeeded have proved that age and the elements need have no terror to her who will remember that there is no vacation time for the complexion.

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The Riddles of the Universe

IF you looked over the mail that comes to our Service Department every day, you would decide that the two chief riddles of the universe were "How can I be better looking?" and "What kind of a party shall I give?"

We have made into three booklets the answers to all the variations of these riddles. The "Book of Beauty" tells what colors to wear, how to improve the complexion and how to care for the hands and nails.

"The Second Book of Beauty" is on the

care and beautifying of the hair, eyes, eyebrows and lashes, and teeth. There are also exercises and diet lists for the underweight who wants to gain and the overweight who must lose.

"Entertaining all the Year Round" gives a new and delightful party for each season and jolly games that can be used any time.

These booklets are ten cents apiece. Write for them to the Service Department, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th St., New York City.

Do You Perspire to Excess Under Arms?

IF you do, and you wish to put an end to the humiliation it causes, you should send today for a Free Testing Sample of reliable, time-tried

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A Pure Antiseptic Liquid

Simply enclose four cents to pay for the postage and we will at once mail a sufficient supply of this very remarkable remedy to prove to you that it will promptly, efficiently and harmlessly rid you of your greatest annoyance.

Nonspi is an old reliable remedy for a disordered condition. It destroys the odor and harmlessly diverts excessive perspiration from the underarm to other portions of the body. It is used by millions of women and recommended by physicians, chemists and first-class toilet and drug dealers everywhere.

Nonspi is unscented and contains no artificial coloring. It is not intended to appeal to sight or smell, but depends for its welfare on merit alone. About two applications a week are sufficient to free you from perspiration worry, and daily baths will not lessen the effect.

Nonspi is handled by druggists and toilet dealers from whom you can purchase several months' supply for 50c. But if you prefer to first test its merit, send today for your free sample.

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its superfine quality and its unusual, refined odor, which pays homage to velvety skins and faultless complexions. Ever constant is Lablache, but delicately unobtrusive. An old favorite, indispensable and impossible of improvement.

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SLEEP More vital than food

SLEEPLESSNESS is more injurious than semi-starvation. A legal punishment among the Chinese is death by deprivation of sleep, and it is reported to come in a few days.

Scientists have made an exhaustive study of sleep—its affects and functions. On one thing they all agree; it must be natural to be restorative and healthful.

Excessive expenditure of mental and physical forces lowers vitality and urges upon you the necessity and importance of getting the right quality of sleep—the kind of sleep which develops reserve strength and renews spent energy and tissue.

Thus only can you prevent the bodily and mental ills which lowered vitality invites; for neither food nor climatic changes equal sleep as a health-preserving agent.

The right quality of sleep calls for a sympathetic relationship between the body and the mattress. This relationship is specifically and fully brought about through

The Sealy Sanitary Tuftless Mattress

This comforting Tuftless mattress consisting of an inseparably air woven, single giant batt of long-fibre cotton rises soothing to fill in the arches of the back and other parts of the body which the ordinary mattress leaves unsupported. The Sealy thus provides "balanced" support and that relaxful quality of sleep so indispensable to nightly recuperation and daily vigor.

Your request will bring charming covering samples and the names of Sealy Dealers in your locality.

THE SEALY MATTRESS COMPANY
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The day starts with the children's parade

A Glorious Fourth for Everyone

By Claire Wallis

WHAT is your neighborhood going to do for the Fourth of July? Are half of you going to close your houses and depart for the seashore or country, leaving the other half at home to console themselves by burning up almost as much money in dangerous fireworks? Or are you considering, as so many communities are, a neighborhood celebration to include old and young, rich and poor? The Fourth by its very nature is a get-together day. Back there in 1776 it was the first real get-together day of the country.

The best way to manage such an affair is to organize a more or less self-elected committee of business men who calculate the expenses necessary, appoint a committee to collect from door to door—the Boy Scouts would like this part of the work—as much as each family cares to donate. Other committees for entertainment, decorations, refreshments, etc., are appointed at a mass-meeting, or through a meeting of the business men and women, and these in turn can appoint subcommittees.

To announce the celebration, an appropriate and conspicuous way would be to buy a quantity of red bristol board and cut it into the shape of cannon crackers of all sizes. Paste an oval piece of brown paper across the top to resemble the top of the cracker as if looking down at it, and attach a loop of heavy brown cord through the center of this for a fuse. On each cracker, large or small, the following verse could be written in white ink:

If you want to have some fun
On the birthday of our nation,
Just hang around the neighborhood
And join our celebration.

These can be hung all over, in the shops, on lamp-posts, trees, in the windows and so on. They should be posted at least two weeks before the Fourth.

NOW the plans for a neighborhood fête should include as many people as possible to be really successful. Get the older women to serve on decorating committees, so that the houses, porches, and streets can be hung with lanterns, flags, and bunting. The older men have had their chance at organizing the affair, while the younger men will want to form rival teams for the baseball game. Let the children start the day with a parade, using their bicycles, express wagons, velocipedes, and go-carts for floats. Don't try to direct this too much, for much of their fun will be in planning and decorating for the affair themselves. One express wagon will be sure to be a tank, another a prairie schooner, a bicycle, an airplane, and so on. Let them have a band, the real noisy kind. If the neighborhood is large, each section can send a representative float or company to the parade; and prizes of flags, drums, or candy that can be divided may be awarded by the judges.

The ball game will probably end around lunch time, leaving a few hours of rest and preparation for the Circus, which will be the big event of the day. This of course will not be a real circus, but in lots of ways funnier. It will offer plenty of opportunity for performers of all ages to take part. It will be given on an open lot, ball-field, or large lawn, and will have but one ring. It should be announced in stentorian tones and extravagant language by a master of ceremonies, dressed like the usual Barker, at the entrance to the grounds. To assist him in directing the crowds, some younger men and boys can dress like Comic Cops.

There will be a band of course, more or less musical depending on the talent in the neighborhood, but at any rate noisy. The opening parade can include anyone who wants to dress for it, clowns, acrobats, bareback riders, and a troupe of gray muslin elephants with human legs in pairs. Baby elephants can be personified by one person on all fours. Any ponies, pet dogs, or other animals in the neighborhood can be included to swell the procession.

ANY fake stunts will be offered in the ring, but their selection will depend upon what "talent" the entertainment committee can call upon. The sharp-shooting act can be made very funny if the typical Westerner with a gun and blank cartridges shoots at clay pipes, firecrackers, blown eggs, etc., either set up so that they can be pulled down by strings, or held by someone who crushes them when the sharp-shooter's gun cracks. He will shoot blindfolded, over his back, on his head, every impossible way. His last stunt will be to apparently ignite a fire-cracker, which has been thrown lighted into the air and explodes as he shoots.

The next act might be the Trained Whiffenpoof. This is announced as the only one of its species in captivity. "It is so human, Ladies and Gents, that it almost talks. It can tell the age of any Lady in the audience. It has every Gentleman's number. Bring on the Mar-r-velous Trained Whiffenpoof!" This animal will prove to be a sheet thrown over two performers back to back, one holding a scrap basket for a head, the other a feather duster for a tail. The Whiffenpoof does wonderful sums in arithmetic by wagging its tail, and answers yes or no with its head.

Marble Statues can be easily arranged. This can be very funny, especially if a white horse, "human" or artificial, can be procured to take part.

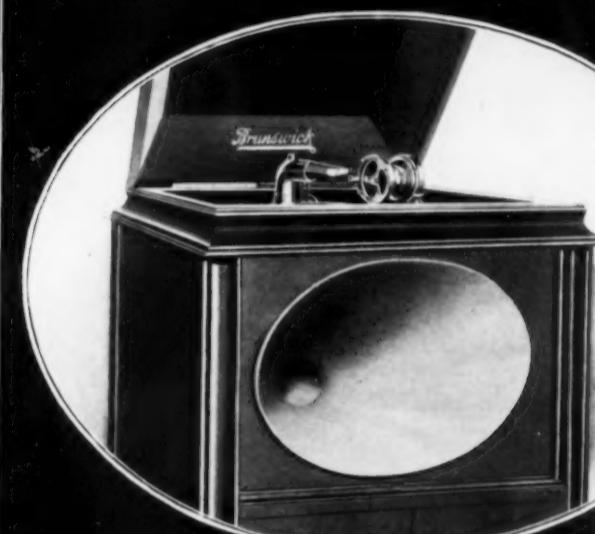
There can be performances by a tight rope walker who does her perilous feat balancing, with a Japanese parasol, on a rope stretched tight on the ground; a strong man with padded muscles who lifts terrific weights of cotton and pasteboard; a lariat thrower, the comical clown, a company of small boy tumblers, and so on.

The last thrill can be the Slide of Death. If this is kept rather mysterious and secret it may bring a real thrill for a few seconds. Attach a wire between two tall trees or the windows of two houses. A stranger, young man or boy, announces that he will do the wonderful Slide of Death which he has performed across the Grand Cañon. With his hands tied behind his back (he demonstrates) he will slide by his teeth alone along yonder wire. He makes an elaborate bow, climbs to the window or tree-top, disappears inside the window or in the foliage for a few seconds and releases a dummy, stiffened to look lifelike, which slides down the wire on a slight incline.

If all this has not been too much trouble, side shows can be added, and secluded in real tents, tents of sheets or old awnings. There will be a tattooed man, a knife swallower, legless boy and magician.

In the evening let the young people dance on a platform, lawn, or street. Ice-cream paid for out of the general funds can be passed in small cones or paper boxes by aides dressed as firecrackers. This can be served during the final firework display of the evening, for it would not be Fourth of July without a few rockets and sparklers. It will not be necessary to organize for the sing which is sure to follow when this jolly get-together day comes to an end.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction



THE TONE AMPLIFIER
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Judge by the Tone —that is the way to select a phonograph

ALL makes of phonographs are not alike. Phonographs differ because of different methods of reproduction. Each make has its method.

But time has brought many advancements. New-day phonographs bring all that is best.

The House of Brunswick has introduced several dominant betterments. First came The Ultona, our all-record reproducer. It brought a phonograph that would play *all* records at their best. Previously, each phonograph favored only its own make of records. That meant limitations or bothersome attachments to the record.

At a turn of the hand The Ultona presents the proper needle, the proper diaphragm. No makeshift attachments are necessary, no compromises in tone results. The Ultona brings out all the shadings of reproduction for transmittal to the amplifier.

HERE, again, is a new conception. We introduced an all-wood, moulded, oval amplifier, connecting directly with the tone arm, with no cast metal throat between.

This brings full tones, non-metallic. It conforms with acoustic laws. It brings a new naturalness, greater reality. Our aim is for finest tone.

So we ask you to hear The Brunswick first—before you decide. You'll recognize instantly its betterments. Your idea of tone will change. You will realize that great advancements have taken place.

We suggest also that you hear Brunswick Records, which likewise bring improvements. You'll want to add some to your collection. Brunswick Records can be played on any phonograph with steel or fibre needle.

The nearest Brunswick dealer will be glad to play this super-instrument for you—so that you will know by comparison that it offers new delights.

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You and yours Should brush teeth in this new way

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Millions of teeth are now cleaned in a new way. You see them everywhere—glistening teeth.

They are pretty teeth, but there's a deeper reason for them. They are safer, cleaner. The cloudy and destructive film is every day combated.

You will use this method and have your family use it when you make this ten-day test.

To end the film

The purpose is to fight film—that viscous film you feel. It is the teeth's chief enemy.

It is that film-coat which discolors. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of

pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

The film is clinging. It enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

It dims the teeth, and month after month, between dental cleanings, it may do a ceaseless damage. That is why tooth troubles come despite the daily brushing.

What dentists urge

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat film. Authorities have amply proved it by many careful tests.

It is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a scientific tooth paste. And leading dentists everywhere are urging its daily use.

Sent to anyone who asks

A 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent is sent to anyone who asks, and millions have thus proved it. Every person owes himself that test.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to

the teeth. So this method long seemed barred. Now science has discovered a harmless activating method, and active pepsin can be every day applied.

Two other problems have been solved in Pepsodent. In three ways this tooth paste brings a new era in teeth cleaning.

Watch the results of a ten-day test. Read the reason for them, then judge for yourself what is best.

Pepsodent
PAT. OFF.
REG. U. S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combined with two other newly-recognized essentials. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

Ten-day tube free

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Name.....

Address..... Only one tube to a family.

Watch them whiten

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how they whiten as the film coat disappears. Cut out the coupon now.

Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins



IF THE CROWN OF YOUR SUMMER HAT WEARS OUT, cover it with a piece of satin, taffeta or some material of which you have a dress made. The result will be one of the latest models. To do this, cut the material in a round piece much larger than the crown of the hat and shirr along the edge. Sew this shirring down to the edge of the crown, covering this with a piece of the same material cut on the bias and folded, or a ribbon. The top may be pulled to one side to form the new tam-o'-shanter crown, or caught to the back with the front high.—H. S., New York City.

TO KEEP MEAT AND BUTTER COOL without ice when camping. Select the coolest place you can find and dig a hole in the ground about three feet deep. Put the meat and butter in a wooden tub or bucket, covering it with a clean towel and board. Lower this into the hole, then spread a piece of canvas with two or three boards nailed together over the top to form a cover.—Mrs. F. D., Quartzburg, Idaho.

TO KEEP BUTTER FRESH have it made up in one pound prints wrapped in paper. Place the packages in brine of sufficient strength to float an egg. Keep them submerged with a plate and a stone.—Mrs. P. W., Canada.

WHEN THE CHILDREN'S WHITE STOCKINGS become worn at the knees, I cut them off about the length of socks, and crochet a shell-stitch, in light blue or pink, at the top for a finish.—Mrs. G. A., Chicago, Illinois.

INSTEAD OF JELLY GLASSES, I bought ordinary tumblers, not thin ones, but plain, clear glass at \$1.30 a dozen. In these I put my jellies and jams, sealed them with paraffin, and tied a bit of wrapping paper on top. The next winter I always had a good supply of tumblers for the table.—N. J. S., Vermontville, Michigan.

SAVE YOUR CHERRY PITS WHEN CANNING. They make excellent filling for the kiddies' bean-bags. Before using, wash carefully and dry in the sun or in a slow oven. Use bright cretonne for the bags and sew a tiny brass bell on each corner.—Mrs. G. A., Chicago, Illinois.

TO GET THE TUCKS IN SOFT MATERIAL the same distance apart, screw a piece of cardboard fast to the sewing-machine with the thumb screw that is near the foot. Cut the end of this off where the first tuck is to be; cut a notch where the second tuck is to be.—O. M. R., Wallace, Indiana.

LETTUCE CAN BE KEPT CRISP in glass fruit jars. Separate the leaves and put them loosely in the jar, screwing on the top. Set in a cool place, or in cold water if the weather is hot.—Mrs. J. D., Odin, Illinois.

AFTER WASHING THE HAIR pull it up through an old broad-brimmed hat from which the crown has been cut. Let the hair fall over the brim to dry and you can sit in the sun without the usual discomfort to the eyes and complexion.—Mrs. G. G. R., Hebronville, Texas.

IF THE ELECTRIC IRON'S WOODEN HANDLE has worn out, run the rod through three spools of suitable size and shape.—Mrs. G. M. C., Richmond, Virginia.

IN SEWING POCKETS on children's clothes, set them low enough for the finger tips barely to reach the bottom. The hands cannot then be rammed so far and tear off the pockets.—Mrs. L. M. S., Rockport, Illinois.

A DOZEN TILES, two inches by six inches, have entirely supplanted blocks in my children's play. Odd tiles add to their pleasure and neighbors will often contribute a few left-overs.—Mrs. W. O. B., Topeka, Kansas.

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER likes to play with McCall's paper dolls, but they break even when on cardboard. I paste them on coarse muslin and they last much longer.—Mrs. E. H. A., Decatur, Illinois.

TO DRY A SWEATER without stretching, pass the clothesline in one sleeve and out the other, drawing it taut and so adjusting the sweater that the sleeves will be in a straight line with the shoulders. A coat sweater should be buttoned to prevent the fronts from sagging. Crêpe kimonos, house dresses and underwear can be dried satisfactorily in the same way.—Mrs. H. M. J., Melrose Highlands, Massachusetts.

ARRANGE YOUR GLASS JARS according to kind of fruit, and in front of each lot hang an old shade to the pantry shelf. It can be rolled up to see how many jars are left and let down to protect them from the light.—Mrs. J. W. H., Junction City, Ohio.

TO KEEP BABY'S DRESS DRY, tack an ordinary dress shield by the corners on the under side of his bibs.—Mrs. J. H. E., Lancaster, California.

HOLDS IN PAINTED OR TINTED WALLS can be filled with plaster of Paris, but the contrast is often worse than the hole. The coloring used in washing waists can be used in mixing the plaster of Paris until the wall color is reached and there will be no strong contrast to call attention to the spot.—Mrs. C. H. W., Attleboro, Massachusetts.

WHEN USING WINDOW-SHADES that do not harmonize with the room, try coloring them with what is used for the ceiling—one of the ready-to-use preparations. Hang the shade on the kitchen wall, and color one side. Let it dry thoroughly and then do the other side. If the roller is still good a new shade will be the result, as the coloring matter fills up any cracks or small holes in the cloth.—Mrs. H. S. P., Batavia, New York.

A SMALL GLASS JAR on a handy shelf in my kitchen, into which I drop all odd nails, tacks, screws, etc., saves time and steps. The jar contains also a small screwdriver and a small roll of wire. I use a glass jar, as one may see in a moment whether it contains the desired article. Underneath on two small nails in the shelf-brace hangs a small tack-hammer.—I. A. C., Mandak, Montana.

A Strenuous Game-then-



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Hearty and delicious—ready-baked

The Van Camp kitchens have perfected the finest Baked Beans ever tasted. They come to you ready to serve, hot or cold. Every can on the shelf means a meal on call.

Learn how folks enjoy this dish. It will change your whole conception of Baked Beans.

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Van Camp's Beans have been perfected by new-day methods. The dish is unique, incomparable. Be glad that we bake them for you.

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Van Camp's are better and cheaper than meat.



*Whole and mellow.
Fitted to easily digest*

Van Camp's are like no other Baked Beans. They will surprise and delight you. Start now to enjoy them. You will serve them scores of times in Summer when you know.

Pork and Beans
Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

Think what work Van Camp's save

It takes 16 hours or over to prepare baked beans at home. It is hot work for Summer. Then some beans are crisped, some broken. All are under-baked, all hard to digest.

Think what it means in Summer to have all this work done for you, and in this ideal way. Hearty and inviting meals are ever at your call.

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Based on a famous French
recipe, but greatly perfected.
There are 18 kinds. Try
the tomato.



Van Camp's Spaghetti
The prize Italian recipe,
but made with ingredients
such as Naples never uses.



Van Camp's Evaporated Milk
From high-bred cows in
five rich dairying districts.



Breeme House

[Continued from page 111]

"Good-by, Geoffrey, thank you."

"Good-by." He pressed the hand she held out to him and went in without waiting to see her drive away.

The doctor's first report was uncertain—a concussion—impossible to tell how serious, but three days later Sir Geoffrey came with good news. Aline, hurrying from the nursery, met him coming for her.

She took his tidings quietly, the strained weariness of her face relaxing.

"Come," said he, "I'm going to take you there—to him."

"Geoffrey," she asked breathlessly, when they had reached his house, "Geoffrey—does he know I'm coming?"

Sir Geoffrey answered slowly, not looking at her: "While unconscious he asked for you incessantly. Since he has been himself, he has not spoken of you but—"

Aline did not look at him and they were silent until Alec's door was reached. "You'll come in too, won't you, Geoffrey?" She besought him, and he came.

Alec was sitting up, his bandaged head resting against the back of his armchair. "Won't you sit down?" He grinned and offered a hand. Aline began hurriedly to talk. She told him all the news of Breeme House—the foolish, quaint sayings of Vi and Humphrey. She spoke of Cardoni, and how he had announced his departure for the next day with the copy and his return later for some finishing touches.

Suddenly they noticed that Sir Geoffrey had left the room. Aline stood up to go, but Alec put out a hand to stop her.

"He knows that I must see you alone, Aline, I must."

She saw the flush rise in his face, and yielded. "All right, Alec, I'll stay."

Aline took the hand held out to her, trying to check the swift, warm current that leapt from his fingers to hers.

"The man you are going to marry," said Alec, "is a splendid fellow, Aline. Long before your wedding-day he is going to be the one man in the world for you. Please stand where I can look at you, Aline. A smashed head doesn't usually make a fellow think, does it? Well, my head needed good crack to clear it. It aches like thunder, but it's as clear as glass. I say, Aline, you know I've asked Claire Wilton to be my wife." Her hand jerked in his, but he kept it, passing his own free one across his eyes.

"Why do you tell me?" Aline asked, ironical patience in her eyes.

"Well you don't keep secrets from me, do you?" He was silent. Aline, looking at him, could make nothing of his still, pale, narrow face. His hand held hers fast. Suddenly he pressed it to his forehead, then to his lips, and there were tears in his eyes. "I love you," he said. "I love you. You know that I love you."

She slipped to her knees, gently drawing her hand from his. "No, Alec, no. You mustn't say it."

"Yes, I must—I will. Just this once. Oh, Aline, what eyes you have! You did love me a little; didn't you, dear girl?" She kept her eyes upon him, but said nothing. "I'm not a free man, you know, Aline. I'm just part of the House of Breeme. I've got to look out for it. It's what we all do—all of us that are worth our salt. I suppose it means something—I don't know. I've got to make up for the mischief I've been doing—I like Claire Wilton and she likes my title and my house—and the Van Dyke. It was that, or selling the Van Dyke."

She nodded. She could not speak.

"I wanted to tell you all about it," he began again. "It's the only amends I can make you. I think I've courage enough to play my part. It's not happiness, but, I think, it's duty." Tears forced their way to his cheeks. "I've about done with any life that I can call my own," he ended dully.

Aline got up and moved away. "It's the same for both of us, dear old boy," she said quickly. "We'll have to be brave for ourselves and each other. We'll get something out of it, sha'n't we? This moment, and—our friendship for all our lives—and the happiness of other people. I'm so grateful to you for telling me. I'm so much happier. I'm terribly happy, Alec."

He looked up with weary wonder. She remembered that he was a sick man. "I'm going now. Yes, I must. Thank you—and God bless you, dear." She bent and kissed his forehead and left him.

As soon as Alec was pronounced entirely out of danger, Lady Jane returned from her post at his bedside, to her flowers. She

set to work, with her long, supple hands to prop and clip and repair. Rufus Tremont stood before her, on the other side of the fern-bed.

"You are back from London?"

He whimsically shook his head. Jane blushed and put back her hair, leaving a streak of mud across her face.

"That wasn't a silly question," she defended herself, "it was an exclamation. Have you been to the house? Have you seen papa? He was asking about you."

"Yes'm." Tremont used this Westernism with an enjoyment of its flavor. "I've seen your father. Also, I went to see Lord Tremont." Rufus settled on the stone wall and, smiling ruefully to himself, contemplated his boots. "He gave me a cool reception. He had not forgotten a little tiff we had just before his tumble."

Jane looked pleased. Her smile was one of gleaming triumph. Rufus flushed. "Have you ever heard about laughing last and best?" said he.

"Ah!" Jane retorted cruelly. "That's just what I'm doing. It was you who laughed first." He looked at her hard, his lips tight, his color high. "No," said Jane, tucking in a fern, "no; you will never carry *Lady Jane* away from England."

"That would be bad medicine," drawled he, "not to carry *Lady Jane* away with me from England—bitter, bad medicine!" Jane kept at her work. "What makes you so confident this morning, *Lady Jane*?"

"I wish I could tell you, but it's a secret. I think, tho', that we are delivered, with our Van Dyke safely out of your hands."

He was thinking hard. "So that's it, is it? The American girl—they are engaged!" He gave Jane a swift glance. She saw the youth fade away from him—brow, lips, and eyes. There were harsh and ruthless lines in his face. He let his pipe go out, and stared past her. Presently, without change of attitude or look, he began to speak.

"You haven't been fair to me," said he. "You haven't tried to understand. I asked you to give me half an hour, but you wouldn't. I was mighty happy with you that first evening. I felt as if I were walking close to the gates of Paradise, when, at a word, out flashed a flaming sword. You've been waving it about you ever since." Jane had no smile now, and was still. "Let me tell you that has hurt. It was the first time I've ever offered my confidence to a woman. I was playing almighty fair, too. I *needn't* have told you."

"I wish you hadn't," said Jane.

"You don't trust me any farther than you can see me. But don't feel too safe, *Lady Jane*. Ah! there goes the flaming sword again. You don't like to be threatened, do you—not a little bit?"

There was a yearning in the question. Jane looked at him and glanced away. She could hardly bear the gray look of blankness in his face. He gave himself a shake; his color and youth came back.

"But, mind you," said he, "I'll have her. It's written in the stars. And," laughing, "if you won't let me have her by fair means, I'll have her by foul."

He watched her—her delicate grace, her distinction, her sweet, half-wild aloofness. "Why," said he at last, very slowly, more slowly than Jane had ever heard him speak before, "I'd never wanted anything in all the world except the Van Dyke, until I saw—" A flood of color rose to his face, "you," he added gently.

When he looked up, Jane was gone.

[Continued in the August McCall's]

SYNOPSIS—Claire Wilton, an American heiress, returns to England as the guest of her school friend, Lady Jane Tremont, of Breeme House. With them is Lady Jane's brother, Alec Tremont, heir to the earldom of Breeme, who has just come from Canada, where he sold some of his father's holdings to pay off his debts to Unterberg, a London money-lender. While on board steamer, Tremont gambles; first with his cabin-companion, Cardoni, who takes his I. O. U., and later with some gambling sharks to whom he loses all the money realized on the Canadian property. Tremont confesses his losses to Lady Jane but begs her not to tell Earl Breeme. Claire Wilton worships the tradition and beauty of Breeme House, especially the famous Van Dyke portrait, *Lady Jane*, ancestress of her friend, Lady Jane, who, to Claire's mind is the reincarnation of the picture. Tho' Alec loves Aline Parkes, governess at Breeme House, marriage with Claire would seem to offer a solution of his financial dilemma when a letter, threatening exposure, comes from Unterberg. Mr. Rufus Ross Tremont, from Oregon, arrives to look at the Van Dyke portrait; because of the striking similarity of name, he is invited to stay as a guest at Breeme House. It develops that he is the direct descendant of Rufus Tremont, who, exiled by Charles I, lost his promised bride, the *Lady Jane* of the portrait. He falls in love at first sight with Lady Jane and tells her of his intention to have the Van Dyke portrait. In the meantime, Alec has practically confessed to Aline his love for her.

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that it adds a new joy to youthful beauty and to age a grateful bloom. The flowers of Araby, of France and Italy, and the subtle fragrances of the blossoms of the Orient, are skillfully blended by the expert perfumers of the Watkins' perfumery to produce the delicate new **Garda** odor. Fifty-two years of experience go into this newest **Watkins** product to insure its purity, distinctiveness and satisfaction.

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Uncle Sam's Correspondence Course

The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., was established to keep our readers in close touch with the Government. This month we plan to acquaint you with some of the best of the Government vacation and home booklets. The Bureau will be pleased to obtain for you, as long as the edition lasts, copies of some of the booklets described below; the other booklets may be obtained as directed. When writing to our Bureau always enclose a two-cent stamp with your request for booklets or information to cover part of the Bureau's expenses.

Wind Cave National Park

WIND CAVE National Park is a vacation booklet describing this peaceful subterranean wonder. It tells of the formation, its natural creation and contains maps showing its location and its interior. Get a copy of this booklet from our Washington Bureau.

Mount Rainier National Park

MOUNT RAINIER National Park, with an altitude the highest of the national parks, is noted for its wealth of gorgeous flowers and glacial formations. This booklet tells how to get there, what to wear, and contains estimates of necessary expenses. Our Washington Bureau will obtain a copy for you.

Crater Lake National Park

CRATER LAKE National Park, located in the heart of the Cascade mountains in Oregon, is an unforgettable spectacle. This booklet describes the lake occupying the crater of an extinct volcano, tells how to get there, contains a schedule of the park charges, and of the wonderful fishing in the lake. A copy may be obtained from our Washington Bureau.

Mesa Verde National Park

THIS booklet concerning Mesa Verde National Park describes and gives pictures of the prehistoric peoples and cliff dwellers who once lived in this part of the country. The booklet tells how to reach the park, contains routes and schedules of transportation, and information concerning camps. Our Washington Bureau will gladly obtain a copy for you.

National Park Maps

THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY has prepared maps of the national parks mentioned above, showing the roads, trails, elevations and streams. They are printed in colors and, if you intend to visit the parks this summer, will prove very useful. Our Washington Bureau will purchase and forward a copy of any of them on receipt of 25 cents in stamps.

Welcome to the National Forests

THIS booklet, which is issued by the Forest Service, describes this 13,000,000-acre vacation land with its many regions of unsurpassed beauty. Located in Washington and Oregon, many persons cannot hope to spend their vacations in these forests, but they will enjoy reading about these national vacation lands. A copy of this booklet may be obtained by asking for Department Circular 4, addressing the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Drying Vegetables at Home

MANY vegetables and fruits, which would otherwise go to waste, can very easily be conserved for home use by a simple process of drying which can be carried out in the average home. Dried products require no outlay for expensive containers and under proper conditions can be stored almost indefinitely in relatively small space. This booklet describes the methods used by the home-demonstration agents of the Department of Agriculture. A copy may be obtained by asking for Department Circular 3, addressing the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Girls' Club Sewing

THE making of the articles described in this booklet serves to teach girls how to sew. The booklet illustrates and describes many simple articles. A copy may be obtained from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for Department Circular 2.



Foods to enjoy in summer

With strawberries mix Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. They add as much as the cream and sugar. The grains are flimsy, crisp and flaky, and they belong to berries as crust belongs to shortcake.

In every milk dish float Puffed Wheat. These are whole-grain bubbles, crisp and toasted, puffed to eight times normal size.

The grains are enticing. Never was a wheat food half so inviting. And they make whole wheat wholly digestible, for every food cell is exploded.

For breakfast serve with cream and sugar—the Puffed Grain you like best.



Wheat bubbles
In the bowl of milk

For dinner scatter Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs on the ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups.

At playtime crisp and douse with melted butter. The children then have food confections.

All day long

Puffed Grains taste like tidbits. Children revel in them. To millions every day they bring an added joy.

Yet they are grain foods—two are whole grains. They are the best-cooked cereals in existence.

You can offer children nothing that is better. In summer have them handy all day long.

Puffed Wheat

**Puffed
Rice**
Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Corn Puffs

Puffed Grains are Prof. Anderson's inventions. All are steam exploded, all shot from guns. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete. All are bubble-like and toasted. They are scientific foods.

Puffed rice pancake flour

We now mix ground Puffed Rice in a self-raising pancake flour. The exploded food cells make the pancakes fluffy. And they taste as though made with nut flour. Never were pancakes so delicious. Try them.

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Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. She really understands babies. She would like to correspond with you about your baby.



Baby's Perfume

Dear EDITH:

Is there any scent hidden in flowers so ineffably sweet as the fragrance of a freshly bathed baby?

Yet I know mothers who actually profane baby's body with highly scented powders which were meant only for adult use.

If it were only a question of good taste, I suppose it wouldn't matter much, but strong scents in baby powder are really objectionable for a more serious reason.

They often give baby a very unpleasant headache—and the fretfulness that follows is apt to give you a headache, too.

I don't know that these strong perfumes are actually dangerous, but an unbroken rule of mine is never to take chances or experiment on a baby's sensitive skin. There is one talcum that I know is safe and that is the kind I use.

Mennen's, in the familiar blue can, has been the choice of mothers, nurses and doctors for nearly half a century, and it has never yet harmed nor failed to relieve a baby's skin.

It is different—and right—what I call a perfectly balanced powder—just enough of each ingredient and not too much of anything.

I use Mennen's on my own skin, which after all, is about as sensitive as that of a baby's.

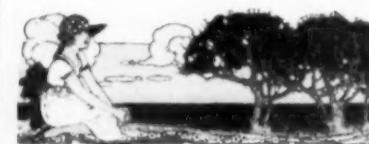
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A Shot In the Night

[Continued from page 7]

The old man shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of indifference.

"Perhaps you talked too much on your trip to Bahia Blanca and back. Sometimes people unconsciously say things that they ought not to say. You probably stopped in the saloon to greet your friends." The Dove could not exactly remember, but he was sure that he had talked too much. "But that's nothing," continued Uncle Shivers. "It only shows that the bandits are men of our own Colony who live right here among us. Perhaps we shake hands with them every day!"

Juan regretted that Uncle Shivers' age and infirmities did not permit the old man to devote himself to the discovery of the brigands. In Juan's opinion, Uncle Shivers was the only one capable of doing the job. The old man shook his head.

"They would get me eventually, as they got The Lark. They go about it in a different way from what I was used to in my youth. I don't believe in subterfuge or ambush. I am one of those who fire face to face."

He refused to hand his beloved weapon to The Dove. This jewel could not be allowed to pass out of the cabin except after dark. It would draw the attention of the enemies. Who knew that they were not spying on them from some point of vantage in the vicinity! That's how they discovered the preparations made by their victims. In that night's business, the most important thing was the element of surprise.

"Perhaps we are going to unravel this mystery in a few hours," mused the old man. Then he arranged with his fellow-countryman how and where they should meet.

That night when he rose from the supper table, The Dove gave orders to his family with the austere authority of a Roman father who expected implicit obedience. He had to go to the station to meet the train on its return trip from Neuquen to Bahia Blanca. He and a certain partner had bought some sheep, a "remnant," a magnificent bargain, and they had to receive and count them as they were unloaded from the car.

"May I come along?" asked Juanito anxiously. He deemed his attendance necessary for the better counting and checking of the sheep. At the same time he thought he could slip away during the long wait for the train, to Uncle Shivers' cabin. But his hope was short-lived. His father gave his orders briefly. Juanito must stay at home; during the absence of the father, a man must remain in the house to companion the mother and the children.

Juan stepped out of his house and locked the door carefully. Then he heard an almost imperceptible cough behind him. He recognized Uncle Shivers by the light of the stars. He was holding in his arms "the friend," the terrible Judge, and was busying himself attaching a good detonating cap to it. He had wanted to give his fellow-countryman his last instructions.

"Coolness, my boy, and plenty of it. The important thing is to aim well at the hydrant so that you won't waste a single shot. And when those bandits kneel down to dig out the 'bag' which you have put there . . . bang! Why, it's so easy that a child could turn the trick."

The master explored the surroundings of the house, measured the ground with his eyes, and went from one place to another, like the referee in a pistol duel. He seemed taller in the darkness; he moved about as if he had dropped off his years, as a rejuvenated tree sheds its dead bark. He finally crawled behind some bales of dry alfalfa which had been left near the house, a remnant of the recent sale.

"This is a fine position!" he exclaimed jubilantly. "From here you can cover the entire path that leads to the irrigation-tank and the windmill."

With two sticks he made a crutch and placed it on top of a bale; then resting the terrible muzzle on the wooden fork, he swung it around into position as an astronomer adjusts his telescope.

"Fine!" he cried at last. "That hydrant is directly under the gun-barrel. You cannot possibly miss!" Then he slapped Juan on the shoulder. "Good night, my boy. Good luck to you."

If he had not been so old, perhaps he would have stayed with Juan to keep him company. He liked these affairs very much.

"Good night," he said again, almost in a whisper. "Remember: keep cool and pull the trigger at the right time."

[Continued on page 20]



Why Have Freckles

—when they are so easily removed? Try the following treatment:

Apply a small portion of Stillman's Freckle Cream when retiring. Do not rub it in, but apply lightly. Wash off in the morning with a good soap, and continue using the cream until the freckles entirely disappear.

Start to-night after two or three applications you will see results.

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Dark, luxuriant eyebrows and well-formed eyebrows, how wonderfully they bring out the deep soulful expression of eyes, adding great charm and beauty to any face.

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When answering ads, mention McCall's

A SHOT IN THE NIGHT

[Continued from page 28]

JUAN felt as if he had been left alone in the world; it seemed to him that in that vast plain stirred by the night breeze, the only living things were he and *those* who were coming. Ah, if *they* would only stay away! Suddenly the gun-barrel began to rattle in the improvised crutch; the weapon was reproducing on the fork the tremor of his own hands. And this trembling was not caused by the coolness of the night. Juan was afraid!

He was sorry that he had allowed himself to be carried away by the suggestions of Uncle Shivers. He was a peaceful man; he should not have sought the advice of an ex-bandit. These adventures were meant for men of a different temperament. But the very thought of the old desperado served to restore his courage. Juan felt ashamed of his cowardice. What would the old fighter say if he could see him now!

He lay flat on his stomach between two alfalfa bales, partly covered by a piece of canvas, the butt of the old musket close to one of his shoulders and his feet braced against the side of the house. When he realized that behind that thin, one-brick wall slept Pepa, his wife, and the three children without any protection save that of his own hands, the poor man became wild. Now the very idea that it might have occurred to him to hand over the thousand dollars filled him with indignation. A thousand thunders! He would die first!

HE did not remember ever having seen another night so mysterious and awe-inspiring as this. All the objects that surrounded him were familiar enough, but yet, the darkness so distorted them that they seemed made of a totally new substance. It was the same old landscape, but it no longer belonged to this world.

In front of him, thrown against the background of the starlit sky, he could discern the outline of a black and very tall skeleton whose head moved around fitfully. It was the windmill. With every occasional puff of the breeze, the wheel rotated uttering a long, harsh, metallic wail; the pump throbbed rhythmically, and a thin, invisible thread of water trickled into the tank with the faint murmur of a fountain.

When the wails of the wind-wheel ceased momentarily, a host of other sounds broke upon the nocturnal silence—the creaking of an ox-cart, rumbling far, far away through the darkness; the dogs, transmitting their howling fever from one corral to another; the frogs, croaking on the river banks.

With rhythmic beat and rapidly growing volume, there came from the distance a boom of clattering iron and puffing steam. A cloud of reddish, luminous smoke shot horizontally across the darkness. It was the train from Bahia Blanca to Neuquen.

"Nine o'clock," murmured The Dove.

The train had come to a stop. For a few minutes the station lights shone brightly around it; then the rattling sound of cars in motion was heard once more, and when it had died out at the other end of the horizon, the station was plunged in darkness again. The blackness was appalling. There was not a single lighted window in the Colony.

In this interminable wait, the thing that made the deepest impression on the poor Dove was the dreadful silence of the Patagonian plain. Juan felt like a man lost in the desert. He remembered Buenos Aires, radiant at night like a dream city—Buenos Aires with its music-halls, theaters and cafés thronged with crowds of happy people. He remembered also, not without a sense of loss, other cities of the interior with their police-officers stationed in every corner and their streets as quiet and peaceful as a closed bedroom.

And here, the only representatives of civilization and its protective force were Don José, the Sheriff, Bean his assistant, and the two ragged creatures who obeyed their orders.

The Dove smiled sadly when he thought of this protection. He had done the right thing in not showing them the anonymous letter. There was no doubt that those brigands could come and kill him and his entire family, and the representatives of law and order would not have courage enough to go to his assistance. The thought that he was alone and no one would come to help him gave him the courage of despair. What depressed him the most was the wait, the long wait.

The night advanced slowly. Juan made efforts to figure the lapse of time by the movements of the stars. Then he would fall into a doze, his eyes wide open. He could see everything, but his spirit was asleep. And suddenly he would wake up with a start thinking that *they* had come, only to find that it was the wind-wheel turned by the breeze, filling the night with groans like those of a murdered person.

Inexplicable hushes punctuated the silence of the night, like pauses in the throes of death. The frogs would stop croaking; the barking of dogs in the distance would die out; the preying animals that crawled over the uncultivated fields would become mute; the thick darkness seemed to wrap itself in silence to shudder more at ease.

"Here they are!" Juan would say suddenly. A few minutes of suspense would follow, and then the plain would relapse into its nocturnal hum of a thousand sounds.

"It must be nearly twelve," he said, scanning the stars. "They may not come tonight. It is possible that God has touched their hearts and they have abandoned their evil plan." Here in the night, away from everybody, he saw the matter in an entirely new aspect. "Why should those men wish to harm me?" he argued with himself. "I don't know them; I have never done anything to them!"

He was asking himself for the third time this question, which he considered the

No; they weren't ostriches. Dogs, huge dogs, advancing slowly, cautiously, on their four legs! Ah, now he had it! Pumas! It could not be anything else, but those treacherous felines drawn by the scent of his hen-house.

Alas! But the pumas straightened up a little when they got near him. They were men, common, ordinary men who had been crawling on their hands and knees and were now advancing with heads bent so low that they almost touched their knees.

"It's *they*!" muttered the poor Dove, toppling down from the lofty height of his optimism; and his chattering teeth showed his astonishment and fear.

There were two of them only; at least, only two were visible. They looked around and sniffed the air as if they expected a surprise. Then they walked to the barn-shed and scrutinized every nook and corner, coming back to the door of the house where they stopped and listened through the keyhole. During these maneuvers they passed several times close to the alfalfa bales where Juan was hiding, but he could not recognize them. They were completely covered by their dark ponchos through which he could see the barrels of their carbines sticking out. They were masked with black handkerchiefs tied under their hats.

The Dove was pretty sure that he had never seen these men before. Those who thought that the bandits were members of the Colony were mistaken. No; there was no question about it; these men did not belong to the Margarita Colony. His instinct rather than his eyes told him that. But they undoubtedly were the same men who had murdered the poor Lark, thrown one colonist into the river and tied the other to the railroad-tracks. These thoughts restored Juan's courage with all the energy of the instinct of self-preservation.

Now they were going toward the tank. One of them got down on his knees, laid his weapon on the ground and stretched his hands to search the hydrant. He had placed himself exactly in the line of fire of Uncle Shivers' musket! The old man certainly had prepared everything right. What a magnificent shot!

The poor Dove felt more acutely than ever the pangs of fear. If he killed one man, he would stand disarmed before the other. And if he did not fire and allowed both of them to escape, they would get even for the failure of their trip by burning his house; perhaps murdering him also.

"What shall I do, my God?" he asked.

THE one who was keeping watch near the alfalfa bales, with gun ready for anyone that might come, seemed to get tired of the bungling of his partner and went toward the tank to aid him in the search. He also knelt down like his comrade and tried to put his hands into the hydrant. Looking down his gun-barrel, The Dove could see the dense black mass formed by the bodies of the two bandits standing out from the lighter tone of the tank.

"Courage, Juan!" he said to himself. "Now is the time. Pull the trigger!"

A burst of thunder shook the Colony, setting loose a veritable tempest of cries and howls. A sheet of flames, sparks and smoke spread out fan-like before Juan's eyes; then he felt piercing burns in his face. The Judge escaped from his hands and he had to shake them to make sure that they were whole. The "friend" must have exploded when it expelled the terrible choking of lead.

He could not see anything near the tank. The bandits had escaped, undoubtedly, scared by this shot out of the darkness. He wanted to flee also. They were likely to come back after they had recovered from the surprise. There might be more than two of them. The rest were probably ambushed in the neighborhood.

Juan was on the point of running away, when the door of his house opened and out came Pepa in scant attire holding a light in one hand, followed closely by her children. She had been awakened by the shot, and was coming out impelled by fear, worried about the husband who had not returned home.

Juanito gave first attention to the most pressing danger. The explosion had set on fire the bales of dry alfalfa. Grabbing a pail, he ran to the tank to get water. His parents followed, and the uncertain light of Pepa's lantern fell upon the hydrant.

Two men lay on the ground in a heap, one on top of the other, forming a single body, as if an invisible nail had been driven through their waists soldering them together with blood. The shot out of the darkness had gone straight to the target.

And when Pepa turned the light with curiosity upon the corpses and raised the handkerchiefs from their faces, she and her husband drew back with a cry of horror. They were Don José, the Sheriff, and his faithful sergeant, Bean.

WE WANT YOU TO MEET LUCILLE WOLLENBERG

IN dealing with human problems, you cannot use arithmetic," is the working creed of Lucille Wollenberg, of San Francisco.

That creed and the warm, tolerant, understanding personality behind it, made it possible for Miss Wollenberg to solve, with unique and amazing success, the dance-hall problem of a great cosmopolitan city.

She did not say, as so many well-meaning reformers might, "Good heaven's, there is vice here. Shut up the dance halls!" She realized that young people must play, and that city girls and boys cannot play in their own overcrowded homes or dingy boarding places. The thing to do was not to abolish the dance halls but to make them safe.

After a month's survey of the halls she had her plan ready. It was no easy matter to gain the support of the Police Commissioners. They had had dealings with the old-style reformers and were wary of "uplift." But Miss Wollenberg won their confidence so that they allowed her to install a seemingly arbitrary system of supervision. She herself selected women supervisors, and the dance-hall proprietors paid them.

She took pains to choose women with these qualities necessary for the work of a supervisor:

She must smile readily.
She must have a sense of humor.
She must be tolerant.

Most important, she must never use the word "uplift."

The effect in better conditions has been almost incalculable. To have on hand a woman, gay-hearted, understanding, eager to be of use, could not fail to produce splendid results in raising the tone of the halls and in making them safer as well as happier places.

In a big business building an office was established where the girls might come for advice and help in their difficulties. One day the telephone rang and a girl's voice, husky with emotion, said, "I have taken poison. Please send my body home to Iowa".... There was a gasp.... then silence. Miss Wollenberg traced the call to a second-rate hotel, rushed over in a taxi, and found there a young girl crumpled in a heap on the floor. She rushed the girl to a hospital in an ambulance. Her life was saved, but that



was not enough for Miss Wollenberg. She helped the girl's parents to straighten out the difficulties that had so nearly lost them their child.

This is how the girl had heard of Miss Wollenberg:

Sitting on a park bench near two young girls, she overheard one of them telling the other with great enthusiasm how the dance-hall supervisors' bureau had helped her get away from uncongenial work to a good job and a chance to go to night school. "If they'd help a girl to get a job, they'd help to bury her, wouldn't they?" thought the desperate girl at the other end of the bench, and she wrote down Miss Wollenberg's name and the address of the bureau.

And so it was that the influence of one woman's generous helpful spirit spread through a great city, making of it a safer, happier, more understanding place for youth.

Once again was heard in the distance the boom of rattling wheels and puffing steam and another horizontal column of luminous smoke, shot through with sparks, shone in the darkness. It was the return train from Neuquen to Bahia Blanca.

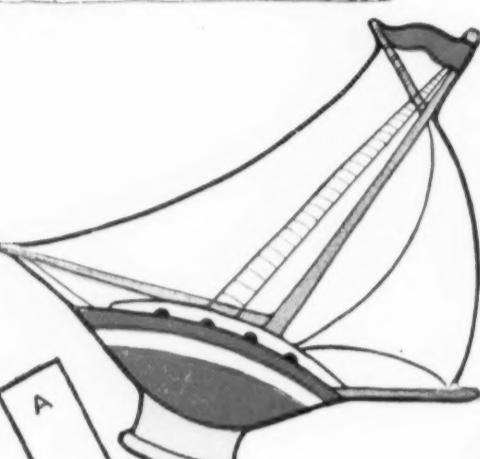
"Eleven o'clock," mumbled The Dove.

He stretched his limbs and changed his position to react against the numbing effects of his long wait. He watched the last vestiges of life upon the plain flicker and die. The two red and green lamps which indicated the position of the wretched station were snuffed out. Absolute darkness!

An inexplicable hope took hold of Juan.

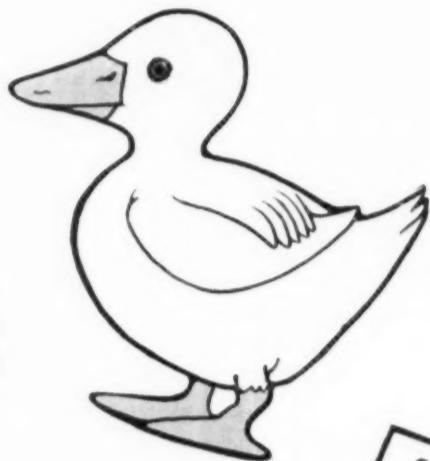
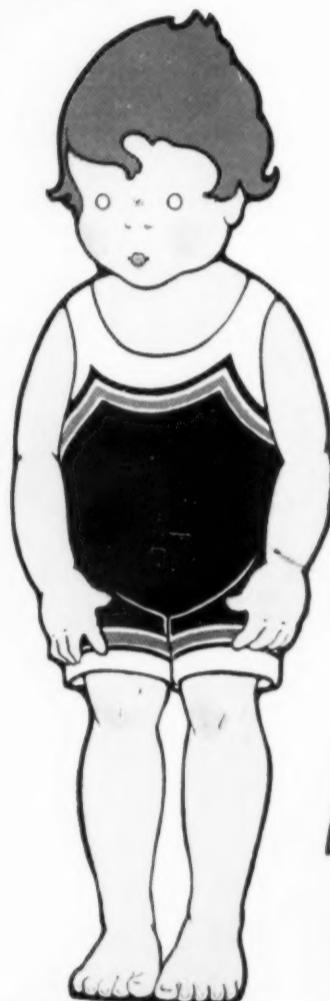
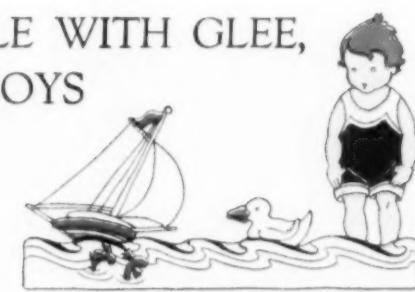


MR. FISH AND MRS. CRAB EACH SUMMER SMILE WITH GLEE,
WHEN LITTLE GIRLS AND LITTLE BOYS
PLAY WITH THEM BY THE SEA

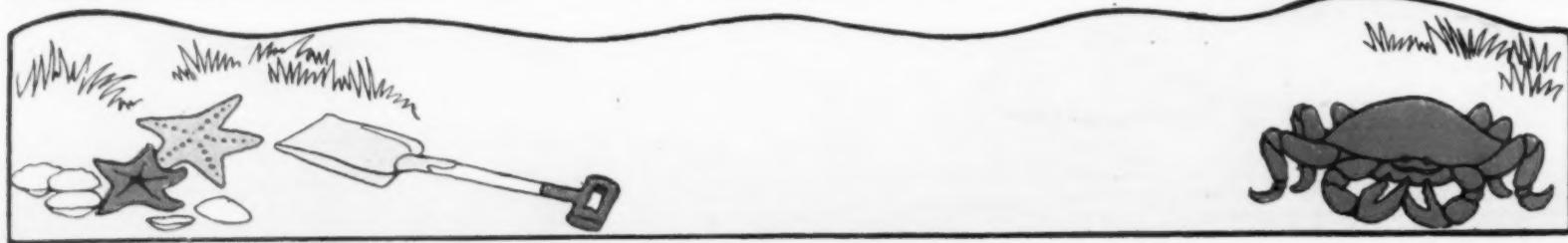
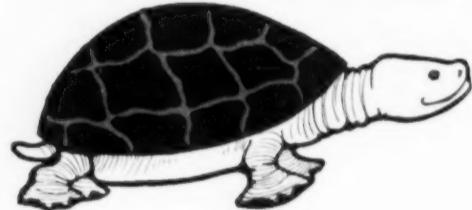


By Barbara Hale

For directions, see page 31



E F G





Those Evenings at Home!

[Continued from page 8]

will ever erase from their memories the *Uncle Remus* and *Hans Andersen* and science and history we learned together. I could have done this for twelve or fifteen or thirty children as well as for three.

My sister knows and plays all games. With sufficient tables, she could keep two, or three, or four roomfuls of children entertained. My neighbor plays both violin and piano. She could build and train a small orchestra or fife-and-drum corps. Some patient soul is never lacking to give house-room to the evening full of happy discords that would dispose of what are often the most difficult young temperaments in a community. And to what more practical use could the vacant Sunday-school rooms be put?

One of my nieces would rather coach theatricals than do anything else in the world. The community theater, on no matter how small and tentative a scale, has never failed to give joy to the actors, however it may have failed in the box-office receipts; and if your town has no place where one could be started, a few open-air performances in summer will convince any public-spirited citizen of the value of a stage, and a few sets with lighting facilities, for the school gymnasium. Any two or three women who choose could easily arrange a regular young-people's evening, from seven till nine, at the off-night of the movies, and see to it that the program justified the great possibilities of this cheap and powerful molder of the mind and taste.

The parents who continually wail about the vulgarity of the "movies," continually fail, also, to realize that any kind of entertainment can be ordered for which they will create a definite demand. It would pay any town to send a committee of women to try out all sorts of films available for young people, and order them through the local moving-picture house.

The number of entertainers, travel-talkers, nature specialists and community-song leaders who would be delighted to handle a regular group of children, regularly, is endless. People whose taste has not been dulled by a different excitement every evening, will listen eagerly to Shakespeare, acted in skeleton by one person, to Dickens' immortal characters impersonated. Entertaining children is a business; plenty of able people enjoy doing it and do it well, with wide results on the child's imagination—but someone must get them their audience, for they themselves are not necessarily great advertisers or efficient business managers. The parents of any community should pool their brains and leisure and initiative, and make it their business to find these people. Only those who have no children believe that "they amuse themselves best when you leave them alone." In towns and cities, at any rate, this is not only a wrong idea—it is a dangerous one. And so we are beginning to take over the responsibility.

We do it for soldiers, sailors, foreigners, defectives, the poor, the friendless, the homeless. *Why not do it for our children?*

"MOST mothers think 'summer complaint' in babies is due to teething, but medical science has proved that the real cause is infection by flies. These flies crawl on offal and then transfer to baby, by falling into her milk or creeping about her lips, the bacteria of 'summer complaint'."

Get rid of flies by using Black Flag in this way: Fold a sheet of letter paper lengthwise. In the fold put one teaspoonful of Black Flag. Hold the paper up to your lips (like a trumpet) and, with your breath, gently blow the Black Flag powder up into the air of rooms where flies are troublesome. Keep windows and doors closed while doing this and for ten minutes after it is done. **Then you will find almost every fly dead or dying.**

Black Flag kills ants, fleas, flies, mosquitoes, bedbugs, roaches, some moths, and lice on animals, birds or plants. It is **NON-POISONOUS** to animals and human beings. It does not irritate the lungs or throat.

Sold everywhere by drug, department, grocery and hardware stores, or sent direct by mail on receipt of price. Look for the Black Flag trademark and the red-and-yellow wrapper.

THE U. S. Government (Agri. Dept. Bulletin No. 771) proves that glass containers keep insect powder fresh and strong for years; while moisture and heat destroy its killing power. Buy Black Flag in the Sealed Glass Bottle—not just insect powder in paper bags or boxes.

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Three Sizes—
15c—40c—75c
Except West of
Rockies



Directions for Cut-Out

FOR your two stands, take the top of a cardboard shoe-box (don't tear off the sides) and cut it in two, lengthwise. To the front of one of these stands, paste the strip of water at bottom of page 30; to the other, paste the strip of sand.



Cut out six tabs like E—F—G. On the back of each stand paste three of the tabs in the following manner: paste down ends E and G, leaving space F free. Insert figures as indicated in pictures at top of page.

Hat: Slit dotted line as indicated. Bend back tabs and paste, end only; A behind B, C behind D, as shown in diagram.



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the real life, lustre, natural
wave and color, and makes it
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dry the scalp or make the hair
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use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls
will cleanse the hair and scalp
thoroughly. Simply moisten
the hair with water and rub it
in. It makes an abundance of
rich, creamy lather, which rinses
out easily, removing every par-
ticle of dust, dirt, dandruff and
excess oil.

The hair dries quickly and
evenly, and has the appearance
of being much thicker and
heavier than it is. It leaves the
scalp soft and the hair fine and
silky, bright, fresh-looking and
fluffy, wavy and easy to do up.

Splendid for Children

You can get WATKINS
MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL
SHAMPOO at any drug store.
A 4-oz. bottle should last for
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**Makes Your Hair
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Be SURE it's

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The Rule of the Ring

[Continued from page 14]

as to give the mother some form of guardianship. But there are still backward regions like Florida, where the law holds that "the father may appoint guardians for the children during any part of their infancy by deed in writing—or by last will and testament. A will by the mother of minor children undertaking to give the care and guardianship of such children to another is a nullity." Tennessee and Delaware have similar laws—and it is not hard to quote proof of their injustice.

Perhaps you will remember the Narragansett tragedy. The mother of the family, terrified by the threats of her worthless husband, killed her six children and herself to save them from his evil plan. Tired of working for them, the father had announced that he was going to give five of the children to strangers and send his wife and baby to the poor farm. The mother had no legal authority to prevent him, and in her terror, she chose the way of death. After that tragedy, the Massachusetts legislature passed a law admitting the mother to equal guardianship with the father.

Only twenty-two states today have equal guardianship laws. Under these statutes mothers have various rights, but not all provide exactly equal rights.

In more than half the states, the law does not recognize any maternal rights. The father has full and complete control of the child; he is sole guardian; he has the right to the child's earnings; of custody; and to his property. Just where does mother come in, anyway? How does she stand in your state? Isn't this something that you should look into?

Through the rebellious protests of the old-fashioned suffragist have come what we may consider today's reforms. Yet it is a little ironic to find that the modern married woman, earning money outside the home has no right in many states to her own earnings. The old law holds that whatever she earns belongs by divine privilege to her husband.

As recently as 1915, a New York judge held that unless it had been specifically agreed between husband and wife beforehand that the wife's earnings were to be her own, payment made to the woman for her services belonged to her husband.

But suppose the married woman doesn't work! She still has to gain legal recognition of her definite share of the family income. A man's success and prosperity is due in most cases quite as much to his wife's economics and good judgment as to his own professional or business ability. Her efforts are just as necessary to the family as her husband's, her contribution in service as valuable as his in money. The present attitude toward the wife who is not a money-maker but a home-maker is apparent not only in the laws but in the public mind. Does not the census consider the wife "unemployed," though she may have a thousand and one duties in the home?

The Rule of the Ring is still a little hard on the married woman. There are annoying restrictions on the wife's business and property rights to be removed and legal recognition of the economic standing of the wife who works in the home to be gained. The experience in states which have equal suffrage is encouraging. In New York, women began to work for laws granting property rights to married women way back in 1848. Slowly, after discouragingly long lapses of time, various concessions were granted. In 1917 New York women got the vote. The next legislature, without pressure and with little or no agitation from the women, made a most important change in the inheritance laws. The old law gave to the husband all the wife's property, but to her, only dower or one-third of the husband's estate. The new law gives wives equal rights with husbands. In Colorado, too, the vote acted almost like magic. For a generation the women of the state had been working for an equal guardianship law. In 1893 came equal suffrage. Promptly, in 1895, an equal guardianship law was passed.

The law, after all, reflects the wife's real standing. The Rule of the Ring is actual even today. The woman with the vote has it in her power to remedy the remaining disqualifications, and to make marriage a contract of partners equal before the law. Your statute-books will tell you what and how much is still to be done. And if the married woman and the mother do not fare well before the laws of your state, you are failing as a good citizen. Your vote is more than a mere ballot; it can be a noisy, insistent voice, demanding justice. Is it not time you let it speak?



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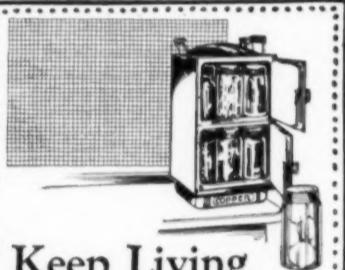
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THE MCCALL FOOD BUREAU

FOOD IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

The Picnic Shelf Keep It Always Ready for that Gipsy Impulse

By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

LYING in the hammock you enjoy the hot summer noises and smells in spite of the household tasks that call you indoors. You watch Mr. Hoptoad and Robin Redbreast catching their dinner and that starts you thinking about what a nuisance a civilized meal is. You don't mind it ordinarily. Your family does enjoy mother's delicious home cooking so much that it's worth while. But this morning Johnnie wouldn't eat his oatmeal, and John senior grumbled because his toast was soft when he likes it crisp.

It's so hot, you can't blame them for being fussy. You yourself are mentally conducting a dismal little procession called "Dinner." Marketing leads the march, then comes Preparation, Cooking, Table Setting, Serving, Dishwashing, Drying, Putting Away, Brushing Up.

You are feeling sociable and yet good-for-nothing.

Those are the symptoms. What is the matter with you? That's easy. It's mid-summer ennui, and the remedy is picnics taken at irregular intervals as needed.

"That's all very well," say you, "but a picnic is as much trouble as a dinner. It means ordering a lot of special things and looking up boxes and string and bottles—and everything."

So it does unless—and here is the big idea—you have a picnic shelf.

It's quite the style to have a shelf devoted to the unexpected guest, but who is prepared to follow the Gipsy Impulse? Sure it deserves to be entertained for your own sake.

What a relief to shake the dinner procession and hit the out-trail with your lunch in a neat package under your arm (or in the tonneau of the car or the bottom of the boat). John and small John will welcome the idea too—and maybe you can collect some of your favorite neighbors, the jolly ones, who enjoy doing things on the spur of the moment. If you can't get them to go this time, you can the next when they too have realized the joys of a picnic shelf.

ON THE SHELF

The beginning of your shelf collection is the outsides of your lunch, meaning the boxes and bags. If you are likely to start off by automobile or boat or carriage, large boxes will have a mission to perform; but if your own feet will take you where you are going you will need only one-man size boxes, so that no one will be overburdened. Empty cracker boxes, shoe boxes and collar boxes will be turned to new uses.

You will need also a roll or pile of waxed paper—if you want to be really economical save your bread wrappers. A ball of strong string and some bundle handles will be useful too. Unpacking time will be less confusing if a package of labels has contributed one apiece to each of the parcels.

In the way of tools the shelf will offer a bottle opener, a corkscrew, a penknife, a

can opener, a can key and a lemon squeezer.

Then it is convenient to have paper plates, sauce dishes, spoons, cups, napkins and containers (such as the soda fountain man sends your soda home in). There should be wrapping paper for the outside of your packages and newspaper if you are going to be so ambitious as to carry ice along. There should be, too, a pile of cheap envelopes to hold salt and pepper, and a box of elastic bands.

A vacuum bottle is a real luxury at a picnic, but it is not necessary.

CARRIERS

A bag crocheted from string in the shape of a knitting bag is a useful thing, as it may be rolled up and put in one's

SUGGESTIONS FOR LUNCHES

Potato Salad	Cold Sliced Ham
Sour Jelly Sandwiches	
Doughnuts	Coffee
Fish or Meat Sandwiches	Deviled Eggs
Turnovers	Pickles or Olives
Chicken Salad	Potato Chips
Olive and Mayonnaise Sandwiches	
Spice Cake	Coffee
Bacon	Pineapple Salad
Bread and Butter Sandwiches	
Cream Cheese	
Cookies	Cocoa

OTHER FOODS

Bacon	Powdered milk
Dried beef	Prepared cocoa
Marshmallows	Bacon, sweet and plain crackers
Cat-up	Fats of cheese
Grape juice and other drinks	Salt dressing
	Sweet chocolate

cheese sandwiches, for instance, have jelly or salad sandwiches too. One is apt to forget with what dry throats everyone attacks his picnic lunch.

RECIPES FOR PICNIC GOODIES

PICNIC COFFEE

Grind one-half pound of coffee moderately fine. Tie in a muslin bag, allowing room for the coffee to swell. Measure four quarts of cold water into the pail and put in the bag of coffee. Let stand for two hours or more, tightly covered.

Set over the fire, bring to the boiling point—boil five minutes. Remove the bag and serve or keep hot until ready to serve.

DEVILED EGGS

Hard cook the eggs. Cut in half lengthwise. Remove the yolks. Mash the yolks and add salad dressing to make them of the consistency to shape. Add (to six egg yolks) one quarter of a cup of chopped pickle, salt and pepper to taste. Make into oblong balls and fill the whites. Chopped ham or tongue may also be added.

1/2 cupful brown sugar	1 cupful bread flour
1/2 cupful water	1 teaspoonful salt
1 cupful milk	2 1/2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1/2 cupful molasses	2 1/2 cupfuls graham flour
1 cupful walnuts cut fine	1/2 teaspoonful soda

Bake one and one-half hours.

TURNOVER FILLINGS

RAISIN FILLING

1 cupful raisins	1/2 cupful sugar
1 egg	1/4 cup cracker crumbs

Juice and rind of one lemon

BANANA FILLING

1 cup banana cut fine	1/4 cupful nuts cut fine
2 table-spoonfuls lemon juice	2 table-spoonfuls flour

DATE AND NUT FILLING

1 cupful dates	1/3 cupful sugar
1/2 cupful nuts cut fine	1/4 cupful cracker crumbs
1 table-spoonful lemon juice	

APPLE AND RAISIN FILLING

1 cupful apples chopped fine	1 tablespoonful melted butter
3/4 cupful raisins	3 table-spoonfuls sugar

1 table-spoonful flour

DOUGHNUTS

1 egg	1 teaspoonful soda
1 cupful sugar	1 teaspoonful fat
1 cupful sour milk	1/4 teaspoonful cinnamon or nutmeg
1 teaspoonful salt	3 1/2 cupfuls flour

Sift the dry ingredients. Beat egg, add sugar and milk, pour slowly in dry ingredients, stirring all the time. Melt the fat, add it last. Add more flour if necessary to roll out 1/4-inch thick. Cut with a doughnut cutter. Fry in deep fat.

Toothsome crullers waiting to be packed

Paper plates, containers and spoons and wax paper

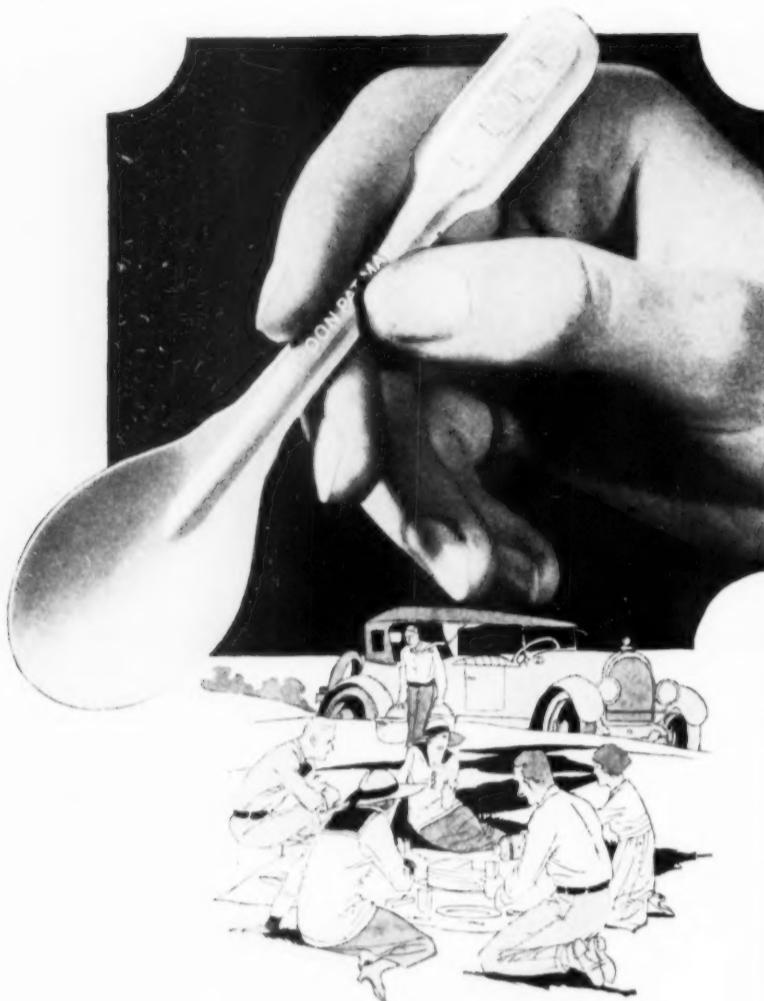
Wax paper sandwich envelopes and their cargo

Crispy turnovers go in the lunch box too



Drawing by Agnes Lee

Photos by Hal Ellsworth Coates



—and for outings

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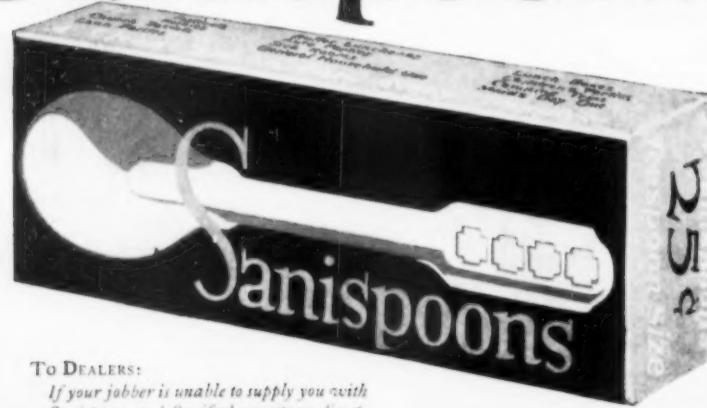
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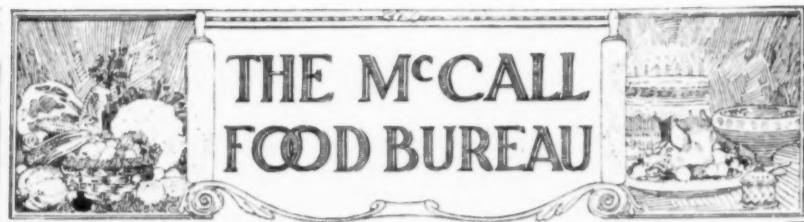
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A Word to the Wise Canner

By Lilian M. Gunn

ARE you ready for your summer's canning? There is no doubt about it that home preserving is one way to lower the high cost of living. It is true that sugar is high, but the amount used with the fruits may be very little if one is careful in the preparation and cooking. And of course this item of expense does not enter into vegetables.

The first consideration is the jars. If your family is small, the pint and half-pint jars are the wisest choice. But for the large family, the quarts and even the larger jars should be chosen. If you are using new jars, put them into cold water and let it come up slowly to the boiling point. This will temper the glass and also reveal any defects. Look over the old jars and see that the covers fit. Wash them very clean.

BE sure to use only new rubbers. Many jars spoil because of unwise economy on this point, which would otherwise keep perfectly. The rubbers should be held in boiling water for several minutes before putting on the jars. Have a jar filler and either a duplex fork or other utensil for lifting the hot jars. Any kettle or pail with a false bottom may be chosen in which to put the jars after they are filled for the cooking of the product. Often a wooden rack of home manufacture is the easiest to obtain. Be sure the kettle is large enough so that the water may come up over the jars for at least four inches.

Have plenty of clean boiling water and be sure of the purity of your water

supply. Take the jars out of the boiling water just when you are ready to pack them. The hands and all the utensils should be scrupulously clean. Always, when opening the can for use, smell the contents; the odor of spoilage can easily be detected.

Can your fruit and vegetables as soon as possible after gathering or picking. Do a little at a time. Sort and grade the product for size and ripeness, that it may be uniform in the jars. Discard always the partially decayed fruit or vegetables.

THE government is preparing an excellent new bulletin on home canning which will be out the latter part of July. Every housewife should send to the Department of Agriculture for that bulletin and use it as her guide.

This bulletin will give the "latest word" in the cold-pack method and explains how long to "process" (cook) your jars. Always count the time from the moment the water boils and not from the time you put the jars into the kettle.

Blanching means putting the product into boiling water or into a steamer before filling the jars. This shrinks or swells the product and perfectly cleans it. The cold dip after blanching aids in keeping the color.

After processing the jars and closing the clamp, turn them upside down and let them stand for a few hours so that you will be able to detect any leakage. If this is found, put the contents in another jar and re-process. Label the jars and store in a clean dry place.

Making My Jam Closet Pay

By Anne Kilburn Cole

I HAVE a jam closet that I am prouder of than many of my neighbors are of their best china closets. It is just as shining and spick and span, and filled with as many precious things too. What is more, since I determined to make it pay, it has gone down on the asset side of my budget book.

When I decided over a year ago that a jam closet was a luxury with sugar at top prices, I started a general reformation. First of all I took inventory of what there was on hand. I tried to compute roughly what our family used each year, and determined to put up no more than that during the canning season. In this way, counting what I had on hand, I kept my supply just a little ahead of the demand in case illness or a lean fruit year should come along.

Then I typewrote this inventory in list form, dividing it into classes like jellies, pickles, catsups, etc., with the number of jars or glasses on hand. I pasted this on the door of my jam closet and hung a pencil beside it. Every time I take out a jar of fruit or a glass of jelly, I make a cross beside the line on the inventory. At preserving time last year I added roughly to the first inventory each time I put new batches on my shelves, and when I cleaned house in the fall, I rewrote the inventory as I rearranged my shelves.

INSTEAD of putting all the old fruit and vegetables on separate shelves, I have classified my treasures the same as on the inventory list. I put the older things outermost so they will be used first. An easy way to recognize the year, which when written on the label often gets blotted out or stained, is to use a different colored gummed label for each year. I tried buying the colored labels and writing on them, but now I find it easier to use the printed labels to be bought in books and paste them on the large colored label.

I mark my most successful preserves with a tiny red star on the lid. This

means "family hold back" and reserves them for special occasions. Then I have a "gift shelf." Every time I do up anything, I make one extra glass, bottle or jar for the gift shelf. I save up during the year all the nice little receptacles, odd-shaped jars, tiny glasses, little china dishes from the bargain counters, and so on, which can be filled to make attractive gifts for the invalid, for neighbors, for Christmas and birthdays. In this way I always have something ready to give away when I need a present in a hurry.

ANOTHER thing which makes my jam closet such a pleasure is that there is a space reserved for "empties." Every time a jar or glass is emptied, it is washed, scalded, aired, and the lid put on it. In the case of jars for canned goods it is tested for leakage and then set back in the jam closet for next year. Bottles are corked and jelly glasses covered so that all these things need next year is the dust wiped off the outside.

The shelves are covered with oilcloth so they can be wiped easily when something "works over." I have an electric bulb hanging on a looped wire right in front of the closet. And there is a lock to my jam closet too. Those jars are just as precious as my silver, and besides the locked door insures darkness for my fruit.

During preserving time I keep a close record of everything that goes out of the house money toward canning and preserving. The first year this had to come out of the house money. But now I have a canning fund, for every time I used a jar out of my jam closet, I put away in the fund the wholesale price of this particular jar or glass of fruit or vegetables. The retail price would not have been fair because we would probably not have eaten so much canned and preserved stuff if we had had to buy it at retail prices. This year my canning fund ought to exceed what I will need for materials this summer. And that is why my jam closet is a business asset as well as a source of pleasure.



LOVELY BLOSSOMS DESTINED TO BECOME FAIRY CONFECTIONS

The Flavor of the Flowers

By Rene Gibbs

WHAT a man eats, so he is, is as true as that well-known axiom, "As a man thinks, so he is."

Haven't you seen a big, red man order and eat thick slices of rare, red meat? Haven't you seen people, colorless and flabby, who, you felt, must subsist on a diet of cold potatoes and doughnuts? And don't you know delicate women, whom poets might liken to flowers, whose beauty has the same quality as a blush rose? Surely they look as though they ate nothing more robust than humming birds' tongues on toast, with, perhaps, a candied violet for dessert.

Of course, we can't make our diet consist wholly of rose petals and nasturtium buds, but their delicacy and beauty certainly should be utilized in our menus.

Paquet, Pastry Chef at the Hotel McAlpin, says that flowers are good enough to eat. Rose leaves, violet petals, chrysanthemums, nasturtium and orange blossoms can be used as ingredients for candies, preserves, and salads as well as for garnishing fish, entrées and other things. Their delicate flavor has the same subtle appeal to the taste which their color and fragrance has to the eye.

ORANGE, rose and violet pralines may be used to decorate bonbons, ices and cakes.

The sharp flavor of nasturtium buds or pods makes them ideal garnishes for fish or cold meat—for, you must know, it is not considered good form this season to use garnishes which cannot be eaten.

Imagine a sunny breakfast porch with the strong summer light sifted through green vines. It is Sunday and the whole day lies before you—no train to catch, no office yawning for your presence.

Rich brown coffee steams from porcelain cups; real cream fills the silver jug; grapefruit and eggs have come and gone. We are ready for the last course of this simple but delectable breakfast. Can you guess what it will be? Does rose-leaf preserve spread on thin slices of golden toast appeal to you?

Why not make a dream come true? Here is the recipe, straight from the whitetiled kitchens of one of New York's largest hotels. It's up to you to dare and do!

ROSE-LEAF PRESERVE

Take your rose leaves, fully ripe, put them in fresh water and allow them to soak for half an hour. Then remove the leaves and dry them carefully, saving the water. To the water, add sugar and boil to a sirup and until it takes the form of a soft ball; then add the rose leaves and boil again for five minutes.

Allow this to cool, then put in small jars. Close the jars tightly and put them in boiling water for three or four minutes to sterilize and clear up.

Louis Paquet,
Hotel McAlpin.

ROSE CARAMELS

Take two pounds of granulated sugar, one pound of corn sirup, three pints of milk, one quart of cream, one ounce of paraffin, and some fresh ripe rose leaves.

Mix sugar and glucose with one pint of milk. Stir until this is dissolved, then add the other two pints of milk gradually as it boils down. Boil until this becomes a soft ball, keep in cold water, stirring constantly. Add the cream again; add the paraffin. To this add the rose leaves, which have been boiled to a jelly, also adding a touch of carmine coloring. Mix well and pour on buttered slab. Let this cool, then cut in caramel cubes. This will make delicious caramels, the rose giving a delicate and

distinctive aroma and adding a most unique and enjoyable taste.

AMERICAN BEAUTY COUPE

Cover bottom of glass dish with a layer of vanilla ice-cream, and half fill with a salad of iced strawberries and Bar-le-Duc with the rind of an orange.

Cover with a thin layer of biscuit glace; finish the top with a little bouquet of rose leaves.

Louis Paquet,
Hotel McAlpin.

VIOLET PRALINES

Select the Parma violet or flower with big petals.

Separate the petals from the pistils or green part of the flower; cook them in sugar sirup; afterward put them in a closely covered pot in a steamer or over boiling water for some time. This will hold the natural color of the flower as well as its flavor.

Next day, heat the pot over hot water, then dry the petals on a sieve, and then cover them with powdered sugar and let it candy on the pralines.

As a confection or decoration on cake or ice-cream they are exquisite.

Rose petals, lilac, orange, acacia, juniper, broom flowers, vervain and mint leaves can be prepared in the same way.

Camille Den Dooven,
Vanderbilt Hotel.

NASTURTIUM PICKLES

The nasturtium pods are ripe for picking from the end of July until the end of August. Gather them on a dry day, put them in a dry glass bottle after wiping them carefully. Fill each bottle with vinegar, six peppercorns, and one ounce of salt. When the bottle is filled, cork and seal tightly and let stand three months before using.

Camille Den Dooven,
Vanderbilt Hotel.

Distilled rosewater deserves an honored place on the flavoring shelf of the cook of genius. It will make of cakes, with simple white icing, a delicacy fit for the Fairy Queen herself.

A hard sauce with a little rose flavoring and some candied rose petals, to convince the doubter as to what the delicate flavor really is, will transform a commonplace pudding into a masterpiece.

Rice pudding, honored in the same way by association with the flowers, becomes translated. Fruit jelly, too, will take unto itself romantic qualities under these circumstances. In tutti-frutti ice-cream, candied flower petals will arouse a childlike surprise and delight.

Charlotte russe is always a delightful company dessert, but imagine it garnished with candied flowers, and the plate on which it rests surrounded with the lovely blossoms just as they came from the garden.

When candied flowers are used as a garnish, a little vegetable coloring matter may be used to make a dessert the color of its garnishings.

Perhaps mint leaves do not belong with flowers but they do belong with all kinds of delicacies. For instance, have you ever tried oblong peppermint drops into which a candied mint leaf has been pressed?

One recognizes the elusive flavor of the flower with keener delight if it is suggested in the garnishing of the dish. Of course this is not always possible, but sometimes one's garden will yield the fresh flowers.

A dainty ending for a charmingly served meal is finger bowls in which, like the upturned face of the orchard brook, flower petals are floating.

Of course you serve Summer Salads

Salmon or
Tuna Fish Salad

1 pound can of salmon or tuna fish
1 minced green pepper
1 cupful diced celery
Lettuce or cress
Eggless Mayonnaise
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice

Open the fish an hour before the salad is to be made, remove the skin and bones, and mix the fish lightly with mayonnaise to moisten, add the lemon juice and green pepper. Half an hour later add the celery and at serving time arrange on a bed of salad greens and garnish with mayonnaise and some celery tips if convenient. Three tablespoonfuls of minced, stuffed olives may replace the green pepper. Serve with Russian Dressing.

THE very name "salad" in summertime suggests something cool, refreshing and altogether delightful when nothing else quite seems to tempt the appetite. Here are salads and salad dressings that you can make better with

Borden's Evaporated Milk With the Cream left in!

Russian Dressing

Use the recipe for Eggless Mayonnaise, and add—
1 chopped hard-cooked egg
1/4 cupful chili sauce
1 tablespoonful minced pimientos
1 tablespoonful minced parsley
1 1/2 tablespoonfuls minced chives or scraped onion
Combine the ingredients in the order given and use with any plain green salad, simple vegetable salad, or egg salad.

Borden's
Eggless Mayonnaise

3 tablespoonfuls Borden's
Evaporated Milk undiluted
1/2 teaspoonful salt
1/2 teaspoonful mustard
2 tablespoonfuls sharp
vinegar
1/2 cupful salad oil—any kind
1/4 teaspoonful pepper

Combine seasonings, add milk and gradually beat in the oil with an egg beater. Then whip in the vinegar. Use as any Mayonnaise. Transfer to a covered jar. This will keep indefinitely in a cool place. If too thick, thin with Borden's Evaporated Milk.

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Old Virginia Fruitti-Punch

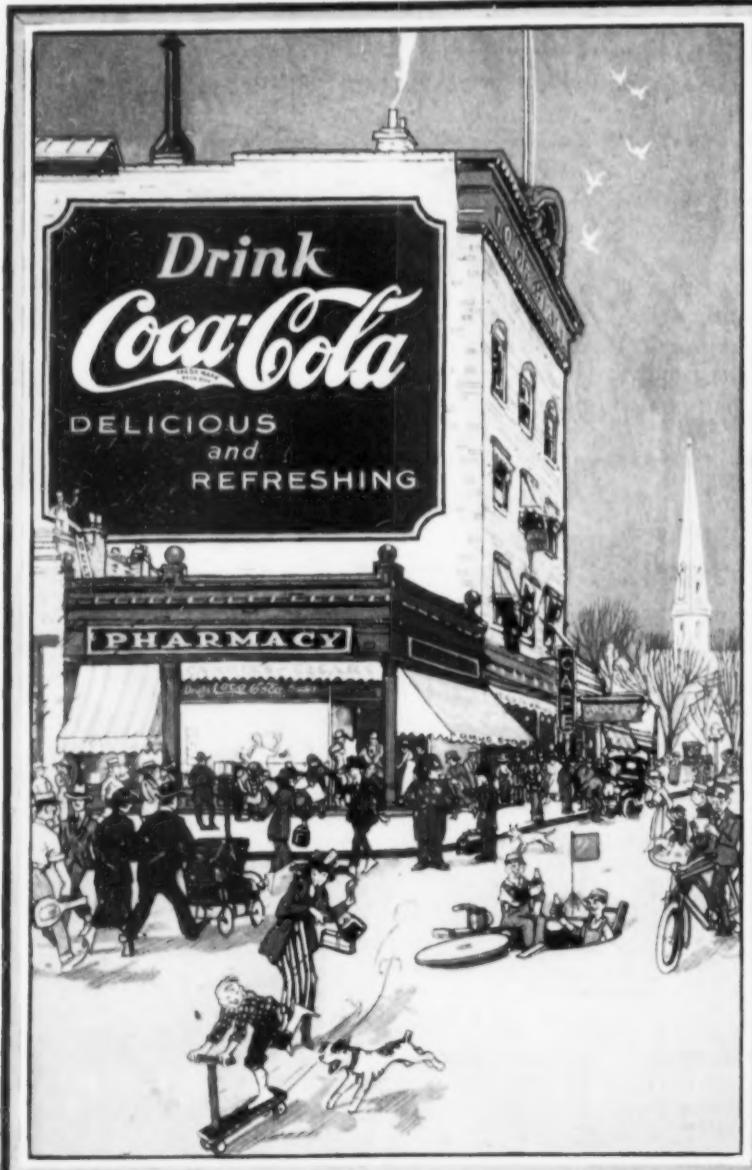
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David

[Continued from page 15]

padding out of the room. He merely became aware that he had gone, by the increased attention to himself in Kay's clear eyes.

But there was no uncertainty in David's manner when he came padding back again; he thumped across the room to Tony's side, gazed up into Tony's face with languishing affection, and laid his offering—battered, tooth-marked crown—on Tony's knee.

"David!"

But Tony saw deeper into canine reasoning. He put his hand on David's brow, brushed back the wayward locks and looked straight into David's gray eyes.

"All right, David," he said crisply. "Bygones are bygones. Give us your fist on it, old man."

David lifted one burly, hairy paw and laid it for just a minute into the outstretched hand. Then, lumbering across to Kay, he stretched up his great blunt muzzle and left a kiss of perfect understanding upon her smooth young cheek. And Tony, watching, wondered why all the luck should be given to a dog.

BUT, after four months of an absolute good-fellowship, which David shared, they quarreled, and the quarrel was all concerning David. Tony was jealous, as well he might be. Kay liked him tremendously; but, whenever it came to an issue between himself and David, David always took first place. It was an August Monday morning.

"Tennis at ten?" Tony queried, pausing behind Kay's chair.

She had not seen him coming. His voice startled her, and some of her coffee went down the wrong way. She choked.

"Sorry!" Tony was saying. "A crumb in your windpipe always makes a row."

Kay lifted a flushed countenance. "Not at all," she said severely. "It's just that spot in my throat."

"Well how about tennis?"

"If I can get David washed in time."

"Hang David!" Tony said rashly. "You might play tennis, for a change."

Her lips shut ominously. "What have we been playing, all these days?" she asked, when she opened them.

"Bumble-puppy," he retorted recklessly.

"What do you mean?"

"It's not tennis, with David running after all the balls."

"You said he retrieved superbly."

No man, in his sterner moods, likes to be reminded of the sugary utterances of his softer hours. "So he does. And then we put in most of our time, retrieving him."

Kay became inconsequential. "He is such a dear," she murmured, breaking off a bit of toast and buttering it.

"Well, are you coming?" he asked impatiently.

He had never used that tone to Kay before. Her chin rose haughtily.

"Thank you, no."

"Why not?"

"I have some other things to do."

"David?" He hoped his laugh would mollify her. But Tony had much to learn concerning the moods of women. She eyed him, speechless with hostility. "All right," he told her, with tactless downrightness; "if you won't, you won't." And he turned and left the room.

Tony was not the fightsome kind, nor could he believe it the part of dignity to accept the attitude of being jealous of a dog. Therefore, by ten o'clock, arrayed in spotless flannels, he put himself on the veranda rail. It was not Tony's fault that he was immediately surrounded by girls. Men were scarce, and Tony was likable. So when Kay came out on the veranda a little later, the first thing she beheld was Tony Allerton with his court. Kay was ruffled. She had come out to suggest a renewal of diplomatic relations and here she found the bereaved Tony a picture of masculine content.

At sight of Kay, Tony sprang to his feet and with two strides, overtook her. "Where all?" he queried.

"Driving."

Then, looking straight into her eyes. "Are you taking me along?" he asked.

Her heart began to flop wildly. She suddenly became aware that every accent of his honest voice was dear. The knowledge frightened her into waywardness.

"I'm afraid there won't be room. I'm taking David," she explained perversely.

"Oh," Tony said briefly, and forebore to argue. He ambled across to the abandoned members of his late court, and Kay looked up just in time to catch the smile.

He helped Kay into the driver's seat, then boosted David up beside her—a spot-

less, fluffy David, every hair on end, and every nerve agog with ecstasy.

"Best tie him?" Tony asked shortly.

"No. He's always good as gold in the car. Thanks so much." Kay shut her hands on the wheel as the car began to purr and chuckle.

David had been gazing anxiously from one overcast face into the other, longer into Tony's where the cloud lay heaviest. His eyes were wistful. Not in this fashion were his two dear humans wont to part. David pondered. Then he shifted in his place, lifted one massive paw and, whimpering, held it out to Tony in farewell.

Tony stared after them as long as the little car was visible. Then, turning a deaf ear to hints of tennis, he plunged his fists into his pockets and went striding down the road, to be seen no more that morning.

Time and solitude and violent exercise work wonders. By noon, Tony had come to the conclusion that he had acted like an ass, and was ready to make amends, even to the point of letting David chew the tennis balls and foul all his best serves. David was ripping. No wonder Kay was devoted to him, and any girl who could show such loyalty to just a dog—Tony caught himself up on the phrase. Dog in outward form; but the heart of a gentleman beat beneath that fury overcoat!

Measured side by side, the two of them, David was undoubtedly the better fellow.

Tony was strolling along now in a mood of increasing content, when across the green stretches of sun and shade, a strange sound came to his ears, a sound half-howl, half-sob, all pain. He stiffened and stood, stark with fear and horror.

Far down the roadway, a great gray shape came limping along, sobbing pitifully. One leg hung, useless. Even from far away, Tony could see that the fluffy fur was matted and stained with red. He came on, head down, eyes veiled; wraith of the old Juggernaut, but indomitable still.

"David!" And Tony, running as he had never run before, was off to meet him. "David! Where is she? What's happened?"

David left off his sobbing for a moment. He lifted his blunt muzzle, bare now but for a few crusted black stumps of wool, and laid his cheek against Tony's.

"David! Tell me. Oh, you brave old man! Where is she?" Tony implored.

The red tongue put its mute caress on Tony's cheek, the caress which, up to now, had been reserved for Kay. Gently, very gently, for all his haste and terror, Tony tried to lay David down. But the dog resisted with what remaining strength he had, turned, and slowly, very slowly, led Tony back to the scene of the disaster.

The way was interminable to Tony. More than once, he decided to break away from David and go on alone. But something in the dog's indomitable dignity held him back; it would be brutally unfair to leave him now. And, without David to guide him, Tony never would have seen the little car, so hidden was it in the bushes where it had taken its fatal plunge.

There it lay on its side in a deep ditch. Ten feet away lay Kay, flat on her face, one arm crumpled beneath her, unconscious, but untouched by fire. Her frock, singed and scorched, was spotted over with the great marks of bloody paws. One side of her skirt, pulled from the belt, showed tooth-marks; and between her and the burned-out car the turf was crushed flat.

Forgetful of David, Tony went springing down the bank. Behind him, sobbing hard now and quivering in every limb, the great gray dog dragged himself to Kay's side; he dropped inertly, his blistered muzzle pressed tight against her hand.

Just six months afterward, there was an important and wholly joyous foregatherings of all the members of the Pope and Allerton clans at the Pope home. It was Tony who ordained that his wedding and Kay's would not be half a wedding, unless David could be there.

So it came about that David, almost weighed down beneath his monstrous wedding-necktie, watched the ceremony from the foremost rank of guests. During all the earlier part of the service, he sat at devout attention, his gaze on the pair that made up the better portion of his world.

And then came the impressive question, "Who giveth this woman—?"

The great gray dog stirred suddenly. Rising to his feet, he ambled forward, relentless as any Juggernaut, to perform his proper function. Majestic in his self-righteous dignity he lined up in the bridal-party at Kay's side.





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The shoe the children love. The wide Nature last is just right for growing feet. Suitable for dress-up or for playtime. A similar model is popular with women and girls.

THE MCCALL FOOD BUREAU

FOOD IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

A Drill in Table-Setting

By Lilian M. Gunn

Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates

EVERY woman should know how to set her table in the most attractive way. It takes no more time to have a pretty, well-balanced table, pleasing to the eye and correctly appointed, than it does to have things "thrown on any old way." The table service need not be lavish or expensive to be dainty, but all the utensils must be in the right place ready to use with the least possible trouble.

Center the table in the room, lay the silence cloth on perfectly smooth and see that the folds of the table-cloth are running straight and lengthwise of the table.

For the woman who has no maid, a serving-table on rollers is a great convenience. Very pretty ones can be purchased, but I have seen some home-made ones which are equally good. Take any small table, put casters on the four legs, and at one end, if desired, attach a handle like that on a baby carriage. Tack picture molding around the

at the right of the end. Fold the napkin simply and put it at the left of the forks, or it may be placed between the knives and forks. When a bread-and-butter plate is desirable, place it on the left at the top of the forks; the butter spreader, if used, should be placed on the bread-and-butter plate. Often, in simple, informal serving, the

At dinner, if the host is to serve the meat and potatoes, place the platter directly in front of him, with the knife and gravy spoon at the right, and the fork and sharpener at the left. The vegetable dish should be at the right with a spoon for serving, and the hot plates at the left in a pile, so that he may place one at a time in front of him to be filled.

Just a word for the woman who wants to entertain and has no maid. Do not attempt any elaborate table service. Your guests would much rather have your presence at the table than have you obliged

to rise often in order to serve them. Plan a simple meal, the cooking of which can nearly all be done in advance. For the first course, have something which can be placed on the table just before the guests arrive; a fruit cocktail, oysters or clams on the half shell, or a simple appetizer would be excellent. Have some meat and vegetables easily served, and either



The cup is placed convenient to the right hand. (At top), a well-appointed luncheon table



Intricacies of bread-and-butter and salad plate placing explained at a glance

edge of the table to keep the tray from slipping, and you will be the owner of an excellent serving-table. The tray used should be a little smaller than the top of the table.

Roll the table to the china cupboard, and on it put all the pieces needed for the meal. In this way you can transfer everything to the dining-room at once and so save many steps back and forth in setting the table. In clearing, too, it is a great help.

If there is no maid, the next course to be served may often be placed on the table

salad is served with the dinner; then the plate should be placed at the right of the glass, opposite the bread-and-butter plate.

Frequently the placing of the coffee service is puzzling to the person who delights in correct detail. Always set the coffee or teapot on the hostess' right, with space enough between it and the spoons at her place to allow her to set down a cup and saucer. In this way, she may conveniently pour the beverage. The sugar and cream go in front of her plate, and the cups and saucers at the left, piled not more than two

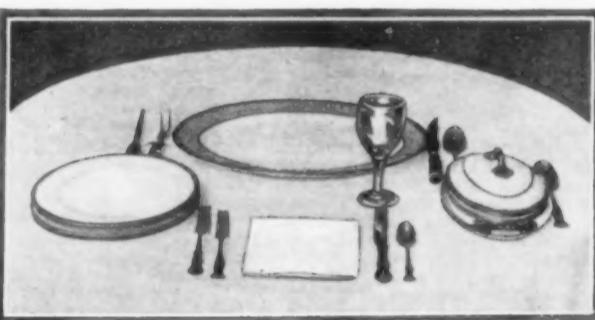
serve your salad course with the dinner, or have it ready on the individual plates in the ice-box. The dessert should be one that can be out on the serving-dish before the dinner is in progress. Choose a gelatin mixture, a pie, or some simple pudding. Place a pitcher of iced water on the table, a plate of bread or rolls if they are to be served with the meal, and extra butter. These things can be easily passed. Olives, radishes, salted nuts and celery may be served with the simplest dinners.

THE charm of the family meal or the dinner where guests are present depends greatly on the freshness of the linen and the polish of the silver. For breakfast and luncheon, the use of the runners and doilies offered in so many delightful styles and at such attractive prices is becoming more and more extensive. They are so easy to launder at home, one may keep her table going on only a few sets.

As a center decoration, a few fresh cut flowers or a low, feathery fern give the most unpretentious gathering a party air.

The secret of charming entertaining is to make the guest feel that he is one

When the host is to serve, the meat and one vegetable are placed before him



and covered with a white cloth, for, of course, you do not want the guests to know what is coming. Such things as salads and desserts may be made ready to serve in this way. At least all the dishes for the serving may be on the table, even if one has to go to the ice-box for the custard pie, or the oven for hot pudding.

In placing the silver, first put the largest plate you are to use for the meal on the table so as to know how much space it will take, and then place the silver on either side. The plate may be removed after you have measured the space. The knives go on the right with the cutting edge toward the plate. If there is reason for more than one knife, let the one to be used first be on the outside and the one used last nearest the plate. Place the spoons, with the bowls turned up, in the same order as the knives; the ones used first on the outside. Place the forks on the left, with the tines turned up, in the same order as the knives and spoons. The tumbler or goblet goes at the end of the knife or just

here, any question about where the tea or coffee service goes, is answered



together and with the handles of the cups turned toward her so she may easily lift them. In pouring the beverage, place the sugar on the saucer; the spoon for it may be also on the saucer instead of at the individual places. When placed for the guest, let the cup and saucer be at the right and down near the edge of the table. Here the cup may be reached with the greatest ease and maximum convenience.

of the family circle. A few inexpensive foods, well cooked and easily and daintily served, are far better than an elaborate meal with a hot, tired hostess whose whole thought and energy must be on the food and not on the social entertainment of her guests. If women would only realize that the success of a party does not depend on elaborate preparations, the dread of entertaining would be removed.

BECAUSE of their cleanly, beautiful, silver-like appearance, "Wear-Ever" utensils are preferred by women who wish their kitchens to be as modern and attractive as the other rooms of the home.

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The Pink Fence

[Continued from page 5]

sandy path the dunes lay spread before them, savage, untamable, their cups already swimming with lilac shadows.

"What I can't bear," Lila at last let drift out, her eyes seeking the place where the dark ribbon of sea met the yellow of the dunes, "is for him to say 'You've always been a good wife.' *A stranger can't be a good wife, can she?*'

Mary Davis didn't understand. "A stranger?" she repeated automatically.

Lila Bent's face was silhouetted against the sand's deep yellow in the evening light. She seemed part of the impassioned strangeness of the dunes.

"Could anybody but a *stranger* have talked like he did? I never said it before out loud. I've never said it to a soul. I felt I owed him a lot—not feelin' toward him like a wife. But somethings I always wanted to say it out loud. Hundreds of times I wanted to say out loud to folks: 'He ain't no kin of mine; he's a stranger to me!' We've been married thirty years but he's a stranger to me, 's what I wanted to say. I've been waitin' to tell everybody ever since I found out. I've been waitin' to tell him—"

"Why haven't you?" Mary Davis asked.

"Because I've been afraid of him," she answered somberly. "I've been a coward but I've been less afraid of him since I had a fight with him the other day. He never knew it—he never knew that I had a fight, for I didn't speak out loud. He said to me, 'How much room your garden takes! It costs us a pretty penny. I guess I'll grow vegetables next year.' I stood there feelin' just like I did when I first knew I was marryin' a stranger; the same frozen feelin' like I had a lump of ice in me instead of a heart. I couldn't believe his word. Then I quarreled with him.

"Who's goin' to take care of your vegetables?" I thought inside myself. 'I won't plant 'em, and if you plant 'em I'll tear 'em up!' But I didn't say nothin'. I didn't speak a word. And he bein' a stranger as he is, he never noticed. He kep' right on talkin' about how much money we'd make out o' vegetables, but by and by my heart began to melt inside me. I knew I wasn't afraid no more. I felt like I got to show him how I wasn't afraid. You know Dicky Souza, the little boy with the red head. I leaned over my fence and I called right out to him:

"Dicky, you want a flower? Come over and see Mis' Bent, and Dicky, he came runnin', keepin' a weather-eye out for Ed—for Ed can't stand children, they make him nervous."

She paused. In all this recital she never lifted her voice. She had the tense quiet of violence, the vibrating revolt of a peaceful woman whose peace has been deeply disturbed. Her tranquillity was as disturbing as the pause before a storm.

"Did you know he was a stranger before you married him?" Mary Davis threw into the silence.

"I knew it the night before I was married. You know how girls are—in love with love. Ed was a good-lookin' fellow, and smart. What did I know about him? What do young people know about life and love? They want the sweets of life—sweet things, sweet cakes, sweet girls, sweet kisses. That was all I knew up to the night of my weddin'. I was sittin' on the porch and the smell of syringas came up sweet. It was a sort of a silver night and I felt as if I was swimmin' out into it. I was dreamin' those kind of dreams girls dream—they had children's voices in 'em and flowers. And while I seemed part of the night, I was listenin'. I was listenin' to hear if I wouldn't hear his footsteps pass the house. I'd hear people ever so far in the stillness. Old man Bickers came down, I could tell his lame walk as far as I could hear it; then a girl and a man walkin' slow under the elms—sweethearts. Then, I heard him; there was someone with him, and the other fellow was jokin' him—the kind of joke that men make when a fellow is goin' to be married. I couldn't hear the words. I could just hear the way they laughed, and my cheeks grew hot. It was somethin' about children.

"Children!" I heard Ed's voice snap out. "You said 'children.' I don't want none. I'm gettin' married. I ain't goin' to have none botherin' around me and turnin' out. God knows how, spendin' my money." "My heart turned right to ice just like it did today. I thought, 'Why, I'm marryin' a stranger. Who's this man I'm marryin'?' I thought. I didn't know him. He was a stranger and I knew he'd always be a stranger. In spite of his laugh I knew he meant what he said—you can say that for

Ed, he's consistent. He was young and bonny, but I'd looked behind all that an' seen him. I'd just done, before I was married, what hundreds of men and women do afterward—I'd seen clear beyond.

"I didn't sleep all night. By mornin' I knew one thing more and that was—I wouldn't never want a child by that strange man."

Mary Davis started to speak.

"I know what you're goin' to ask. 'Why didn't you get out of it?' Why don't you get off the train if it's goin' where you don't want to go? Why don't folks commit suicide? I hadn't the courage. I told my mother. What she said only made it worse. 'All girls feel panicky the day they're gettin' married.' And then when I cried so, she said, 'Why, how you take on. It ain't like you. What's Ed been sayin' to you?' How could I tell her? I knew right then that she would think it was awful for me to be thinkin' about children at all; and still worse, that I didn't want 'em—not his children, not the children of a stranger.

"And yet, why didn't I go? Sometimes lookin' back I don't understand myself why I didn't run. But you don't run when the place you lived in is burnt down, or when a flood has swept your garden away. You just stay there starin' at where it used to be. I was like that—I was dazed.

"My aunt came to my room. I can think just how she looked. I can remember everythin' that happened that night and my weddin'-day more clear than anything since—like in a way life had stopped right then. My aunt was a handsome, high-busted woman, and she looked down on skinny girls. She fancied women who favored her. She was dressed for the weddin', her plump arms was in wine-colored sleeves as tight as skin. She had on the biggest bustle that I ever saw. Even on my weddin'-day I admired that bustle.

"What ails you, Lila?" she said. "What's this your mother tells me?" And I knew, even if her sleeves were skin-tight, she understood more than my mother did.

"I'm marryin' a stranger," said I.

"We all marry strangers," said she. "All men are strangers to all women. Lila," she said, "if really you don't want to be married, stop now—but don't you get married and come back to your folks!" There's never been any woman in our family who came back to her folks!" She said that and she closed the door.

"Well, the hours went on. I couldn't stop 'em any more than I could stop the weddin'. I was a coward. I was afraid of them; I was afraid of him. I'd always been a biddable girl. My thoughts ran round like a squirrel inside a cage. But by the time I was dressin', my thoughts came clear and straight. I suppose no girl dressin' for her weddin' ever had funnier thoughts than me! I'd be no worse off, I figured, than many a woman who hasn't married. Not all women had children. I made my bargain with him just as if I'd talked to him. I knew what his answer would 'a' been if he'd known—and yet, I always felt because I hadn't talked to him I owed him lots.

"I'll keep house for you," I thought. "I'll marry you though you are a stranger and you'll always be a stranger." I've done it all these years—and he never noticed.

She paused again. "It's not been a bad life, but it's been a lonely one. It's always a lonely life for a woman that has the voices of children whisperin' at her, and the want of children tuggin' at her heart. It's got to end now! He's got to know what I think. He's got to know that he's got no right to tear my life up."

THE next day was Sunday and Lila came down before church time. She wore a sunbonnet and carried a basket in her hand. Ed Bent stared at her.

"Ain't you goin' to church, Lila?"

"No," she said in the unassertive tone in which she always spoke to him, "I'm goin' out beach-plummin'. I'm goin' to take a day off. I'm not comin' back for dinner."

"You're not *what*?" he cried. "Have you took leave of your senses, Lila?"

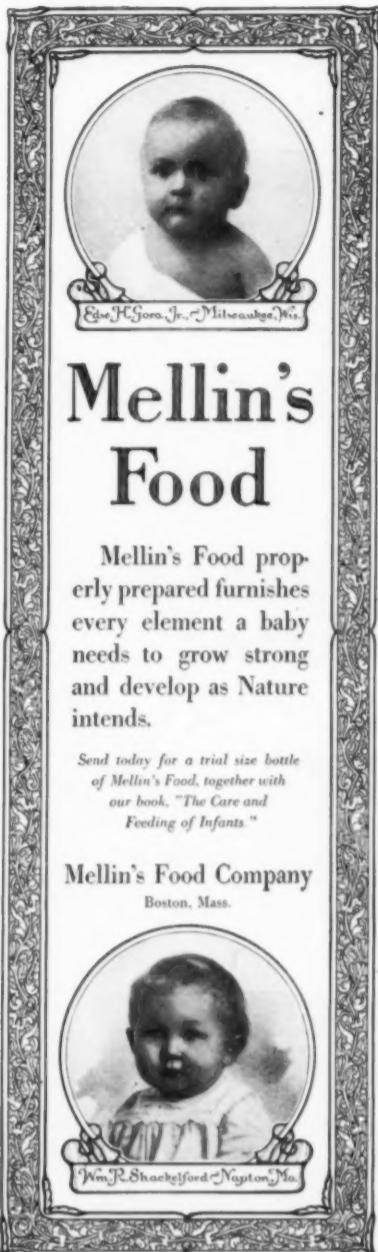
"I haven't taken a day off I don't remember when. I never had a Sunday off since I been married," she said in her tone of invincible mildness.

"Who's goin' to get my dinner?" he cried.

"I baked pies yesterday and there's meat in the ice-box."

She walked with the gait of a young girl, swinging down the dusty street bound for the limitless freedom of the dunes.

[Continued on page 41]



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The Pink Fence

[Continued from page 40]

Mary Davis, coming into the kitchen, heard Ed Bent mumble to himself.

"Lila's gone off," he exploded. Then, hesitatingly, "You noticed anythin' queer about her lately? She ain't touched, is she?" He was angry and baffled. "A man's got a right to a hot Sunday-dinner," he protested. "I'd like to know what ails her."

He had no chance to find out. The *Constellation*, the vessel on which he fished, sailed in the morning for George's Banks.

Next day, when Mary Davis came out, Lila was at work, painting the fence. She had a bucket of whitewash stained with a light saffron pink.

"Ain't that a pretty color?" she asked. "Just flushed, like some of these flowers. I always wanted a pink fence. Oh," she cried, "there have been so many things I always wanted." Suddenly, "I'm goin' to do it!"

"Do what?" asked Mary.

"Bargin with him!" she cried. "I was only workin' to keep my garden. Now I'm goin' to bargain with him for Dicky. I won't stay without Dicky—he's an orphan, you know."

She was no longer fighting for the right to exist or for a little shiv'ing foothold on the happiness of life, but to fill up the unsatisfied and empty spaces in her heart. It was a sudden and late and reckless flowering into the daring of happiness. If she couldn't have Dicky, she was ready to pay her price by doing violence to pride and tradition by "goin' back to her folks."

Later the fog closed in and passed its simplifying hand over all the world. Trees loomed up ghostly, and what one could see of the town had a shimmering loveliness. As Mary Davis came up the hill, the flowers glowed at her like a sort of witchfire. Lila's toiling figure seemed, through the fog, to have some symbolic significance; and the tender pink of the fence unrolled before Mary's eyes like a flag of freedom.

All next day the fog continued. The long booming horn from Painter's Rip answered the slow tolling bell of Land-End's Light. Outside, the vessels hooted and belled at one another like marine monsters. The world was shrunken; mystery enshrouded it.

With a feeling of unwarranted suspense, Mary sat with Lila. When a knock came on the door, both women jumped. Two women and a man were there. Lila ushered them into the forbidding chill of the living-room. They stood a moment with the awkwardness of those who have bad tidings. Finally, one woman blurted out:

"You ain't heard yet? The *Constellation*'s been run down in the fog!"

"Don't take on, Mis' Bent," the man said gently. "Tisn't as if you was like some of the women, with a lot of children and maybe your husband's life not insured."

"Yes, poor things. They've got something to cry for, some of the women in this crew. You can thank God you're well fixed, Lila."

When they had gone, Lila turned to Mary Davis and there delivered her judgment on Ed Bent's life. "Now I can have Dicky to live with me without fightin' for him."

She busied herself in fixing black clothes. "I wouldn't in any way shame him," she explained. "Ed was a good man in his way." She listened with reticence to the women who came to comfort her.

"It'll be lonely for you, but now you can fix the house over to suit yourself, Lila. You remember the time you said how you hankered to make the inside match the garden with some bright chintzes and a new bay-window cut, and a porch with ramblers climbin' over it?"

So they prattled, unabashed, until Mary Davis had the uneasy sense that if destiny should have taken their husbands away from them, they all knew exactly what small compensations they would have had.

Happy thoughts went streaming through Lila Bent's head as she sat stitching her black clothes—thoughts of children and flowers, and a bright cheerful house—but she said nothing of them, even to Mary, not wishing to shame the name of Ed Bent who had nothing wrong with him except himself.

Three days passed when more news came from the *Constellation*. She had been hit squarely in the fog by a big freighter, and she had gone down with all hands.

At dusk, on the fourth day, Mary Davis walked down the street with Lila Bent in her black clothes. Beside her ran Dicky, with his marigold hair. An atmosphere of still content shone about Lila. From now on Dicky was to be her boy. She saw the little house blossoming like the garden,



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[Continued on page 45]

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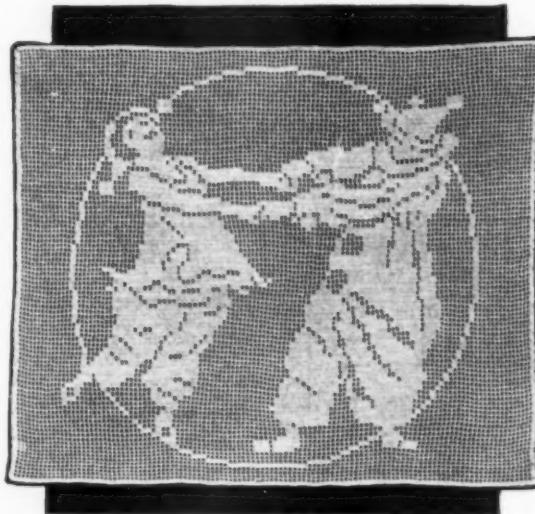
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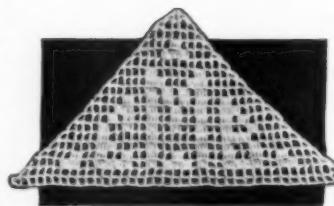
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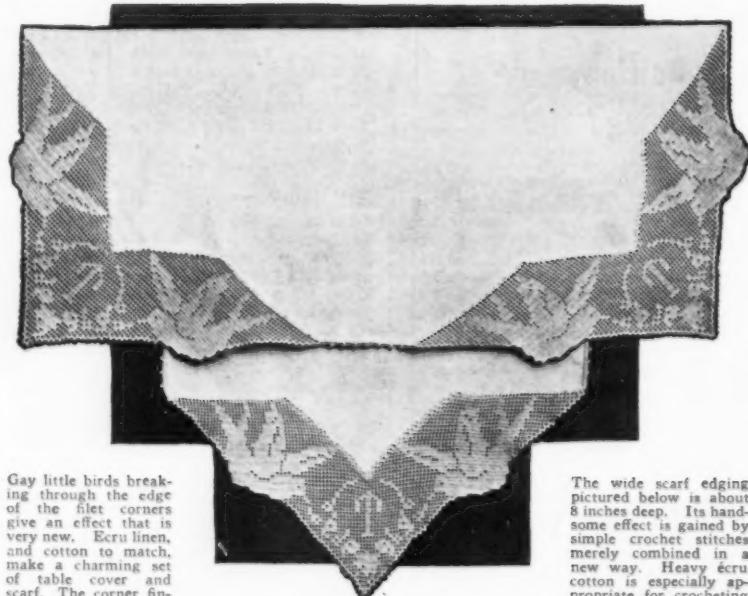
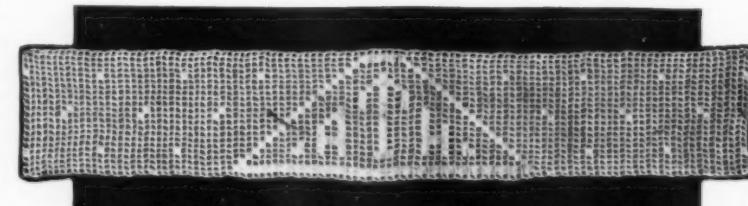
By Elisabeth May Blondel



The spirit of gaiety and life is caught to a delightful degree in this design of the dancing Pierrot and Pierrette. The piece measures about 15 x 18 inches, crocheted with No. 70 cotton. In écru or white, it makes a most interesting pillow top, chair back or tray cloth. When used as a chair back, tassels may be added for a finish.

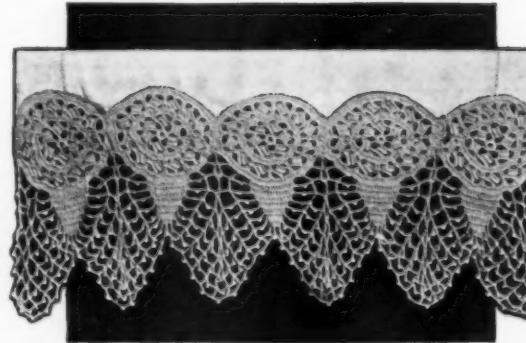


Your monogram in filet crochet will give a smart appearance to your towels, pillow cases and scarfs. The center initial is about 2 inches high. The triangle is about 3 x 5 inches, using No. 60 crochet cotton. Any 3-letter monogram in this style, also single initials, can be made from the block alphabet pattern. (See Editor's Note below.)



Gay little birds breaking through the edge of the filet corners give an effect that is very new. Ecru linen, and cotton to match, make a charming set of table cover and scarf. The corner finishes a scarf about 18 inches wide.

The wide scarf edging pictured below is about 8 inches deep. Its handsome effect is gained by simple crochet stitches merely combined in a new way. Heavy écru cotton is especially appropriate for crocheting this design. See Editor's Note below.



Editor's Note—Directions and block patterns for crocheting the Pierrot design, the bird corners and the scarf edging are printed on one leaflet, No. FW. 133. Price, 15 cents. Directions and block pattern for the monogram alphabets are printed on one leaflet, No. FW. 134. Price 15 cents. To obtain these, send money or stamps, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Address The McCall Company, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

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It's easy to keep everything about the house clean, bright and new looking when you know the many, many uses for 3-in-One. Every woman should read carefully the Dictionary of Uses wrapped around every bottle and sample of

3-in-One
The Universal Household Oil

Learn to make economical Polish Mops and Dustless Dust Cloths with this wonderful oil compound. Learn how 3-in-One cleans and polishes all furniture and woodwork; how it makes windows, mirrors and cut glass sparkle; how it keeps gas ranges and all metal things bright and rust free; how it lubricates perfectly every light mechanism, such as sewing machine, washing machine, vacuum cleaner, Victrola, fans, clocks, locks, tools. Today, buy a bottle of 3-in-One. Read the Dictionary of Uses. Join the housewives army of 3-in-One enthusiasts.

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FREE Liberal sample and Dictionary of Uses. A postal brings both.

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Price's Vanilla means delicious desserts. It is the "just-right" flavoring in strength. Insist on Price's at your grocers.

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What a Plumber taught this Housekeeper

WHEN my kitchen sink became stopped up and I called the plumber, he said, "If you want to save Plumbers' bills why don't you use Gold Dust? Gold Dust in hot water dissolves grease and flushes away all waste matter from the drainpipes. Gold Dust has no hard undissolvable particles which would stop up the drainpipes and make a breeding place for bacteria." Until I used Gold Dust I did not know how easily I could keep my sink sweet and sanitary. Don't you, too, want to follow this Plumber's advice?

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6136 6th St.
Detroit, Mich.

Ask about
Ro-San Indoor
Closets and Wash
stands. No
Plumbing Required.

30-DAYS TRIAL



The Pink Fence

[Continued from page 41]

lighted with the sunlight of Dicky's presence and the bright color of his shining hair.

Suddenly Lila stood as if rooted.

"Look!" she said, grasping Dicky's hand. Coming toward them was Ed Bent and his dory-mate, Uncle Joe Silva.

They both walked like men desperately tired. Ed came up to Lila crossly. "What ails you?" he said. "What ails you, gappin' at me like that? What you dressed in black for? Who's died?"

"Why, haven't you heard?" she said.

"How'd I hear anythin', me rowin' in from George's Banks? Went off and left me, the *Constellation*. Went off in the fog and left me adrift. I won't ship with her no more, nor will Uncle Joe."

A woman passing by gave a loud scream and ran into the house.

"Well, of all things!"

"She thinks you're a ghost," said Lila gently. "The *Constellation* went down that night with all hands, that's why you couldn't find her when the fog lifted."

At that the two men stared at each other, and then Ed Bent rent the quiet with a shrill cackle of laughter. It was like a knife ripping through sail-cloth.

"O-ho," he laughed. "And we've been cussin' our luck, eh, Uncle Joe? And look at my woman here in mournin' for me."

Gradually a small crowd gathered around Ed Bent and Uncle Joe Silva. They were the heroes of the hour. The evening light struck the creamy pink of the fence. It showed out deeper than in the day.

"What's all this?" cried Ed Bent. "What's this fence of ours doin', painted up like a circus?"

A flush mounted to Lila's face. "That's the first thing I ever done of my own will in all these thirty years."

Anger flamed up in him and then died down again. "I don't know what ails you lately," he appealed as though to the universe. "You've always been a good wife."

"Good wife!" she cried in a still fury. "I've never been a good wife. I've treated you as I would a stranger, you and your things, and you treated me like your housekeeper. You wouldn't let me keep a dog; and the children that loved me you chased out of the house. You stood between me and life, Ed Bent. You stood between me and little children to love. And then when I made my own life, you talked about rootin' it up—but you can't root it up—not even now you've come back!"

The little crowd drew away as though retreating before the still, intense flame of her anger, and left Ed Bent isolated.

"Until I thought you wasn't comin' back any more, I didn't know how sweet life could be. But I know now and I'm goin'. I'm a-goin', and I'll take Dicky with me, and that's all I'll take from out your house."

"If it's the flowers, Lila, don't worry—"

She cut him short by a slight, imperious gesture.

"But what am I goin' to do?" he cried. He stood there, a little bankrupt man, lost in his anger and confusion, gaping after her as she swept by him, Dicky's hand still in hers, on her way back to her folks.

Husbands

[Continued from page 13]

unless they have guessed. I tried to throw them off the scent. I did all I could." And Barney shot a worried look toward Mrs. Rumsay's entronement.

"Then you know who wrote it?" Miss Towle exclaimed.

He started. "Don't you? I thought that paper—"

She handed him the statement of sales, made out to the author of *Husbands*. "So it's the Rumsay," she said.

Barney was distressed. "Miss Towle, I'm in honor bound," he pleaded. "I know there's no use trying to put you off with lies—you're too keen. But if you would not give it away—why, I made the solemnest kind of a promise."

Miss Towle yielded. "But if I can get her to own up, I shall," she declared. "It would send these men back where they belong pretty quick, Barney Redmond!"

"Oh, come off, Miss Towle! You know where I stand," he muttered. "But I thought that book might teach me something about the husband-game. I don't want to be any woman's Oscar!"

He was a nice fellow, after all. "Well, you learn off Cassandra," she advised, rising to find out what ailed Emmy Pattison, who was making covert signals.

[Continued on page 44]



— with mind at ease"

Free play of arms and unrestrained action are permitted the user of Delatone. Unreserved and simple grace is desired by sensible persons. Use Delatone and you can follow the present fashions at the seashore, in the ballroom, at dinners, parties—anywhere. It encourages untrammeled movement, unaffected elegance and guileless grace. That is why—

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FACE POWDER

WHEN Milady ventures forth a-visiting or shopping, or on business bent, Freeman's Face Powder goes with her.

Ready at hand to soothe and protect the tender skin from torturing winds and enhance the charm of a lovely complexion. An unrivaled favorite for forty years with supremacy ever maintained by unchanging excellence.

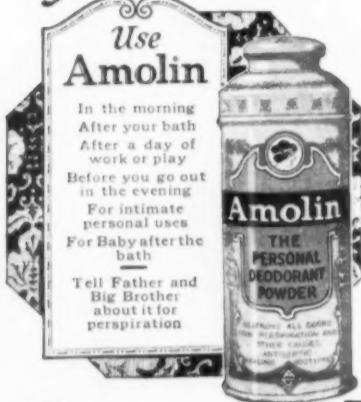
Clings closely to the skin—won't rub off. Contains nothing injurious to the most delicate complexion. All tints 50 cts. (double the quantity of old 25c size) plus 2 cts. war tax. Miniature box by mail 4 cts. plus 1 cts. war tax.

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FACE POWDER
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Perfume Co.
CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

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Completely
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Indispensable to the particular woman



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Amolin destroys odors absolutely, but it does not interfere with the healthful breathing of the skin by closing pores and stopping perspiration. Amolin is beneficial to the skin; it heals and prevents chafing; it does not injure gowns.

Send 4c in stamps for a purse-size can, with booklet of many uses. Larger sizes 30c and 60c at drug and department stores.

THE AMOLIN COMPANY, LODI, N. J.

Let Me Quote You a Special Price
On My **Rapid** Fireless Cooker



Cook every meal on it. If you are not satisfied and delighted, I will refund every cent. Get my Special Low Factory Price direct to you. Cooker is aluminum lined throughout. Full set of famous "Wear Ever" aluminum cooking utensils come with it. Ask for free book of valuable recipes.

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Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh —Youthful Looking

To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain

Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, crow's feet, eye bags, etc. Because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, simple directions—see just what one application will do.

At drug and department stores.

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Alabastine beautifies your walls—modernizes your home, and conduces to the health of your family. Alabastine is durable, sanitary, economical; for interior surfaces, plaster, or wallboard—in full five-pound packages, directions on package; mixes with cold water. All Alabastine packages have cross and circle printed in red.

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Louise Forsyth

NESTLE'S MILK

FOOD

Atlanta, Ga.
My wife and I met a friend who was very interested in our baby that he wanted to know what we had raised her on. I told him Nestle's Food and he was so impressed with her physical condition, weighing 21 pounds at 18 months, that he suggested I communicate with you, as you would be interested to learn of our success with Nestle's Food. This is her second summer and she is getting along very nicely. Sincerely,
J. F. FORSYTH, Jr.
Transportation Building.

This is a typical Nestle's case. Nestle's has stood the test of three generations. And today more babies are fed on Nestle's than on any other baby food in the world.

Address Dept. 19
Nestle's Food Company
New York

FREE TO MOTHERS
A trial package—enough for 12 feedings—and a valuable book for mothers.

Husbands

[Continued from page 43]

Mrs. Pattison drew her into a deserted writing-room. "Oh, Miss Towle, did you tell?" she asked distressfully. "About seeing me in the car?"

Miss Towle thanked heaven for a clear conscience on one point. "Not a soul."

"Something is dreadfully wrong." Mrs. Pattison always wrung her hands. "Claude is always saying that he would buy a car if I could learn to run it. I thought if I learned in private—"

"Oh, that isn't what ails him." Miss Towle interrupted.

Out in the big hall, Mrs. Rumsay sat with the husbands basking in her mysterious smile. Half a dozen abandoned wives knitted and embroidered and made a gallant show of enjoying one another. When Mrs. Pattison beckoned excitedly from the door of the writing-room, they jumped up as one woman. Mrs. Pattison's communication brought a stifled gale of laughter, a mighty relief.

"Here in the Inn!" they cried.

Then a chilly pause fell and the laughter was shocked silent. It was one thing to have one's husband whacked anonymously, but quite another to have him whacked by a personal acquaintance.

Mrs. Van Dusen addressed the group as a whole, looking at no one. "Don't you think it would be awfully decent if the author would say she wrote it and let the rest of us out?" she urged.

"Any good sport would tell rather than make trouble." Mrs. Carey backed her up.

Cassandra Lincoln, pausing in the doorway, had heard the last remark. She came in with a lazy smile. "Oh, Miss Towle, why don't you own up? Everybody knows you wrote the book," she said.

Miss Towle exploded, and outwardly they accepted her denial, but in their eyes was born a cold, boring suspicion. Cassandra went on laughing to herself and the others followed, each to collect her own husband and draw him apart for a private word. Mrs. Rumsay was deserted, and Barnard Redmond seized his chance.

"It's out—all over the Inn," he told her abruptly. "Not through me."

Her upward look was only surprised. "What is out, kind Mr. Barney?"

"That the author of *Husbands* is here. They don't know it's you yet. Oh, I'm sorry," he broke off, for Mrs. Rumsay had turned sickly white.

And then, while he tried to offer comfort, she turned from him, making for the desk as fast as her twenty-seven-inch skirt would allow. "When does the next train leave?" she panted.

"Why, Mrs. Rumsay, not till three forty-seven. Is there anything I can—" "

All the elegance seemed to fall away from her fine-lady trappings as the natural woman glared out. "My Lord—don't that beat the Dutch!" she muttered. Then she tottered off to her room.

Miss Towle was in a fine wrath. Cassandra Lincoln would have caught it if she had not discreetly vanished. Ladies who had felt a vague sex resentment of Miss Towle's strictly comfortable clothes, or her candid speech, now saw her autograph on every line of the book.

"Of course she denies it," they told their rescued lords, and these gave Miss Towle short answers or averted shoulders. When, after luncheon, auction-tables sprang up about the fire, Miss Towle, their leading authority on the game, was pointedly left out. They actually filled in with Mrs. Lincoln! Miss Towle rose and made for Mrs. Rumsay's room.

"That woman is going to own up or I will know the reason why," she announced.

She had knocked three times and was prepared to try a fourth, when the door was flung back. Mrs. Rumsay stood defiant, disheveled, glaring out of tearful eyes.

"Oh, I know what you've come about!" she snapped.

Miss Towle stepped in and closed the door. "You're leaving?" she demanded.

Mrs. Rumsay suddenly began to sob. "Rotten failure!" she said over and over. "Rotten failure!"

Miss Towle started.

"I'd sat there till I was fit to blow up," Mrs. Rumsay rushed on. "And knowing all the time how Charley'd laugh. I didn't out and out say I wrote the book, anyhow. But I let that fellow think I did. Who did write it?" she interrupted fiercely. "You?"

"No!" said Miss Towle.

Mrs. Rumsay went back to her troubles with a fresh sob. "Charley is good as gold, but he's no swell, and I've always felt that I had that in me. Miss Towle. And then Charley made his big deal, and he said to

[Continued on page 53]

For tender, aching feet —to keep them always cool and fresh

Use this simple home treatment from the formulas of the internationally-known foot specialist, Dr. Wm. M. Scholl of Chicago. You'll be delighted with the results.

In the evening cleanse the feet with Dr. Scholl's Pedic Foot Soap. Being in granulated form, it clears the tiny pores of all impurities, removes dead skin tissues and stimulates circulation. Removes odors of foot perspiration. Dry thoroughly, then rub on Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm. It penetrates to the tired muscles themselves, refreshes them, tones them up. Relieves aching feet, tender or calloused spots.

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Write to The Scholl Mfg. Co., 607 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill., for free copy of Dr. Scholl's valuable booklet, "The Feet and Their Care," and free samples of the home treatment.

Dr Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances

El-Rado Sanitary Liquid Hair Remover

How To Remove Hair By Washing It Off

Saturate thoroughly a piece of absorbent cotton with El-Rado. Keep on applying to the undesired hair until it is seen to become lifeless. This takes but a few minutes, then the hair can be removed. After shaking on a little talcum the skin will show up clear, smooth and dainty, accompanied by a delightful sensation of comfort and cleanliness.

El-Rado is guaranteed harmless no matter where applied—face, arms or limbs. It is sold at drug stores and toilet counters in 60c and \$1.00 sizes, with a money-back guarantee.

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Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

Liquid Silmerine

is applied at night with a clean tooth brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At Drug and Department Stores.

When answering advertisements kindly mention McCall's MAGAZINE

Fashions

The Parisienne Prepares for a Delightful Summer with Fanciful Designs and Sheer Materials

Mon cher Editeur:—

SUMMER, the season of audacious frivolities, finds Paris quite prepared to meet its most exacting demands. The smart set of course are migrating to Deauville, their trunks well filled with the airy necessities for warm sunny days. The cool, dainty crispness of organdie and the smart lustrous quality of taffeta make these materials the cardinal choice of the ultra-smart Parisienne. Other light materials such as foulard, printed georgette crépe and pastel shades of voile are also shown in an endless variety of styles and combination.

The most striking material contrast of the season is that of organdie and taffeta. A particularly charming model was shown of a sleeveless coat of blue taffeta worn over a sheer frock of white organdie which was embroidered in blue of the same shade as the coat. A sash of taffeta was slipped ingeniously through the coat, and a huge bow tied at the hip. Many other combinations of these two reigning fabrics are seen; sometimes the organdie takes the place of honor, and the taffeta is merely used as an under dress. So new is this combination that without doubt it will remain the recognized "sensation" for the entire season.

As for silhouette, there is no definite one. The soft materials follow the slender lines, and taffeta and organdie are given to bouffant effects. Both styles are equally smart, and it remains for the woman of good taste to discern which is the more becoming to her. The length of skirts remains about the same, but designers just had to do something unusual with them, so they invented a score of interesting ways to finish them. A picot edge sometimes marks the finish, and oftentimes an illusive scalloped edge takes the place of the hem. So you see, Monsieur, the Parisienne takes care to finish artfully what she has artfully begun.

Je vous prie, cher ami, de recevoir l'expression de mes meilleures souhaits,

Clementine D.



Dress 9565
For 34-46 bust

No. 9565, LADIES' DRESS; with three-piece tunic; two-piece skirt attached to lining. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch plain marquise, 1 1/4 yards of 30-inch flouncing. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/8 yards. Plain and figured marquise is an excellent combination for this very smart design which features the three-piece tunic and pleated vest.



Dress 9561
For 34-46 bust

No. 9561, LADIES' DRESS; to be slipped on over the head; with chemisette; two-piece gathered skirt, straight lower edge. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3 1/8 yards of 40-inch material, and 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting for the chemisette, cuffs, belt and bands. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/8 yards.



No. 9570, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; with vest; two-piece skirt, with apron tunic. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 4 yards of 40-inch material, 3/8 yard 18-inch for vest, and 5/8 yard of 40-inch contrasting for the collar and girdle. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards.

No. 9562, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; with tie-on basque; two-piece skirt with draped apron tunic. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 requires 4 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/8 yards. The front of the waist is attractively embroidered, Design No. 1044.



No. 9575, LADIES' DRESS; with vest; with loose panels; two-piece skirt. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3 1/8 yards of 40-inch material, 5/8 yard 40-inch for sash and bands and 3/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/8 yards. A smart afternoon frock for summer which features the low waistline, a particularly favored feature from Paris.

Dress 9570
For 16-20 years

Dress 9562
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 1044

Dress 9575
For 34-46 bust



Dress 9567
For 34-46 bust



Dress 9548
For 34-46 bust

No. 9548, LADIES' DRESS; with surplice sash and side drapery. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3 1/8 yards of 36-inch figured material, 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch plain, and 1 yard of 40-inch satin for the surplice sash. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/8 yards. The surplice closing and unusual cascade effect at the sides of the skirt are two features which are worthy of note.

Smart Frocks, Separate Skirts and Blouses, and a Sports Dolman of Particular Interest



Blouse 9546
For 34-44 bust
Skirt 9582
For 24-36 waist

COSTUME NOS. 9546-9582.—36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting.
No. 9546, LADIES' OVERSKIRT BLOUSE. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting.
No. 9582, LADIES' SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9563, LADIES' AND MISSES' SPORTS DOLMAN. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material. Soutache braid is used as trimming, Design No. 983.

Sports Dolman 9563
For small, medium, large
Embroidery Design No. 983



Dress 9572
For 34-46 bust



Dress 9572
For 34-46 bust

No. 9572, LADIES' DRESS; with chemisette. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material for the frock and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting for the vest and cuffs. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9559, LADIES' ONE-PIECE HOUSE DRESS. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.



House Dress
9559
For 34-48 bust

No. 9544, LADIES' WAIST; convertible collar. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 9564, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards.



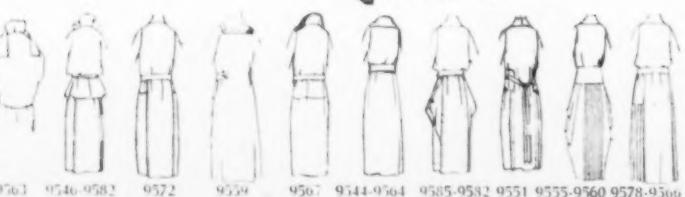
Waist 9555
For 34-46 bust
Draped Skirt 9560
For 24-34 waist

Dress 9551
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 983



No. 9551, LADIES' DRESS; with vest. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 18-inch contrasting for vest. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards. This charming frock is trimmed with soutache braid. Design No. 858.

Waist 9585
For 34-46 bust
Skirt 9582
For 24-36 waist



No. 9585, LADIES' SURPLICE WAIST. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 9582, LADIES' SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The unusual side attachments developed in contrasting material give an individual note.

No. 9578, LADIES' WAIST. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 9566, LADIES' PLEATED SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 3 yards. The front panel and side sections are in one, the sides being pleated and attached to a deep yoke.

Exceedingly Smart Modes Which Emphasize Individual Charm



No. 9550, LADIES' DRESS; with vest. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material for the frock and 1½ yards of 36-inch lace for panels and vest. Width, 1½ yards.

Dress 9574
For 34-46 bust

No. 9574, LADIES' DRESS; opening on shoulder and at side-front. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch figured material and 2 yards of 36-inch satin. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.



Dress 9572
For 34-46 bust

No. 9572, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch figured, ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs, and ½ yard of 27-inch tucked material for vest. Width, 1½ yards.



Camisole
Skirt 9581
For 34-46 bust

No. 9581, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material for skirt, and ½ yard of 36-inch for camisole. Width, 2½ yards.

Dress 9575
For 34-46 bust

No. 9575, LADIES' DRESS; with vest. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch figured georgette, and ½ yard of 18-inch contrasting for the vest. Width, 1½ yards.



Dress 9565
For 34-46 bust

No. 9565, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material, and ½ yard of 27-inch contrasting. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

No. 9573, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires, View A, 2½ yards of 54-inch material, and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting for vest and collar; View B requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material, 1½ yards of 40-inch satin for overdress, and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the vest and collar. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

Dress 9561
For 34-46 bust

No. 9561, LADIES' DRESS; to be slipped on over the head. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material, and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width around the lower edge is 2½ yards.



Dress 9573
For 34-46 bust
View A

Dress 9573
For 34-46 bust
View B

Dress 9548
For 34-46 bust

No. 9548, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch figured georgette. The fancy collar and vest may be applied as illustrated. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

The Final Touch

Have a complexion that stands the most critical gaze. Win the admiration that only the bloom of youth can win, by using

Carmen Complexion Powder

It imparts to the most lovely natural complexion an added subtle charm and gives even rough skins a velvety smoothness that challenges close inspection.

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The Final Touch



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Crepe de Chine L'ORIGINAL

cannot be bought for less than \$20.

This remarkable bargain is possible only because we sell direct to you from the mill.

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Dainty Materials Add to the Charm of These Smart Parisian Adaptations

No. 9404, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 4 yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 36-inch for the collar. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9303, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.



Dress 9404
For 16-20 years



Dress 9303
For 16-20 years



Dress 9186
For 16-20 years

No. 9438, MISSES' DRESS; two-piece skirt section attached to waist at hipline. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. A new Egyptian motif trims this frock, Design No. 1039.

Dress 9438
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 1039



Envelope Chemise 9579
For small, medium, large

No. 9186, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for the dress and 2 yards of 15-inch lace. Width, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards

Dress 9186
For 16-20 years



Dress 9410
For 16-20 years

Dress 9570
For 16-20 years



No. 9570, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt, with apron tunic. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 4 yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 10-inch contrasting for vest. Width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

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Petticoat 9577
Embroidery Design No. 739

Envelope Chemise 9579
For small, medium, large
Embroidery Design No. 317

No. 9584, GIRL'S SACK NIGHTGOWN. Designed for 1 to 12 years. 8 years requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Scalloping and a double row of dots trim the sleeves and neck, Design No. 369.

No. 9545, GIRL'S DRESS; to be slipped on over the head. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material. The loose straps at the front and back give the effect of box-pleats.

No. 9553, GIRL'S SIDE-TIED BLOUSE DRESS; kimono sleeves; two-piece skirt attached to underbody. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires 2 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 9576, GIRL'S DRESS; with collar. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material and $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and cuffs. This little frock is developed in dotted swiss with collar and cuffs of dainty organdie.

Nightgown 9584
For 1-12 years
Embroidery Design No. 369



Dress 9545
For 6-14 years



Dress
9558
For 6-14 years
Embroidery Design No. 355

No. 9558, GIRL'S BLOUSED DRESS; with vest; two-piece skirt and waist attached to lining. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. The vest and skirt are embroidered, Design No. 355.

Blouse Dress 9553
For 6-14 years

Dress 9576
For 6-14 years



The sharp bevelled point passes through cloth easily.

The double head allows point to fasten from either side—but it cannot slip through.

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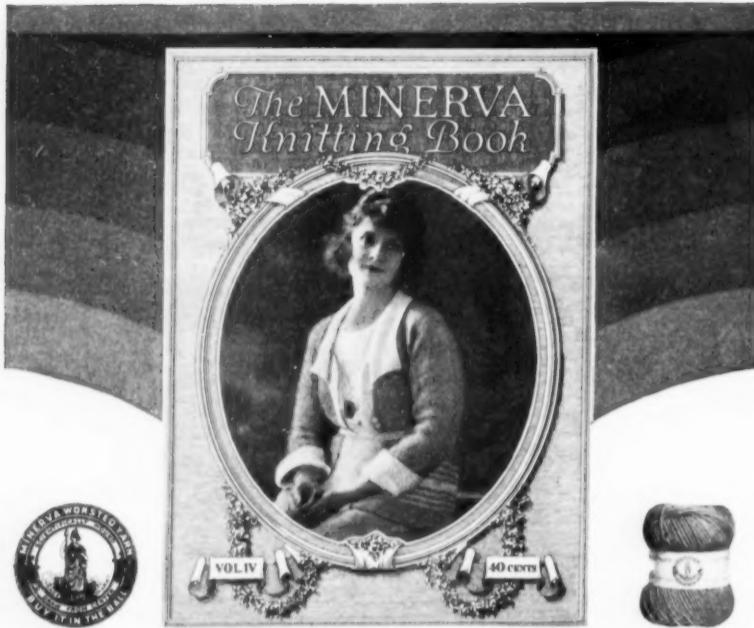
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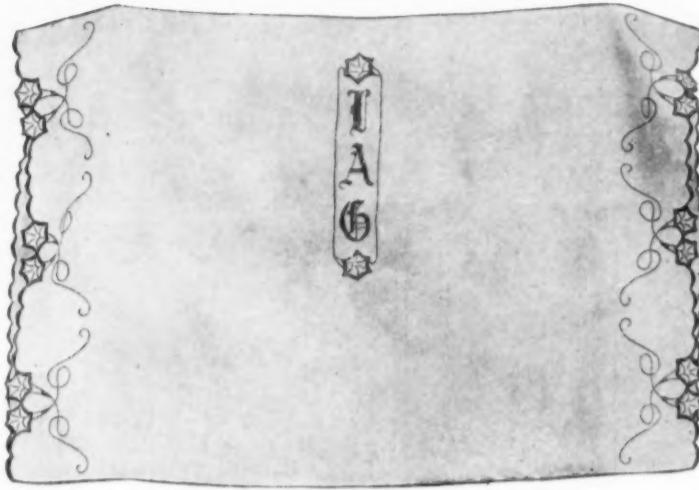
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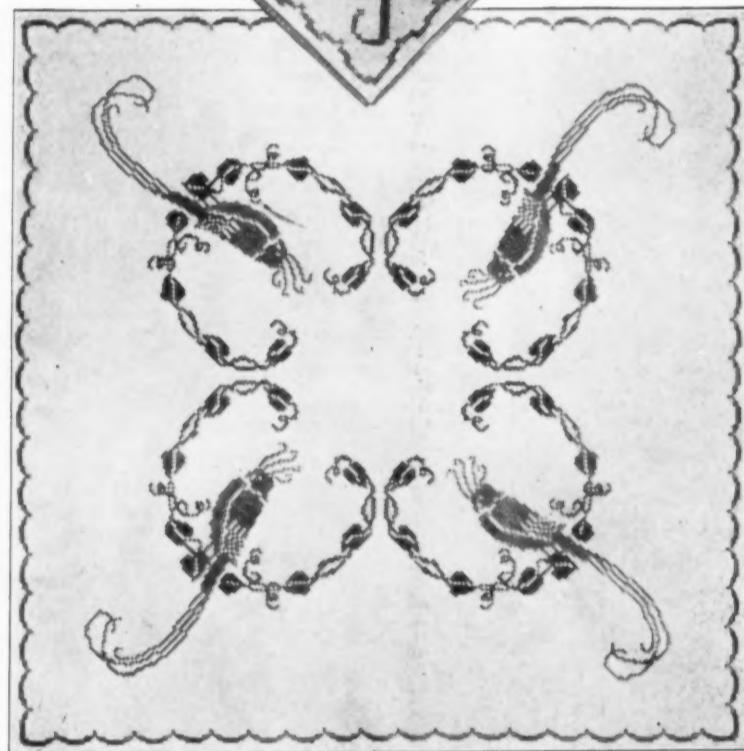
By Elisabeth May Blondel



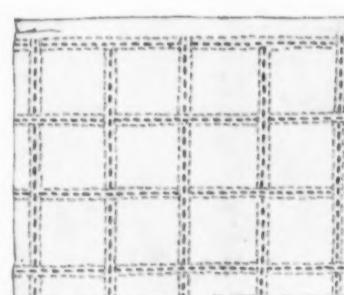
1040—Embroidery Design for Pillow Cases. Originality and a delightful daintiness make this pillow case especially desirable. Delft-blue cotton is used for the embroidery in buttonhole- and outline-stitch. The quaint frame topped by a morning-glory holds initials No. 394.



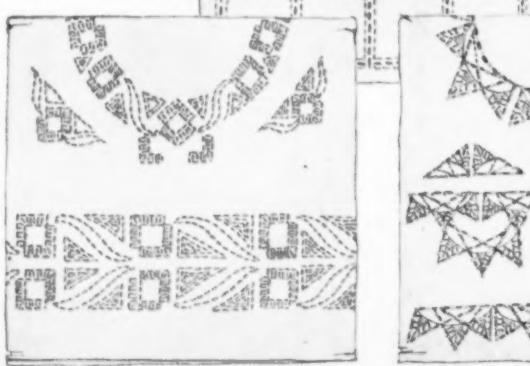
1041—Cross-Stitch Design for Table Cover. This is delightfully gay in effect with foliage dark green, and birds and border dark blue, with a touch of orange brightening the birds' feathers. It is designed in 4 sections with 6½ yards of the dainty scallop-shaped border and 4 corners.



1042—Cross-Stitch Design for Small Birds and Border. Embroidered in colors to match the table cover, these diminutive napkins are altogether irresistible.



1044—Embroidery Design for Trimming. Long beads and silk floss in darning-stitch give this an interesting effect. It is designed for a round neck, for sleeve motifs, and for a border 4½ inches wide and 2½ yards long.



1043—Embroidery Design for Trimming. Worked in the simple darning-stitch, this gives the new plaid effect used on smart frocks. It is designed 14 inches wide and is 3½ yards long.

1045—Embroidery Design for Trimming. Beads and silk floss are combined in this stunning design which is planned for a round neck, for two large and two small motifs, and for a 2½-inch border.

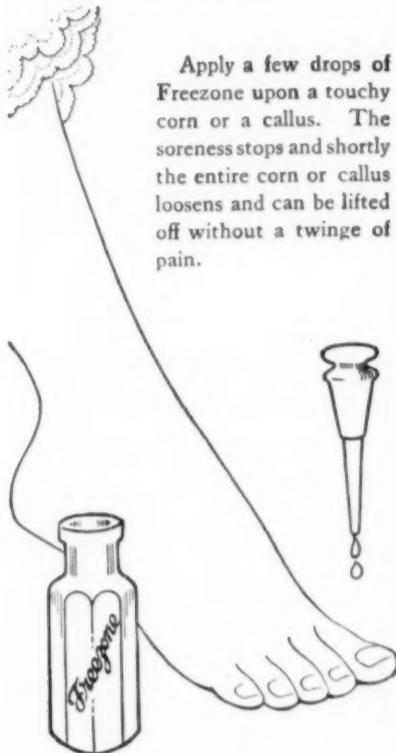
1044

Center—1043

1045

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A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they lift off



Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

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Husbands

[Continued from page 44]

me, 'What do you want most on earth, old girl?' And I told him, 'Give me a month of it,' I said; 'that's all I ask.' But, Lord, what's the good of being fascinating in this hen-house? My month was about over, and I had to make a strike or bust. I'd have let them think I wrote the Bible by that time! And I did have one good day. But if I've disgraced Charley—"

A rattle of knuckles on the door brought a cry to her lips. The door opened on a jovial little man in a dripping raincoat, smiling behind a large red mustache.

"Well, old girl, had enough?" he asked, as Mrs. Rumsay flung herself on the wet shoulders and sobbed aloud.

Miss Towle departed unnoticed. Her step was quiet, almost feeble, as she passed between the auction-tables down in the big hall to an inconspicuous and chilly seat. Joe Lincoln, glaring murder at his wife, who had failed to give him his suit, was stricken tame at sight of her and passed it off in coughing; Mr. Van Dusen's funny story froze on his lips; Claude Pattison mentioned that he was going to buy his wife a car; but Miss Towle, for once, was not a reformer; only a sorely bewildered spinster in a false position. Mr. Rumsay's arrival was commented on, the men wondering that such a common little man could acquire such a wife. Rumsay trunks, going through the hall, started surprised questions. Presently Mrs. Rumsay herself followed, cloaked and doubly veiled, hurrying past, the common little husband close behind her with a sustaining hand under her elbow. A motor awaited them in front. She actually was running off! Silence deeper than the quiet of the game fell on the tables, and in the pause Mr. Rumsay's voice, indulgent, good-humored, came roundly back:

"The trouble with you, Elsie—" Then the door opened and the rest was lost in the rush of the storm.

With one motion the hands had been laid down. A great light had broken.

"She wrote it!" they cried to one another. "Of course, she wrote it!" A mighty laugh was released, clearing the atmosphere. "The trouble with you—" they began their sentences, and it brought back the laughter every time. The men relaxed to their untrammelled selves again, the women offered tacit apology to Miss Towle. They wanted her to cut in; they were sure that Mrs. Lincoln was tired.

Miss Towle could not be distracted from her reverie. Mrs. Rumsay had not written that everlasting book—but who had? Then, through a window she saw Cassandra and Barney, arm in arm, their heads close together, and suddenly she knew. Cassandra, at the turn, found Miss Towle awaiting her like an accusing conscience.

"Cassandra Lincoln, I want a word with you," she began over folded arms.

Cassandra laughed and tightened her hold on Barney. "But, dear Miss Towle, you hadn't any parents who would get hurt feelings," she pleaded. "You don't really mind, do you?"

"You young wretch!" But anyone could see that Miss Towle was proud of the child. "And Barney isn't afraid?" she added.

They laughed out. "Oscar is going to furnish the house for us," they explained. "We aren't afraid of anything, Miss Towle! Except of my parents' feelings," Cassandra added.

"Oh, they all think it is the 'Rumsay' now;" Miss Towle relaxed into a broad smile. "I'll keep one of your secrets, Cassandra, but you can't expect to keep the other if you beam at each other like that!"

"We don't care," they laughed, and went on together.

Miss Towle saw Mr. Lincoln spread out the dummy hand and rise with a sigh.

"God knows what you made it on, but I'm not going to watch you muddle it in your usual fashion and lose the rubber for us," he assured his wife, turning away.

She smiled after him. "The dear man has such a cold—he hardly knows what he is saying," she confided to the others.

The tables were breaking up. The men were growing tired of the game, of the rain; everyone was staled with amusement, spent with conversation, exasperated with the profitless day. Husbands looked at their watches and spoke with betraying frequency of the train back to town. Wives hid their longing to lie down with a novel. Miss Towle, smiling down her fine nose, went up to her room with the swing of a soul that has never known bondage.

"God has been good to me, that I don't have to see that train off," she said, settling down to a wrapper and a book.



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AFTER you have used SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY—the pink complexion cake—and realized how it protects the skin, keeping it clean and fresh looking, it is a joy to know that there is also SEM-PRAY Face Powder—soft, with a subtle, elusive fragrance. And SEM-PRAY Rouge—blush-colored!

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Eno is unsurpassed for slaking thirst, but it does more—it stimulates digestion and makes for better health, is a natural corrective, purifies the blood, prevents biliousness, headache and the many other ills of constipation.

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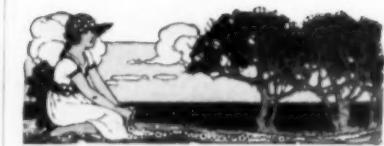
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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.



Forty-Love

[Continued from page 16]

have been prouder and fonder and thrifter than I making over for Bennie.

The next night I came home by way of Idy's. Idy is the youngest, but she looks years older than I. She was just getting out her washing, although it was already nearly dusk. When she saw me she rubbed more furiously than ever, slapping down a garment upon the board, her thin shoulders rowing fiercely.

"Here I am!" she sang out, "working like a slave! You may well be thankful you ain't married, George. What a girl wants to be married for gets me!"

"Jen!" her voice rose querulously, "you get the potatoes on like I told you! What's Babe doing, I want to know—you two girls all time setting round and me—"

"They're on," Jen interrupted sulkily; "and you sent Babe for the bread."

"Where's the twins?" Idy went on scoldingly. "In some mischief, I'll warrant!" As she turned to me her voice softened somewhat. "I'm ashamed to have you see us this way, George—seems like—"

"I want a pattern, Idy—"

"Pattern! What sort of a pattern?"

"A trousers pattern."

"Who for?" demanded Idy; and for the first time ceased her exertions.

"For a little boy at Mrs. Mutton's—he's the twins' age."

"Whose boy?" pursued Idy, resuming her labors. "What's the matter with his mother making 'em?"

"She's dead. Died two years ago."

"What call have you got to do it?" persisted Idy. "Trousers! You must be crazy. Haven't you any pride?"

"He needs 'em," I said.

"Well if I ever!" observed Idy. But she wiped the suds off her arms, pulled down her sleeves, and began rummaging in a cluttered closet.

"Here 'tis," she observed finally. "George, don't you start doing anything foolish. There ain't any of them worth it."

The trousers, in conjunction with Bennie, made their initial appearance upon a Sunday. Mr. Muffet tried to express something of his appreciation. I had anticipated this: "It's not as if I were a young girl, Mr. Muffet," I told him kindly. "There's no sentiment about it."

Bennie's gratitude amounted, in effect, to a declaration:

"I like you next to my farver and my Uncle Rick. I like you better'n my Aunt Becky, and she's relation. If you's relation, I'd like you even with my farver and my Uncle Rick. I wisht you was relation."

"Don't you wisht you's relation?"

"That could scarcely be, Bennie," I reminded him kindly.

"No. But if you was relation, I could stay along with you instead of Aunt Becky. Aunt Becky's thin and coldy."

"My farver says he'll give me a wheel when I go back to her. But I'd ruther have a mother. Or a dog. Sumpin' live."

Bennie had expressed my own sense of incompleteness. And Bennie was the liveliest thing I knew.

I sat upstairs at my window, and Bennie played below. Sitting there, rocking and darning and looking down at him and humming a little tune, I made believe.

There was a shivery feel in the air—but the open window seemed, somehow, very sociable. I got up for my shawl. At the front window I paused. Something down the street drew my attention. I could make out Mr. Muffet and Rick. Mr. Muffet seemed to be guiding his brother who was bent upon proceeding according to some curious survey of his own. Sometimes he lifted his voice in lordly expostulation; sometimes he professed brotherly love. Mr. Muffet, with Rick's arm in his, came up on Mrs. Mutton's walk, negotiated in some manner the stairway and his room.

Then I heard a strange sound. It might have been Rick shedding maudlin tears. But there was nothing maudlin about those wrenching sobs. Out of sympathy, I could have wept with Mr. Muffet.

Bennie might come up any minute. I hurried on my wraps and proceeded down the stairs. Half way down, I paused. It was shadowy in the upper hall. Bennie's father, seen from this distance, need not reveal his late distress. So I called crisply: "O, Mr. Muffet!" He walked heavily over to the door; the lock clicked.

"I'm going over to my sister's for tea," I went on, as though struck by a happy thought, "and I'd like to take Bennie along if you don't mind."

"It's his head, another attack—a—worse one than usual, I'm afraid—"

[Continued on page 55]



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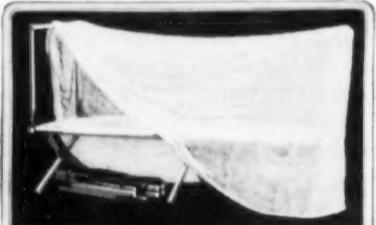
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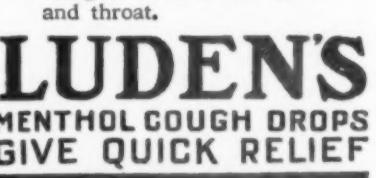
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Forty-Love

[Continued from page 54]

"You won't want to be bothered with Bennie then," I remarked matter-of-factly. "I'll look after him tonight."

"It's right good of you, Miss Miller," Mr. Muffet said gratefully, adding apologetically—"it—it's his head, you know—"

We found my sister's household in formal attire—the girls accordion-pleated, the twins in serge uniforms; Idy, herself, in a fine sage-green taffeta. All were in the highest good spirits, due thanks to their clothes, their holiday, and the seductive effects of Sunday dinner. They welcomed Bennie and me with acclaim. "Got a beau, I see," commented Idy's husband, Joe.

"I board up to Mis' Mutton's," professed Bennie in explanation. "My Uncle Rick's head's bad this evening. So I come along of her. I like her. I like her next to my farver and my Uncle Rick. I like her better'n my Aunt Becky, and she's relation. I like her fatness 'n ever'thing. She made these pants."

"Georgie," expostulated my sister Idy, "you'd better think how it looks."

"Well, there's Keith and Kenneth," I cited, indicating Idy's alliterative twins, "you made theirs."

"My land! Ain't I their mother?"

"Bennie hasn't any mother." "You're old enough to know your own affairs," she reminded me crisply. "But you want to think where this might lead you—suppose he asked you to marry him—this Mr. Muffet—"

"Suppose he did," I rejoined.

"You don't mean to say you'd take him! With this boy and that brother and the little he's got to offer! What does a girl get married for?"

"What?" I quietly asked.

Idy gasped in astonishment as a sudden dreadful thought assailed her. "You don't mean to say you're in love with him?"

I couldn't answer. What did I mean? I was forty, and according to Mrs. Mutton's novels, too old. I wanted to do for them, that was all. It seemed there were things they needed that I could give them.

Idy then said a queer thing. "You're a good woman, George. And there ain't any of 'em but has his drawbacks."

"Drawbacks," Joe interrupted warmly, "what about the women's?"

So there we were again, all easy and natural and jangling. Idy fairly laid herself out preparing Sunday-night tea. Bennie had his second slice of cake, and at parting paid her a pretty compliment: "You're thin and scoldy, like Aunt Becky. But I like you. I wisht you was relation. I wisht we was all relation."

M. MUFFET was waiting at the stairs. It was dark by now, but the windows sent long rectangles of light over the porch floor.

"He's quieter," came his husky whisper, "resting easy. Have a good time, son?"

Bennie drew a long, slow, retrospective breath. "Well, I guess!" A sudden burst of confidence escaped him: "I wisht we was relation! If we was relation I wouldn't have to go back to Aunt Becky's. We could have a house like Keith and Kenneth an' ever' thing'd be bully!"

Mr. Muffet's gaze had the old apologetic pleading. "I wish we were relation, too. If—if—I only dared to hope it!"

There was silence. And then I heard myself saying—"It wouldn't hurt to ask."

Mr. Muffet, taking heart, did ask; but immediately recollection stabbed him—"But—but Rick—his head, you know—"

"Rick's relation, too," I said. "It'll be Rick's house, too."

We were married from Idy's. All the relatives were there. They seemed happy, in spite of their difficulties which had seemed so discouraging to me in my youth. Perhaps I had attached too much importance to such things, and had lost years in finding it out. But no, that earlier time could not have included Mr. Muffet and Bennie.

Bennie was in serge with gilt buttons and a chevron. Mr. Muffet, acting on my advice, had selected a gray mixture which would later make over well for Bennie. I had allowed myself the satisfaction of bridal white. Rick was master of ceremonies at the wedding-feast, and he seemed to me only a bigger Bennie.

Afterward we went to Bennie's house—it was waiting—a little way down the street from Mrs. Mutton's. Mrs. Mutton, reading at her window, glanced up at her erstwhile boarders—characters in a truer love-story than she had ever read. She nodded absently, and turned a page. I fancy she was wondering why things never happen as they do in novels.

A New Benefit to Womankind

"From One Woman to Another," a new booklet on hygiene, has been written for us by a well-known woman physician. It gives some interesting health hints as well as full information about the new Curity product.

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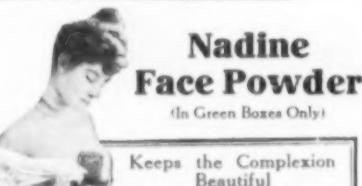
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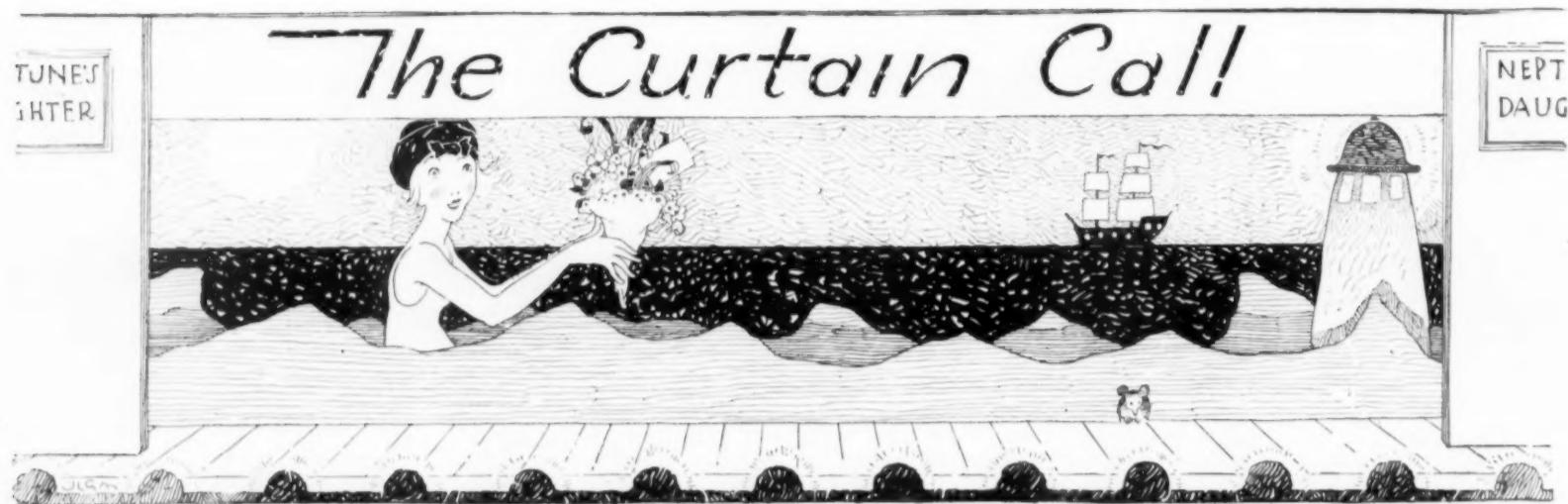
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Back to Nature

THE world is made up of two kinds of people—those who are at home in the water and those who are not. The young lady in the picture is Girl A of the first class. We have seen her—to our envy—a hundred times at the seashore, mounting calmly to the summit of the season's largest waves, fixing her back hair with one hand, while she waves the other at a friend who is—as far as we can see—about to drown three waves farther out.

We have never been able to be calmly superb, like that, among the wild waves. Mothers and aunts used to say: "Oh, dear, I don't know what to do. She's afraid of the water," or "I can't make her dive off the float." Now that we are older, we know that evolution is with us. When man was a fish, well and good. Now that man has climbed high upon the evolutionary tree, it is illogical to expect him to take his summers unconcernedly in water, up to and beyond the neck. Why should not Society, like the monkeys, take to swinging from trees?

If the sea were not such a useful old pond, so conducive to romance, so intriguing in that it never says the same thing, or looks the same way, we should start an anti-ocean movement. Many more valuable pastimes have been scuttled out of existence by propaganda; why not the ocean? What young lady would continue to go bathing if our secret emissaries met her everywhere with the remark, "Oh, dear, isn't it too bad the water ruins your hair?" or, "You poor darling, what a freckled nose!" If our agents laughed always as certain prominent citizens dived; if they put jelly fish on the most popular bathing beaches; if they poured more and more salt into the surf—well, bathing would become less popular, and our mornings on the hotel piazza would be more enjoyable.

This would, no doubt, make the ocean feel badly. It would wonder why the children no longer rushed out to paddle in the tiniest waves. The blue sea would be queer indeed without the gleaming beauty of youthful bodies, without the mermaid girls who sit all morning on the float, combing their entangling hair. For the ocean is a lonely soul; ships and cargoes and freighters are impersonal things. His would be a dull life without human playmates.

No, we cannot start propaganda against the ocean. We know in our hearts that we would be doing it for silly reasons—because we do not like salt in our eyes, because we cannot dive as well as the Jones girl. An anti-ocean movement would ease things temporarily; but to what end? For the foolish world would immediately start taking to living in trees—or building boarding-houses up and down the Rockies. You can civilize Adam and Eve externally, but you cannot prevent them, in the good old summer-time, from rushing madly back to Nature.

Innocents Abroad

IF babies were eligible for the Explorers' Club, we would nominate the two little children of Katherine Newlin Burt, who in their short time have slept in extraordinary places, and prospered.

Most babies are for the domestic pillow, familiarly arrived at. They whimper on picnics. Schedules of feedings and naps do not allow the modern baby to pioneer. But the Burt babies, ever since they were little, have traveled back and forth across the continent with their adventurous parents.



They were born on a Wyoming ranch, amid snow-drifts. One of them slept through the first winter in a clothes-basket. The other slumbered for a week, when snowbound in a country hotel, in one of the trays of a wardrobe trunk. They passed also several calm nights in an old tin bathtub—dry. And they spent one never-forgotten night, with their parents, in a one-room cabin, with a family of five. Their parents went nervously to bed in relays—signalled by a wigwagging flashing of the family lamp arranged by the father of the family.

The Burt babies slept through it all. If their mother isn't careful, they will grow up to be like the Western millionaire who, after a pioneering youth, rolled out of his Louis Quinze bed every night to sleep comfortably on the floor.

To a Garden

DAYTIMES, my garden is a pleasant place to be; I know the flowers' faces, the leaves of every tree. The friendly whispering winds blow murmuring through my hair, As I dig deep for treasure in some secret hidden lair.

Nighttimes, my garden is a very different place, The trees have long and eerie arms, and scratch against my face; Fireflies are teasing sprites to lure me from the light, And gusty moaning winds blow puff—and then dart out of sight.

Moon and wind and scurrying clouds go chasing down the sky, From everywhere dark dreadful hands reach out as I go by! My mother says at nighttime there she hears the Dogstar bark— But I find it a frightful place for children after dark!

Perfect Form

A YOUNG army officer's wife, whose child was suffering from tonsilitis, wrote to an army medical officer asking him to call on the small patient. She addressed her letter "Doctor Stimpkins," and the officer, who was a great stickler for rank, returned her note with the remark that his



proper title was "Brigade Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel Stimpkins."

And the lady wrote back: "Dear Brigade Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel Stimpkins:—I am sorry about my mistake."

"P. S. Please bring your sword over to take out the baby's tonsils."

CLARA SMITH.

Propaganda

THE poor little boy stood howling on the street. He howled, and howled, and still he howled. A passerby, moved by these tears, stopped and asked the trouble.

"My pa and ma won't take me to the movies," sobbed the oppressed child.

"But do they ever take you when you make a noise like that?" asked the stranger.

"Sometimes they do, and sometimes they don't," sobbed the poor boy, "but it ain't any trouble to yell."

The Strangers' Wedding

A NEGRO woman in Savannah, preparing to be married, had saved four weeks' wages. Immediately after the wedding, she asked her mistress to take charge of the money.

"But, Mandy," said the puzzled lady, "won't you need the money to spend on your honeymoon?"

"Miss May," said the bride, "does you think A'hm goin' trus' myself wid a strange man and all dat money on me?"

Quick Curtain

JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS had never undergone the ordeal of a curtain call until, one summer in New Hampshire, she wrote and staged a pantomime. The countryside flocked to the first performance. Mrs. Tompkins, huddled modestly beside an unknown country couple, sat through it bravely.

As the play ended, her friends raised the fine old cry of "Author, Author!" She was about to leap forward to respond when her neighbors, speaking, froze her blood.

"What are those people saying?" said the woman beside her to her husband.

"Awful, awful," replied her husband, calmly enough.

"Oh, dear," said his wife, distressedly, "ain't city people frank."

Mrs. Tompkins didn't quite faint. But she gave up her dramatic ambitions.

Back Home

IT was our hope to set down here something about Agnes Mary Brownell. You know her stories, the kind that cause you to say, as you set them down finished, "That's exactly like life—" or, "I used to know a family back in—"

Back in the home town, no doubt. For the hundreds who run away to the movies, or to the sea or to Chicago, one man or woman realizes that the small town is the universe in miniature. The plot thickens more than you thought as the kids you went to school with grow up and marry, settle down to success or failure. And it is disconcerting to come back from an adventurous search after reality to find the neighbors telling stories that cry for an O. Henry.

Well, there is Agnes Mary Brownell, back home in a little town in Kansas, with her writing finger on life. She is a hard person to bring into the limelight, however; for her only answer to a request for news about herself was: "There isn't any. I am like the little girl," she writes, "who started out to make her doll a dress, and it turned out a bonnet. I never studied to write stories; I studied music."

We have always discouraged young people who pine for the career of a virtuoso. But after seeing what Miss Brownell has made of her musical hours, we shall encourage the young to attack the piano.

Beyond Our Depth

WE have been led to understand that the sea-serpent, like the unexpected, is one of those things which may come into anyone's life. One is, naturally, a little at sea when meeting a sea-serpent. But there is no reason why you should not carry off the situation with perfect ease. And after reading this you will—down to the last mouthful—feel socially superior.

The people in this picture are a faithful reproduction of a young couple who went out to row one afternoon, and met a sea-serpent. They died in the grand style, but before going down, they threw toward the land a farewell scientific record. It read as follows:

"We have met the sea-serpent—and we are its." This is irrefutable proof that there are sea-serpents. From our sister's cousin's husband's brother-in-law's next



door neighbor—who once knew a party who met with a sea-serpent—we have learned some interesting facts. They are usually from forty to a thousand feet long, are pale green, opalescent, ride like Britannia triumphantly over the waves, weep when chased away from ocean liners, and when well-traveled, understand the threat, "Keep away from This Here Boat," in several languages. In physiognomy, they resemble a sea-horse, a porpoise, a garter-snake, and a camel.

One of the most important rules of the Sea-Serpent Code, in use upon the High Seas, is the Settlement of Identity. When more than thirty passengers upon the deck quarrel about whether they saw a sea-serpent, the Captain shall take testimony, which shall be sealed, sworn to—and destroyed.

Most sea-serpents are well-intentioned and mild. They may be persuaded to go away by speaking roughly to them. If one insists upon devouring you and your rowboat, and all its passengers, warn the sea-serpent against the splinters, fasten your oar-locks—and remember the old rule of the sea, "Women and children first."

Unmentionable

THE mistress of a certain newly-rich family was talking with a young man who had applied for the position of chauffeur in the establishment.

"In this house," said the lady, "all servants are called by their last names. What is your last name?"

"Call me Henry, madam," said the young man, flushing.

The lady insisted; but the young man was quite as stubborn.

"I don't think, madam," he said, "that you would care for my last name."

"Why not?" asked the lady coldly. "What is it?"

"It's Darling, madam."

Kellogg's SHREDDED KRUMBLES



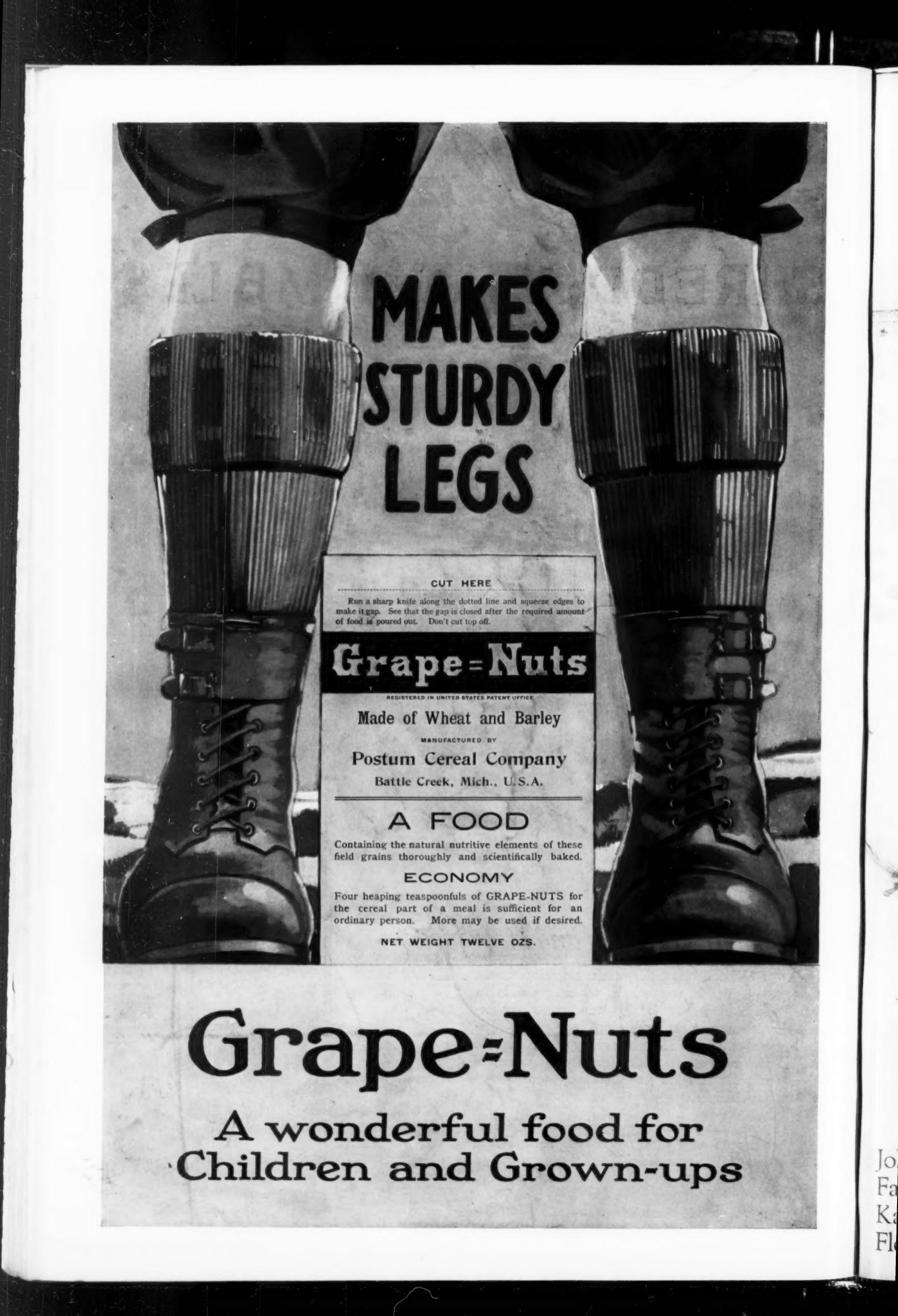
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Krumbles is made in the same big, modern kitchens as Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes, Kellogg's Krumbled Bran, Kellogg's Drinket, etc., and comes to you from your grocer in our flavor-holding "waxtite" package, with this signature— *W.K. Kellogg*



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